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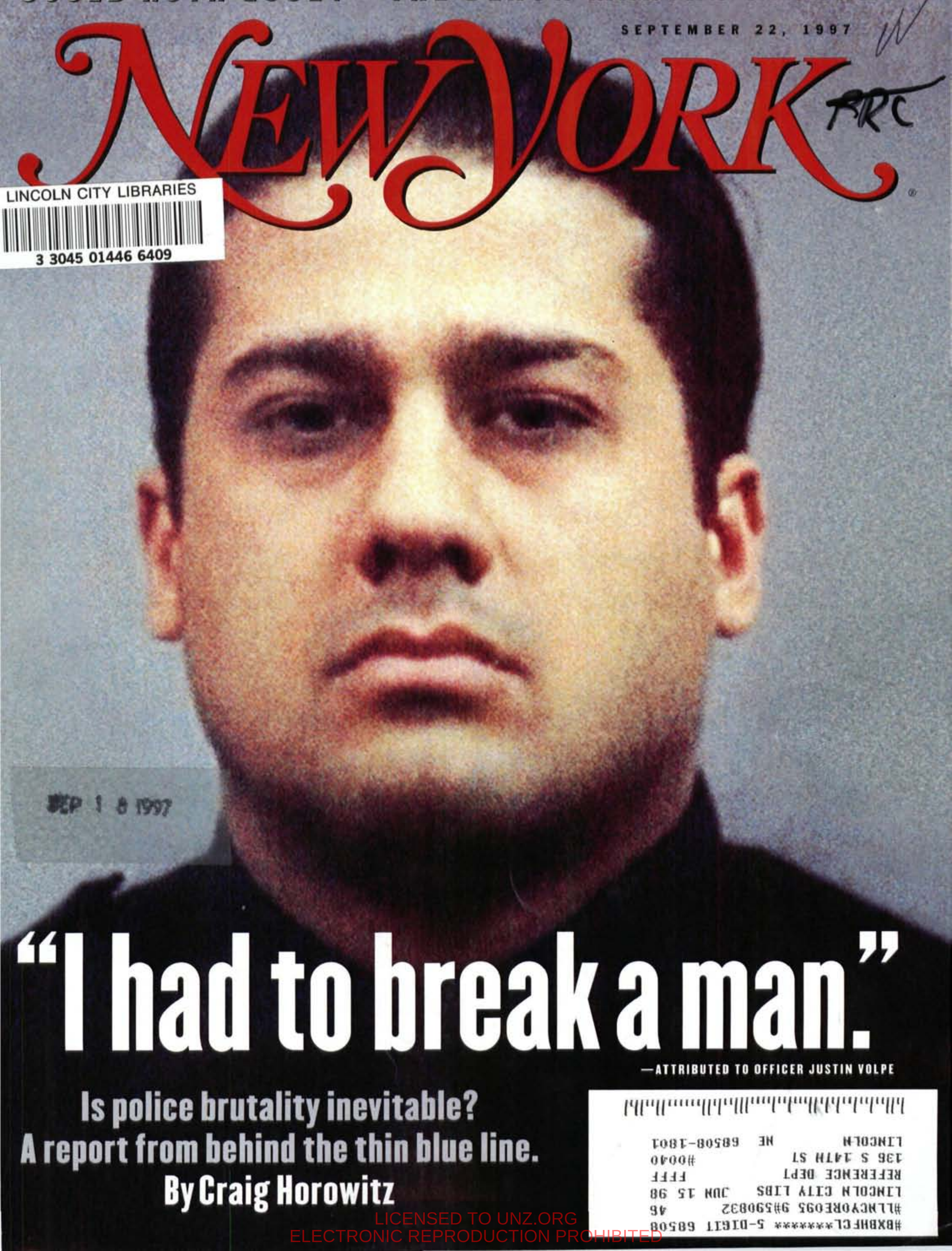

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—ATTRIBUTED TO OFFICER JUSTIN VOLPE

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By Craig Horowitz

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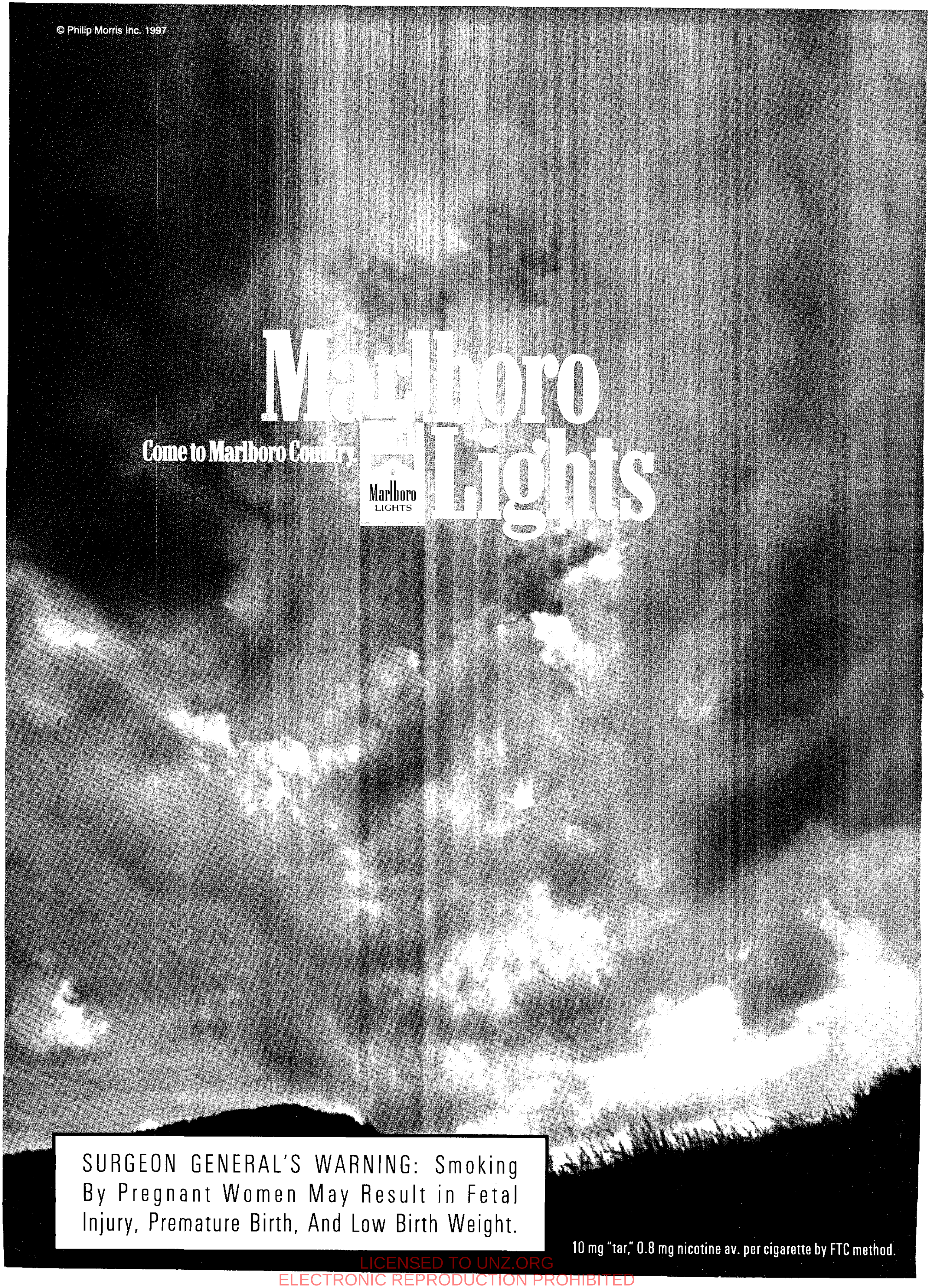
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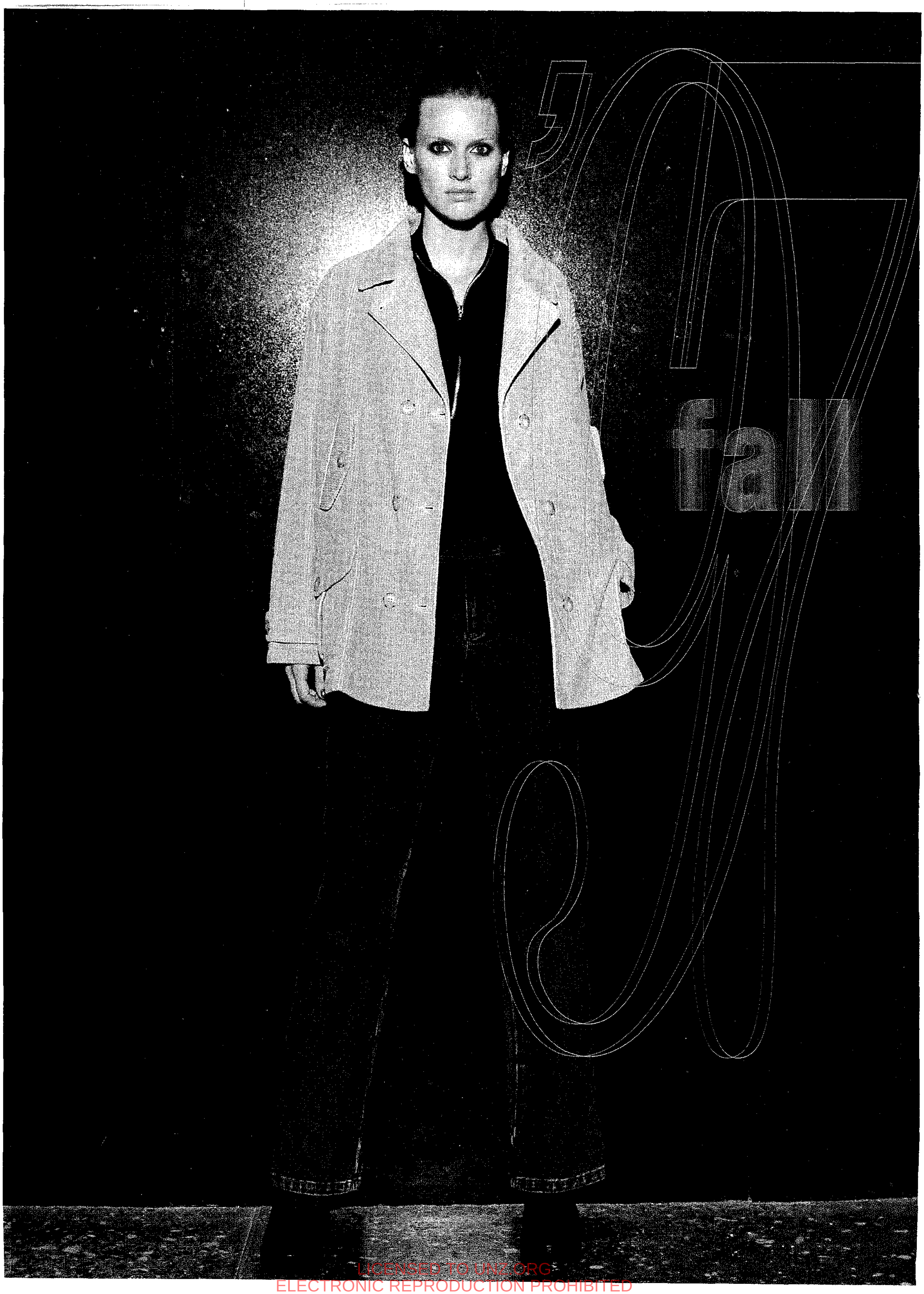
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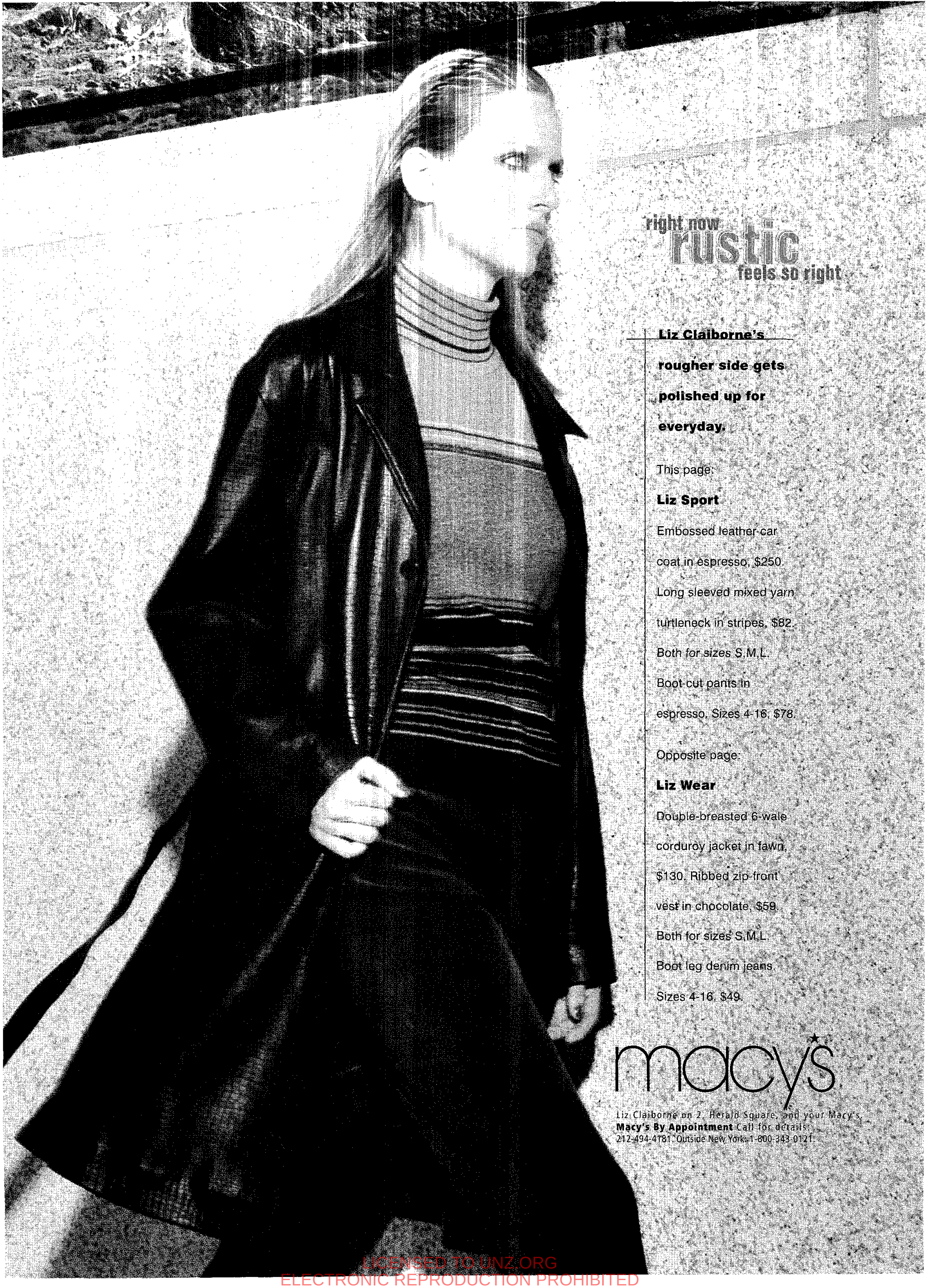

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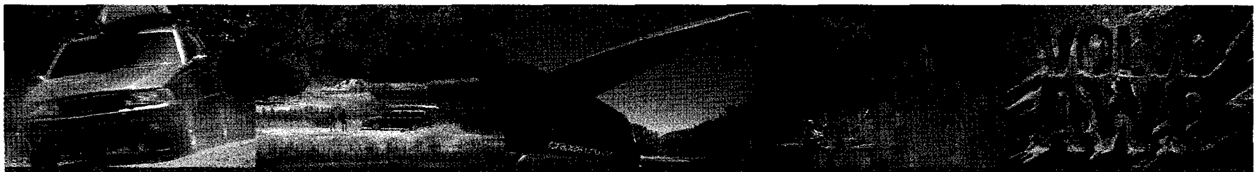

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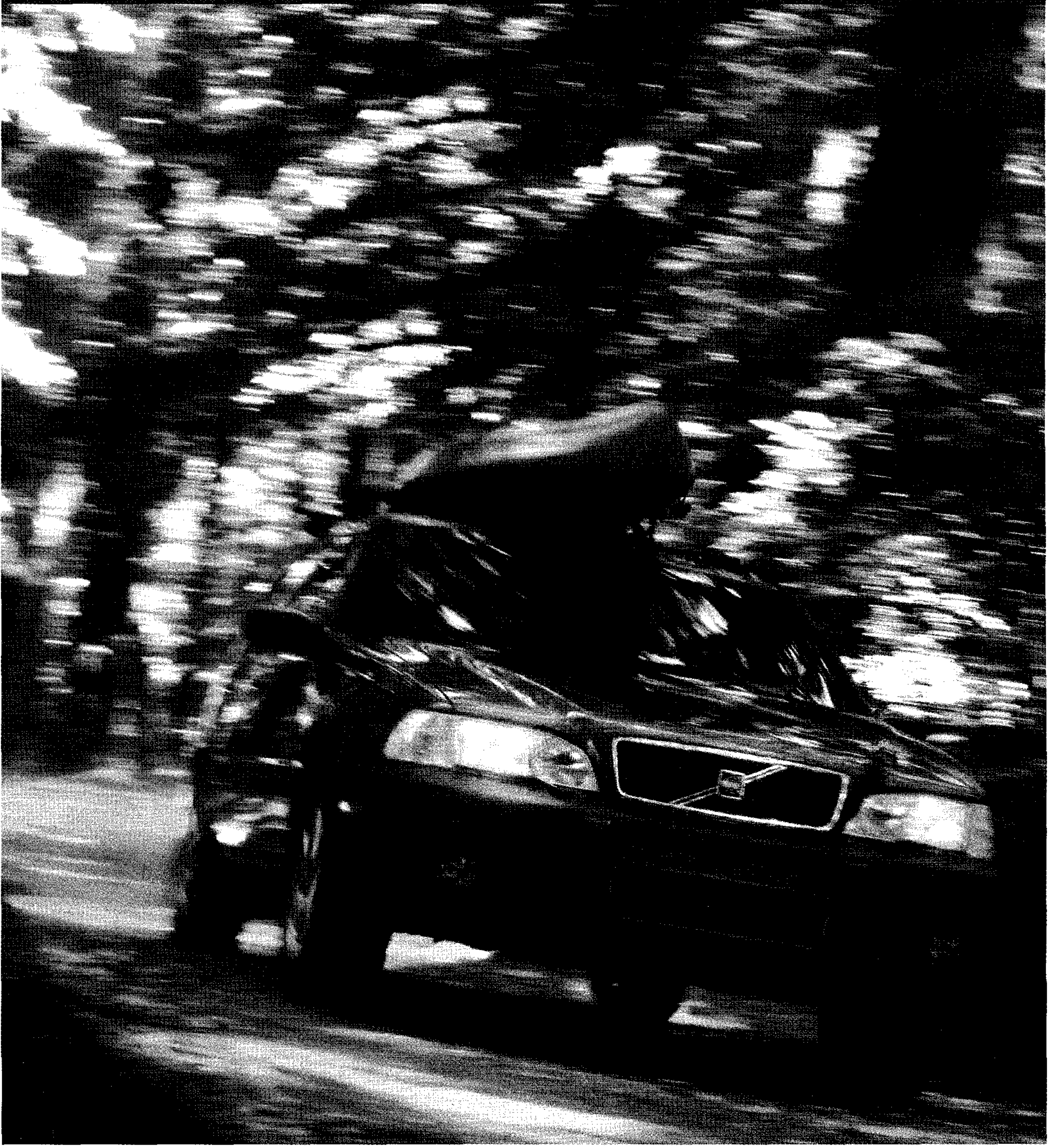

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VOLVO

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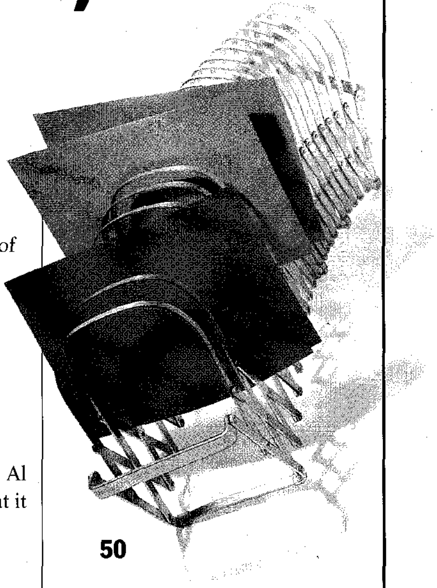
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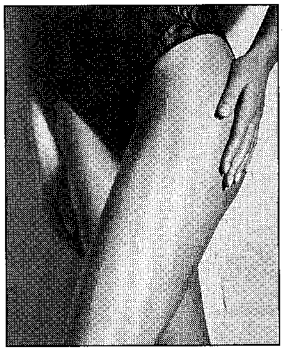

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LETTERS SEPTEMBER 22, 1997

Coke Isn't It

Did the drug of the moment ever leave? Does Dr. Laura help or hurt her pop-psych-seeking callers? Demi's daughters have one reader's sympathy.

OH, BALTHAZAR! MAYBE THAT'S where my husband is tonight. I wouldn't know unless he gets admitted to the emergency room again after a seizure or an uncontrolled bloody nose ["High Society," by Rene Chun, September 1]. His son will wake up in the morning without having seen him, with me reassuring him that Daddy already left for the office (when actually he never came home). It is such a fun, glamorous, useful aid to climbing the corporate ladder—but don't forget to mention the canceled meetings, the lost days of work, the revolving staff. The self-loathing, the paranoia attacks, the tremendous cost of a $500-to-$1,000-a-day habit. But things are looking up: You can get twice as much now for the same price.

Tonight, while my husband is out there somewhere (in his sixth relapse in one year of trying to stop), I can't help wondering how many users will cross the line into addiction after reading about cocaine's glamorous potential.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

WOE TO ALL OF YOUR PERFECTLY SHAPED female readers, "swaddled in Dolce & Gabbana," sipping "Veuve Clicquot," and reaching into their "Prada bags" with manicured fingertips graced with white powder. Quite a difference from the twisted lives, lost jobs, desperate families, and broken nails I see daily in the upscale cocaine crowd. Rene Chun owes women an honest view instead of an advertiser's dream.

Audrey Freshmen
WOODMERE, N.Y.

DRUG TRENDS ARE NOTORIOUSLY DIFFICULT to cover, but to claim that coke is back among the middle classes when there is no evidence that it ever went away is ludicrous. The most valid surveys of cocaine use (by the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration) show that it has been holding steady for the past several years.

Maia Szalavitz
MANHATTAN

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Second Opinions

HORROR IS ALWAYS A DELIGHT, SO IMAGINE mine at discovering, despite a Catholic-school education, that there is such a thing as "chronic masturbation" ["National Interest: The Moral Dominatrix," by Hanna Rosin, September 1]. Clearly, if a listener can survive the distasteful cruelty of Dr. Laura's interpersonal style, her gift for introducing the latest cringe-making concept is outstanding. She strikes me as a sort of Shakespeare of psychobabble in her ability to spin ever new language to add to our fears.

Diana Van Fossen
AUBURN HILLS, MICH.

OF COURSE PEOPLE ARE FLOCKING IN droves to hear and speak with Dr. Laura. Dr. Laura's brand of advice-giving is addictive. Like all addictions, it carries its pattern of seduction and abuse, sustaining the seeker's dependency with a promise of salvation and a reward of punishment (for wishing to gratify these desires). Self-empowerment is truly the goal of any therapeutic intervention, however; if individuals knew how to help themselves, they would not be asking her advice. Not only is Laura's methodology "more penetrating than what one hears from church leaders," it pierces her victims to the bone, potentially leaving new scars. We—the listeners as voyeurs—are complicit in perpetuating this cycle as we sadistically enjoy her attacks on others under the guise of humor and entertainment.

Elizabeth R. Wolfson
Adjunct Faculty, Columbia University
School of Social Work
RIDGEWOOD, N.J.

DR. LAURA'S HOSTILE TREATMENT OF HER callers suggests a female Bob Grant, but it should be taken more seriously because she is denigrating people's troubles rather than their political views. Another disturbing aspect of Dr. Laura's program is her tendency to jump to conclusions about her caller's "real" problems and then bully the caller into submission. Dr. Laura's misleading use of her title in connection with her liberal dispensation of advice creates the impression that she is a psychologist. The omission of her actual credentials from the show imbues her with power for which she takes no responsibility.

Skye Novick
BROOKLYN

SOMETIMES PEOPLE NEED A SWIFT KICK IN the ass to get their lives straightened. If a person is reduced to calling a talk show for advice, what else can be done for them?

Carlos Farias
AUSTIN, TEX.

HANNA ROSIN'S ARTICLE ON DR. LAURA was so filled with personal and religious attacks that one might get the idea Ms. Rosin has a great deal of pent-up anger and guilt that can only be remedied with the aid of a new therapist. While she awaits her appointment, she may want to call 1-800-DR-LAURA for some very obvious revelations about herself.

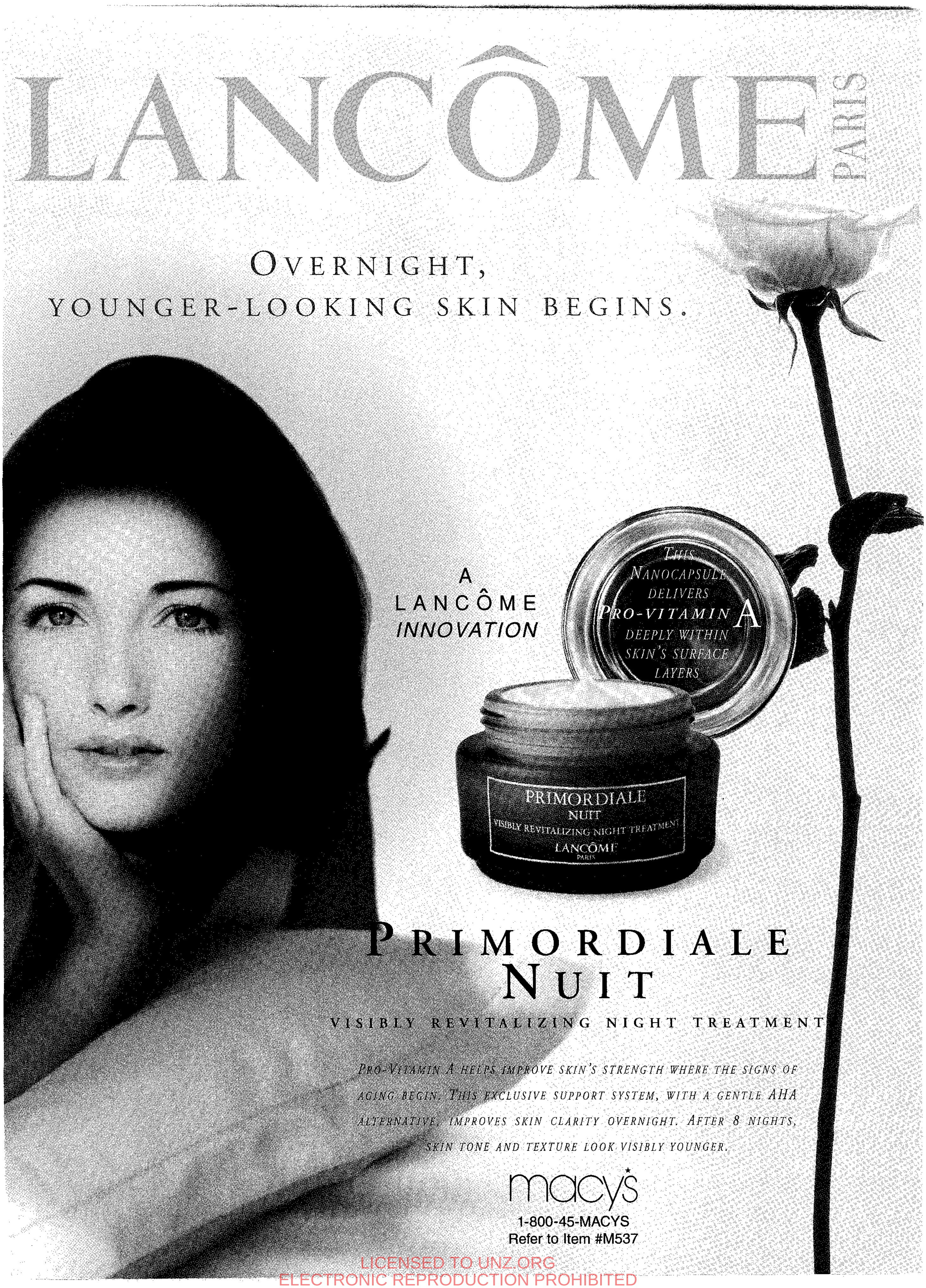
Cissy Isaac
RICHMOND, VA.

Hear Her Roar

THE NEW YORK *TIMES* RECENTLY INCLUDED an item in which Brooke Hayward expressed her disappointment at missing a Lincoln Center retrospective showing of her mother's films. Margaret Sullavan's films, such as *The Shop Around the Corner,* are indeed charmers to be proud of. Just think, Demi Moore's daughters will get to watch and hear their mother scream "Suck my dick!" in full color and Dolby sound ["The Image: Demi-Feminism," by Barbara Lippert, August 21]. And this is supposed to be progress?

Feminism is not defined by cursing or by Moore's movies any more than it was by bra-burning. Feminism is about everyday serious stuff. On the other hand, films, at least big-studio films, are about making money. I hope that when Ms. Moore is 60 and the studios don't care about her body anymore, she will have learned enough to really make a contribution to feminism. Or even to acting.

Elaine S. Lavine
MANHATTAN



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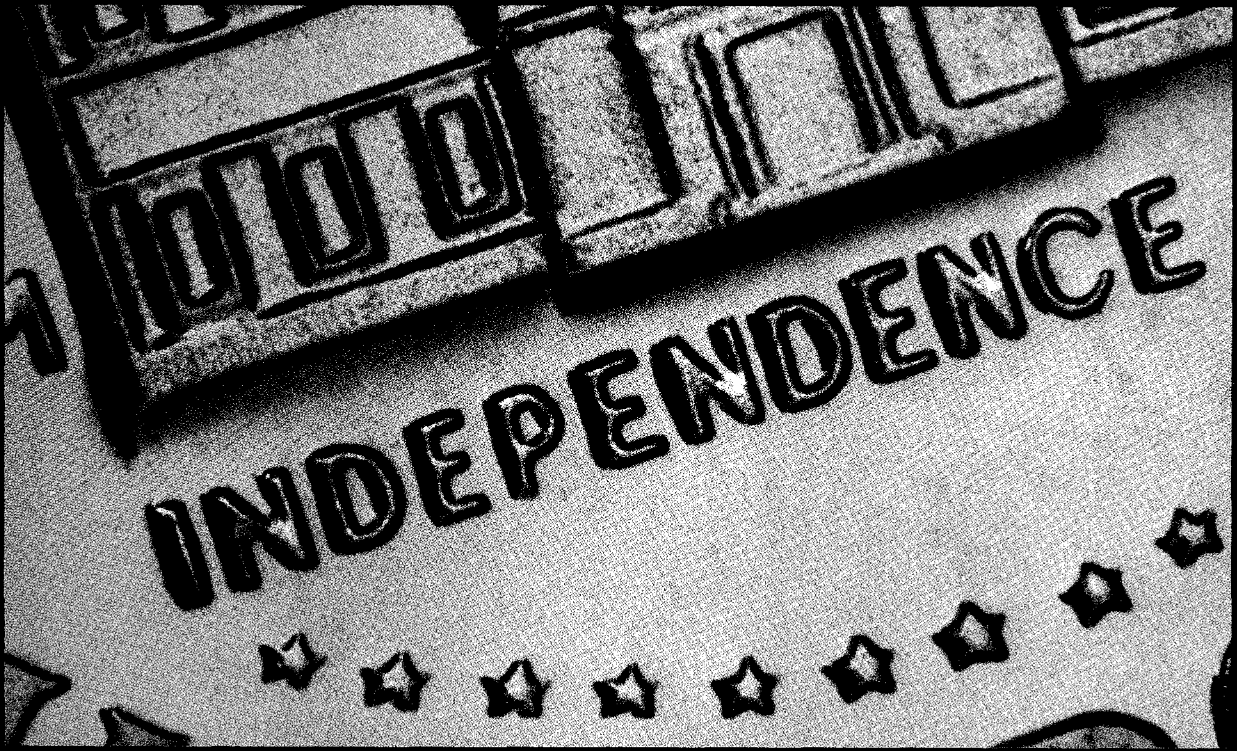

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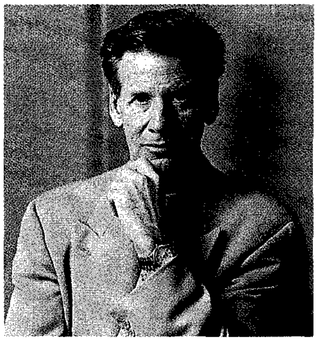
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

PIER PRESSURE FOR THE CFDA

Are New York's designers abandoning the CFDA's effort to unite the couture community, or are they just fashionably late? As the November 2 start of New York's Fashion Week draws closer, it seems very few of the big-name designers are signing on to show at the CFDA's new Chelsea Piers venue, and the organization's executive director, **Fern Mallis,** is becoming increasingly anxious. "We need to give jobs out to various people waiting to produce the shows," explains Mallis, who can't give the go-ahead to contractors, set builders, or sound and lighting companies until she knows who will come onboard. "The designers should be united behind the CFDA 100 percent to make it respected all over the world," says BCBG president and designer **Max Azria.** "By trying to be independent, they only hurt themselves and the business of New York designers." But such allegiance doesn't seem to be a priority to the top designers, some of whom feel the piers are a bit out of the way and some of whom want to pick unique spots. "If they can't get **Calvin Klein, Donna Karan,** or **Ralph Lauren,** it won't seem like an A-list event," asserts one designer, who expects none of the three to be at the piers. Apart from CFDA's big three, **Nicole Miller,** who previously showed at Bryant Park, has chosen the Roxy this season; **Richard Tyler** will be displaying his fashions at his Gramercy Park townhouse; and **Marc Jacobs** is looking elsewhere, as are **Isaac Mizrahi** and **Todd Oldham.** Undeterred, Mallis maintains a positive outlook. "I basically attribute this last week's anxiety to Mercury being in retrograde," she says. "I truly believe this has contributed to people not being able to make decisions. Plus, the tragic events of the last couple of weeks have affected everyone universally." If the piers turn out to be a bust, or a showcase for up-and-coming designers, Mallis seems prepared to adjust. "We are not just interested in shows we produce," she says. "We are interested in making New York City a focus of fashion."



Calvin Klein:
Pier-less

IS ELLEN *OUT* OF FAVOR?

They must be having a hard time coming up with jokes for *Ellen,* what with all the drama going on behind the camera. **Ellen DeGeneres** recently taped an episode that included a passionate French kiss with another woman, a scene that caused executives at ABC and Walt Disney Television considerable consternation. Network censors asked DeGeneres to shoot a second, tamer version that substituted a hug for the tongue kiss, a request she angrily refused, according to an industry insider. Why, after DeGeneres's much-heralded coming-out, is this still an issue? Turns out the executives may well have reason to be worried. DeGeneres's positive TV-Q ratings (which track how people respond to TV stars) took a serious tumble the summer after her character came out, according to an internal memo. And her negative Q's are at an all-time high. "She's got a negative-Q rating of 49," the source continues, "which gives her the dubious distinction of tying with the post–**Mike Tyson Robin Givens** for the least likable woman on prime time." An ABC spokeswoman had no response.

Ellen DeGeneres:
Kiss off?

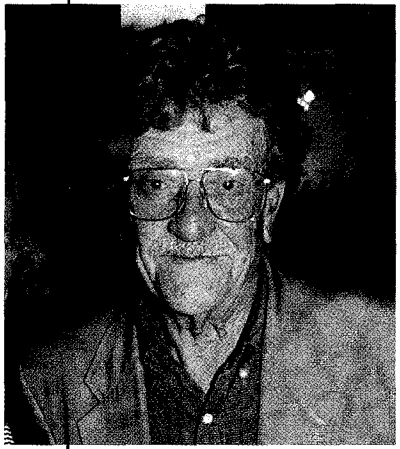
NY1'S SUSPENDED ANIMATION

The recent suspension of NY1 News's aggressive reporter **Dominic Carter** had more to do with his touchy temper than with his touchy reporting. While many thought that Carter's no-holds-barred reporting during the **Rudy Giuliani** marriage uproar was behind his leave of absence, Carter's edit-room antics were actually to blame. After covering the daylong police-brutality protest for victim **Abner Louima,** Carter raced back to the newsroom to finish his piece and got into a brawl with an editor. "Dominic had been walking all day in the humid weather, and he was under a lot of stress," says an inside source. "He's got quite a temper, and unfortunately he was working with an editor who's also very volatile." When opinions differed, "it got physical. It was a 'You wanna piece of me?' kind of thing. There was shoving—it was like a fistfight," says the source. "This was a clear-cut case of me being overstressed and overworked," explains Carter. "The editor and I got into it, and I regret that." After being told by NY1 brass to take a few days off and cool down, a calmer Carter is now back at the station. "These things happen—but everything is much better now," he reports.

NO WILL TO SUE FOR YOUNG HELMSLEYS

Leona Helmsley's grandchildren apparently haven't inherited her Queen of Mean gene. They were disinherited in Harry Helmsley's last will, but they have no plans to sue. In 1974, the childless Helmsley signed a will leaving the bulk of his $1.7 billion fortune to New York University Medical Center—with $1.5 million going to Leona's son, J. Robert Panzirer, and $150,000 to each of Panzirer's three children. But Helmsley signed a

Photographs: top, Dan Borris/Outline; bottom, Fitzroy Barrett/Sygma.



Kurt Vonnegut:
Unstrung

AL'S SHARP TURNAROUND

Forgotten in all the hoopla over the unexpected Democratic-primary runoff is the Reverend **Al Sharpton's** early call to avoid one at all costs. Even before he officially announced his candidacy, Sharpton challenged **Ruth Messinger, Sal Albanese,** and **Freddy Ferrer** (who was in the race at the time) to make a pact: In the unlikely event that no candidate got 40 percent of the vote, Sharpton said, the underdog should concede rather than put the party through another bruising primary. This was a consistent theme in the first months of Sharpton's campaign, and a point he made very publicly at the New York *Post's* candidates' forum in February. Surprise: He's not sounding that theme these days. "It's like what the Duchess of Windsor used to say about wearing diamonds in the daytime," says Democratic political consultant **Phil Friedman.** "People are always critical until they get their own." "I guess now they wish they had made the pledge," says Sharpton. "Ms. Messinger didn't even respond. Since she didn't, I'm forced to go on to victory."

Veronica:
No Webb-sighting

new will in January 1994—three years after he was found mentally incompetent to stand trial in the tax-evasion case that sent Leona to prison. *That* will left virtually everything to Leona. Court papers filed by former Helmsley partner **Peter Malkin** question how the 1994 will could have been approved by the court in light of Harry's documented dementia. But the grandchildren won't fight for their bequest. And they don't seem to be harboring any ill will, even though **Craig Panzirer** was forced out of his job at Helmsley-Spear in 1995, reportedly because his grandmother disapproved of his new wife. But Craig still sat by Leona's side at Harry's funeral last January, as did his brother, **David** (who works for Helmsley-Spear now), and sister, **Meegan.** Neither David nor Craig would comment. "I don't really want to live my life in the press," David explained very politely before hanging up.

STRAVINSKY STRESS; DIANA'S DRESS

SOLDIER OF MISFORTUNE: Novelist **Kurt Vonnegut** is learning that no good script goes unpunished. As a favor to the New York Philamusica, Vonnegut recently rewrote the libretto for *L'Histoire du Soldat,* a theater piece composed in 1918 by Igor Stravinsky. The libretto previously featured a violin-carrying war deserter, a character that Vonnegut replaced with the hero from his novel *Slaughterhouse-Five.* "It's a really dumb folk story, completely inane," he says. But Vonnegut's update wasn't entirely a crowd-pleaser. After the performance, a disgruntled **John Stravinsky,** grandson of the composer, confronted Vonnegut. "He said, 'It's pure crap. You've ruined my grandfather's work,' even though Stravinsky didn't write the original libretto, just the score," says Vonnegut. "I was sickened. It was like a blow to the solar plexus. I just thought Stravinsky's music could be put to better use—I had no idea I was picking a fight with a Stravinsky." Vonnegut told the grandson he meant no disrespect, "but after that, I didn't want to have anything more to do with it." John Stravinsky could not be reached for comment.

POPULIST GUARD: *People* magazine has placed one of Princess Diana's dresses under the same round-the-clock surveillance that the gown's owner once endured. The magazine, which picked up the 1985 royal-blue velvet frock at Christie's, had planned—before the Paris accident—to put it on display in a mounted glass case. A week after the princess's death, the magazine finally unveiled the dress in the editorial-floor reception area. A 24-hour guard is keeping watch over the dress until a better, alarmed security system can be arranged. "We don't know how long it's going to stay there," says a *People* spokeswoman, adding that the magazine is still discussing what to do with the gown. "Everybody who goes by kind of gets a little teary."

Additional reporting: Kate Coyne.

CAUGHT IN FASHION'S WEBB

The *Marie Claire* Fashion and Beauty Awards at the Four Seasons restaurant had one real moment of suspense. When the ceremony's host, **Geena Davis,** called former Revlon model **Veronica Webb** onstage to present an award to L'Oréal, the audience, filled with such boldfaces as **Gwyneth Paltrow, Cindy Crawford, Tom Ford, Celine Dion,** and **Andie MacDowell,** stared at an empty microphone for a few long, awkward seconds. *Marie Claire* editor **Glenda Bailey** finally jumped onstage and filled in for the missing mannequin, who, according to an event insider, was still at home grappling with a fashion nightmare: "First her makeup person had a dispute over her method of payment, which held up the process." Then the dresses she'd requested from Versace failed to show (staff working on the memorial possibly had bigger things on their minds). Dolce & Gabbana sent two, but neither worked for Webb, who finally gave up on a new look and grabbed a slinky number out of her closet. But by the time she arrived on the scene, it didn't matter what she was wearing, because her segment was over. "It was a mad scramble to find something at the last minute," says Webb. "Then, when I got there, the first person I ran into was **Ron Perelman.** To be greeted by my former boss telling me I was late was really embarrassing. I'm not the type to cause a scandal."

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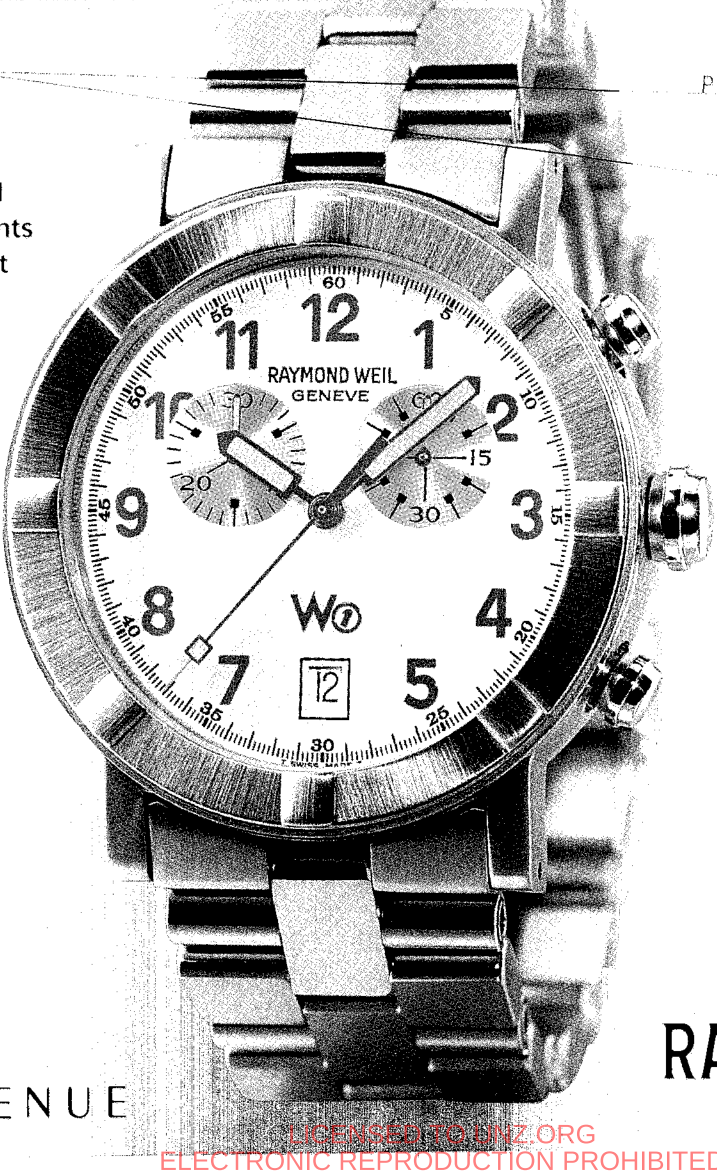
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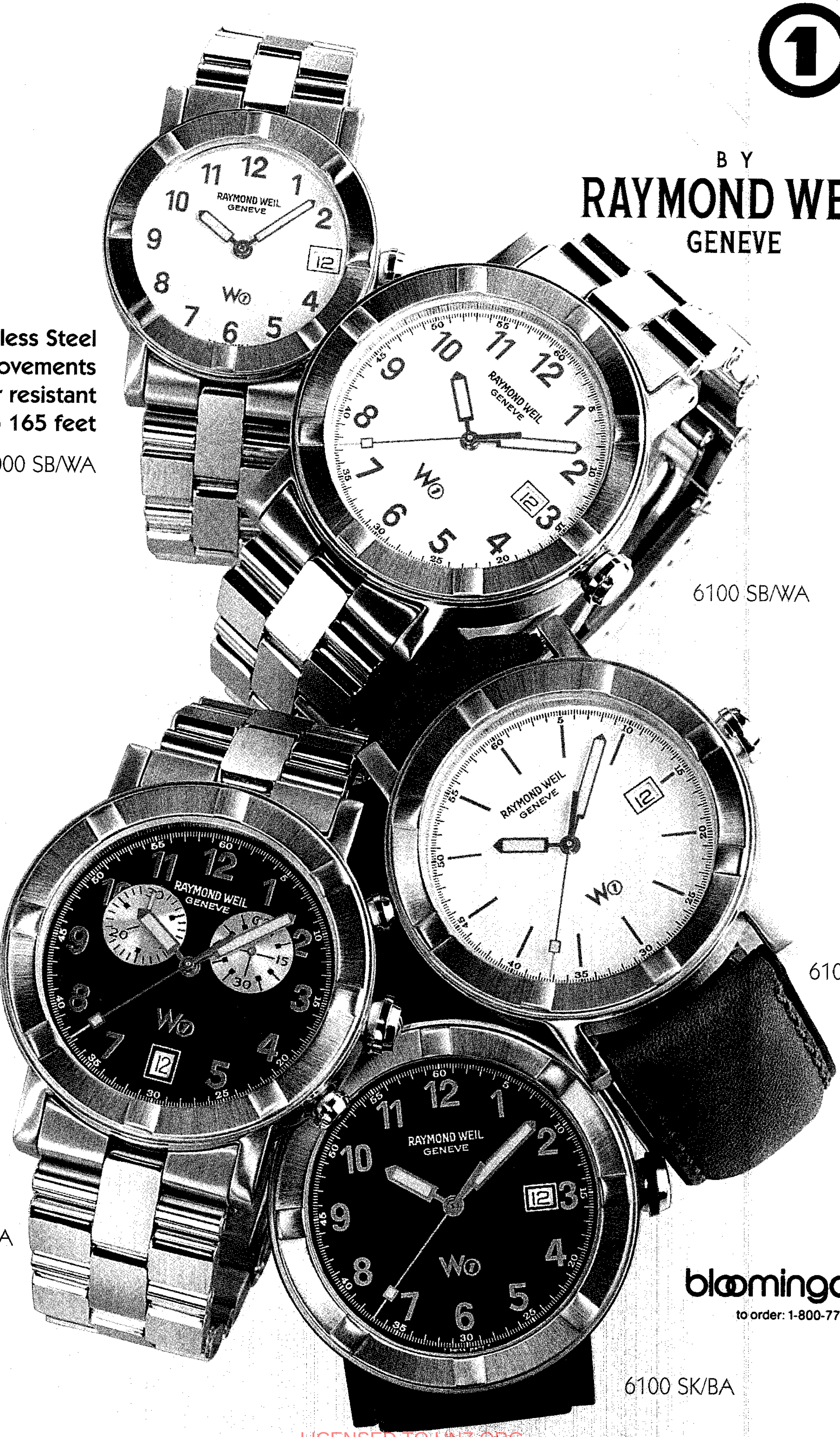
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QUEEN WHO? THE ART WORLD FEUDS OVER A FORGOTTEN ROYAL

CONSIDERING THAT SOME HISTORIANS believe New York's second-largest borough was named in her honor, Queen Catherine of Braganza (whose husband, Charles II, ruled England in the seventeenth century) has never cast much of a shadow over Queens. To her supporters, this fact is nothing less than a travesty; to others, who doubt she is the eponymous monarch, it is merely fitting.

Either way, if the Friends of Queen Catherine have their wish, she will soon cast a very large shadow indeed—over the Hunters Point area, at least. For it is there, right by the nascent Queens West development, that the private foundation intends to honor Her Royal Highness by constructing a huge statue—some 35 feet of bronze. That isn't likely to settle the debate, however; the project is arousing art-world hostilities not seen since *Tilted Arc.*

The dispute is partly aesthetic. Critics familiar with the statue created by onetime photo-realism pioneer Audrey Flack have not been kind. "It's a bad sculpture," declares Lorrie Goulet, president of the Fine Arts Federation. Roy Gussow, a local sculptor, calls it "laughable, like a cartoon."

Then there are the political objections. At a recent rally on the steps of Borough Hall in Queens, protesters—including the Reverend Al Sharpton—complained that Catherine symbolizes imperialism and that her family fortune was built on the slave trade.

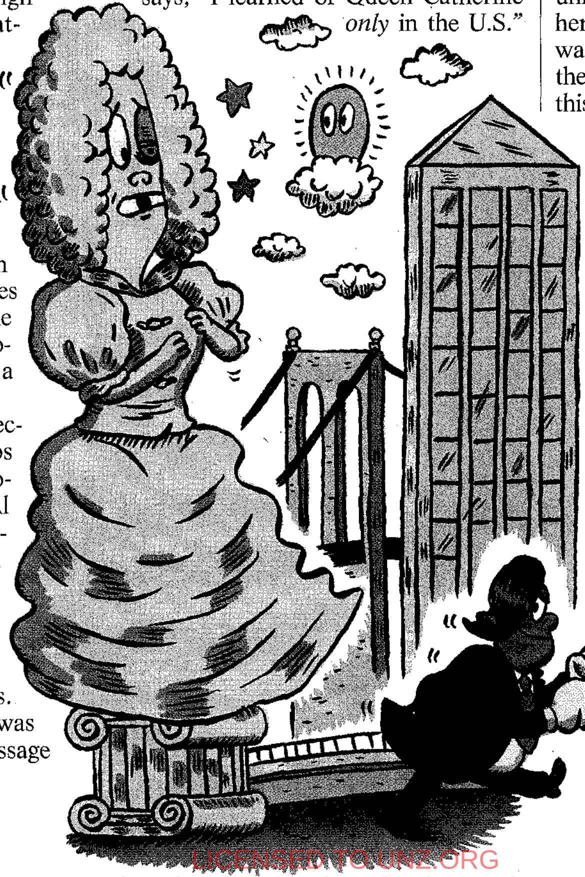
Perhaps anticipating such objections, Flack endowed her subject with "multicultural" features. "What I intended with this statue was to have a universal message, a message of healing," she says. "This is probably the first statue in history to look like this. She almost has dreadlocks. She does not have an aquiline nose or thin lips. She could be anything."

And finally there are the historical debates. Manuel Sousa, the former member of the Portuguese Trade Commission who created the foundation, describes Queen Catherine as "one of the most respected historical figures in Portugal," whose life as a Portuguese Catholic in Protestant England "serves as a great example of immigration." ("She introduced tea to England—the British drink tea because of her!" Flack points out.) But Fernando Santos, editor of *Luso-Americano,* the largest Portuguese-American newspaper, says, "I learned of Queen Catherine *only* in the U.S." In recent years, Catherine's legend has indeed grown in Portugal, but partly because of Sousa's transatlantic campaign, which will include placing a ten-foot replica of the statue at Lisbon's Expo '98.

Steve Pincus, a professor of early-modern British history at the University of Chicago, takes a somewhat more measured view of these disputes. "Catherine was a shadowy figure," he says. "We really know very little about her life." But he also warns against linking Catherine too strongly to the slave trade, which England did not enter in earnest until after Charles's death. "The Braganza fortune was derived mainly from importing spices and other goods from the East," he says.

These squabbles notwithstanding, the matter of her relationship to the borough that will honor her remains unresolved. She was the reigning queen when the county was named Queens, but during that period the custom was to honor royalty by name—as with the Charles River, named for her husband's father.

To Sousa, such skepticism constitutes an unfair attack on Catherine's reputation. "In her lifetime, people tried to prove she wasn't really married to Charles. Today they say Queens isn't named for her. I find this very, very similar." JUDY RICHHEIMER



Media

THE PURGE: IS MICHAEL KELLY A NEW REPUBLICAN?

"AN OWNER FIRES HIS EDITOR. THIS IMMEDIATELY becomes a First Amendment moral psychodrama," sighs Martin Peretz, the owner of *The New Republic,* who fired his editor, Michael Kelly, September 5. When he was hired less than a year ago, Kelly, a former Washington correspondent for *The New Yorker,* was widely seen as a savvy choice, someone who would refocus a drifting magazine. Now Peretz dismisses Kelly as "an obsessive" and "something of a crank," and says that his "disastrous error" was hiring Kelly, not firing him. He talks like a man whose views have been polarized by too many interviews. But the one person he hasn't dis-

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If you have high cholesterol, figure your risk of a first heart attack.

Fill in your points for each risk factor.

☐ **Age: Men**
0 pts. Less than 35 2 pts. 40 to 48 4 pts. 54+
1 pt. 35 to 39 3 pts. 49 to 53

☐ **Age: Women**
0 pts. Less than 42 2 pts. 45 to 54 4 pts. 74+
1 pt. 42 to 44 3 pts. 55 to 73

☐ **Family History:**
2 pts. My family has a history of heart disease or heart attacks before the age of 60

☐ **Inactive Lifestyle:**
1 pt. I rarely exercise or do anything physically demanding

☐ **Weight:**
1 pt. I'm more than 20 lbs. over my ideal weight

☐ **Smoking:**
1 pt. I'm a smoker

☐ **Diabetic:**
1 pt. Male Diabetic
2 pts. Female Diabetic

☐ **Total Cholesterol Level:**
0 pts. Less than 240 mg/dL
1 pt. 240 to 315 mg/dL
2 pts. More than 315 mg/dL

☐ **HDL Level (good cholesterol):**
0 pts. 39 to 59 mg/dL
1 pt. 30 to 38 mg/dL
2 pts. Under 30 mg/dL
-1 pt. Over 60 mg/dL

☐ **Blood Pressure:**
I don't take blood pressure medication; my blood pressure is:
(Use your top or higher blood pressure number)
0 pts. Less than 140 mmHg
1 pt. 140 to 170 mmHg
2 pts. Greater than 170 mmHg
(or)
1 pt. I am currently taking blood pressure medication

☐ **Total Points**

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CONTRAINDICATIONS: Hypersensitivity to any component of this medication. Active liver disease or unexplained, persistent elevations in liver function tests (see **WARNINGS**). *Pregnancy and lactation.* Atherosclerosis is a chronic process and discontinuation of lipid-lowering drugs during pregnancy should have little impact on the outcome of long-term therapy of primary hypercholesterolemia. Cholesterol and other products of cholesterol biosynthesis are essential components for fetal development (including synthesis of steroids and cell membranes). Since HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors decrease cholesterol synthesis and possibly the synthesis of other biologically active substances derived from cholesterol, they may cause fetal harm when administered to pregnant women. Therefore, HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are contraindicated during pregnancy and in nursing mothers. **Pravastatin should be administered to women of childbearing age only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards.** If the patient becomes pregnant while taking this class of drug, therapy should be discontinued and the patient apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus.

WARNINGS: Liver Enzymes: HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors, like some other lipid-lowering therapies, have been associated with biochemical abnormalities of liver function. Increases of serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values to more than 3 times the upper limit of normal occurring on 2 or more (not necessarily sequential) occasions have been reported in 1.3% of patients treated with pravastatin in the US over an average period of 18 months. These abnormalities were not associated with cholestasis and did not appear to be related to treatment duration. In those patients in whom these abnormalities were believed to be related to pravastatin and who were discontinued from therapy, the transaminase levels usually fell slowly to pretreatment levels. These biochemical findings are usually asymptomatic although worldwide experience indicates that anorexia, weakness, and/or abdominal pain may also be present in rare patients. In the largest long-term placebo-controlled clinical trial with pravastatin (Pravastatin Primary Prevention Study; See **Clinical Pharmacology**), the overall incidence of AST and/or ALT elevations to greater than three times the upper limit of normal was 1.05% in the pravastatin group as compared to 0.75% in the placebo group. One (0.03%) pravastatin-treated patient and 2 (0.06%) placebo-treated patients were discontinued because of transaminase elevations. Of the patients with normal liver function at week 12, three of 2875 treated with pravastatin (0.10%) and one of the 2919 placebo patients (0.03%) had elevations of AST greater than three times the upper limit of normal on two consecutive measurements and/or discontinued due to elevations in transaminase levels during the 4.8 years (median treatment) of the study. **It is recommended that liver function tests be performed prior to and at 12 weeks following initiation of therapy or the elevation of dose.** Patients who develop increased transaminase levels or signs and symptoms of liver disease should be monitored with a second liver function evaluation to confirm the finding and be followed thereafter with frequent liver function tests until the abnormality(ies) return to normal. Should an increase in AST or ALT of three times the upper limit of normal or greater persist, withdrawal of pravastatin therapy is recommended. Active liver disease or unexplained transaminase elevations are contraindications to the use of pravastatin (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). Caution should be exercised when pravastatin is administered to patients with a history of liver disease or heavy alcohol ingestion (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Pharmacokinetics/Metabolism**). Such patients should be closely monitored, started at the lower end of the recommended dosing range, and titrated to the desired therapeutic effect. **Skeletal Muscle: Rare cases of rhabdomyolysis with acute renal failure secondary to myoglobinuria have been reported with pravastatin and other drugs in this class.** Uncomplicated myalgia has also been reported in pravastatin-treated patients (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). Myopathy, defined as muscle aching or muscle weakness in conjunction with increases in creatine phosphokinase (CPK) values to greater than 10 times the upper normal limit, was rare (< 0.1%) in pravastatin clinical trials. Myopathy should be considered in any patient with diffuse myalgias, muscle tenderness or weakness, and/or marked elevation of CPK. Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Pravastatin therapy should be discontinued if markedly elevated CPK levels occur or myopathy is diagnosed or suspected. Pravastatin therapy should also be temporarily withheld in any patient experiencing an acute or serious condition predisposing to the development of renal failure secondary to rhabdomyolysis, e.g., sepsis; hypotension; major surgery; trauma; severe metabolic, endocrine, or electrolyte disorders; or uncontrolled epilepsy.** The risk of myopathy during treatment with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor is increased with concurrent therapy with either erythromycin, cyclosporine, niacin, or fibrates. However, neither myopathy nor significant increases in CPK levels have been observed in three reports involving a total of 100 post-transplant patients (24 renal and 76 cardiac) treated for up to two years concurrently with pravastatin 10-40 mg and cyclosporine. Some of these patients also received other concomitant immunosuppressive therapies. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. Further, in clinical trials involving small numbers of patients who were treated concurrently with pravastatin and niacin, there were no reports of myopathy. Also, myopathy was not reported in a trial of combination pravastatin (40 mg/day) and gemfibrozil (1200 mg/day), although 4 of 75 patients on the combination showed marked CPK elevations versus one of 73 patients receiving placebo. There was a trend toward more frequent CPK elevations and patient withdrawals due to musculoskeletal symptoms in the group receiving combined treatment as compared with the groups receiving placebo, gemfibrozil, or pravastatin monotherapy (see **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**). **The use of fibrates alone may occasionally be associated with myopathy. The combined use of pravastatin and fibrates should be avoided unless the benefit of further alterations in lipid levels is likely to outweigh the increased risk of this drug combination.**

PRECAUTIONS: General: Pravastatin may elevate creatinine phosphokinase and transaminase levels (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). This should be considered in the differential diagnosis of chest pain in a patient on therapy with pravastatin. *Homozygous Familial Hypercholesterolemia.* Pravastatin has not been evaluated in patients with rare homozygous familial hypercholesterolemia. In this group of patients, it has been reported that HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are less effective because the patients lack functional LDL receptors. *Renal Insufficiency.* A single 20 mg oral dose of pravastatin was administered to 24 patients with varying degrees of renal impairment (as determined by creatinine clearance). No effect was observed on the pharmacokinetics of pravastatin or its 3α-hydroxy isomeric metabolite (SQ 31,906). A small increase was seen in mean AUC values and half-life (t½) for the inactive enzymatic ring hydroxylation metabolite (SQ 31,945). Given this small sample size, the dosage administered, and the degree of individual variability, patients with renal impairment who are receiving pravastatin should be closely monitored. **Information for Patients:** Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Drug Interactions:** *Immunosuppressive Drugs, Gemfibrozil, Niacin (Nicotinic Acid), Erythromycin:* See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle**. *Antipyrine:* Since concomitant administration of pravastatin had no effect on the clearance of antipyrine, interactions with other drugs metabolized via the same hepatic cytochrome isozymes are not expected. *Cholestyramine/Colestipol:* Concomitant administration resulted in an approximately 40 to 50% decrease in the mean AUC of pravastatin. However, when pravastatin was administered 1 hour before or 4 hours after cholestyramine or 1 hour before colestipol and a standard meal, there was no clinically significant decrease in bioavailability or therapeutic effect. (See **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION: Concomitant Therapy**.) *Warfarin:* In a study involving 10 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and warfarin concomitantly for 6 days, bioavailability parameters at steady state for pravastatin (parent compound) were not altered. Pravastatin did not alter the plasma protein-binding of warfarin. Concomitant dosing did increase the AUC and Cmax of warfarin but did not produce any changes in its anticoagulant action (i.e., no increase was seen in mean prothrombin time after 6 days of concomitant therapy). However, bleeding and extreme prolongation of prothrombin time has been reported with another drug in this class. Patients receiving warfarin-type anticoagulants should have their prothrombin times closely monitored when pravastatin is initiated or the dosage of pravastatin is changed. *Cimetidine:* The $AUC_{0-12\,hr}$ for pravastatin when given with cimetidine was not significantly different from the AUC for pravastatin when given alone. A significant difference was observed between the AUC's for pravastatin when given with cimetidine compared to when administered with antacid. *Digoxin:* In a crossover trial involving 18 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and digoxin concurrently for 9 days, the bioavailability parameters of digoxin were not affected. The AUC of pravastatin tended to increase, but the overall bioavailability of pravastatin plus its metabolites SQ 31,906 and SQ 31,945 was not altered. *Cyclosporine:* Some investigators have measured cyclosporine levels in patients on pravastatin, and to date, these results indicate no clinically meaningful elevations in cyclosporine levels. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. *Gemfibrozil:* In a crossover study in 20 healthy male volunteers given concomitant single doses of pravastatin and gemfibrozil, there was a significant decrease in urinary excretion and protein binding of pravastatin. In addition, there was a significant increase in AUC, Cmax, and Tmax for the pravastatin metabolite SQ 31,906. Combination therapy with pravastatin and gemfibrozil is generally not recommended. In interaction studies with *aspirin, antacids* (1 hour prior to PRAVACHOL), *cimetidine, nicotinic acid,* or *probucol,* no statistically significant differences in bioavailability were seen when PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) was administered. *Other Drugs:* During clinical trials, no noticeable drug interactions were reported when PRAVACHOL was added to: diuretics, antihypertensives, digitalis, ACE inhibitors, calcium channel blockers, beta-blockers, or nitroglycerin. **Endocrine Function:** HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors interfere with cholesterol synthesis and lower circulating cholesterol levels and, as such, might theoretically blunt adrenal or gonadal steroid hormone production. Results of clinical trials with pravastatin in males and post-menopausal females were inconsistent with regard to possible effects of the drug on basal steroid hormone levels. In a study of 21 males, the mean testosterone response to human chorionic gonadotropin was significantly reduced ($p < 0.004$) after 16 weeks of treatment with 40 mg of pravastatin. However, the percentage of patients showing a ≥ 50% rise in plasma testosterone after human chorionic gonadotropin stimulation did not change significantly after therapy in these patients. The effects of HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors on spermatogenesis and fertility have not been studied in adequate numbers of patients. The effects, if any, of pravastatin on the pituitary-gonadal axis in pre-menopausal females are unknown. Patients treated with pravastatin who display clinical evidence of endocrine dysfunction should be evaluated appropriately. Caution should also be exercised if an HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor or other agent used to lower cholesterol levels is administered to patients also receiving other drugs (e.g., ketoconazole, spironolactone, cimetidine) that may diminish the levels or activity of steroid hormones. **CNS Toxicity:** CNS vascular lesions, characterized by perivascular hemorrhage and edema and mononuclear cell infiltration of perivascular spaces, were seen in dogs treated with pravastatin at a dose of 25 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced a plasma drug level about 50 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking 40 mg/day. Similar CNS vascular lesions have been observed with several other drugs in this class. A chemically similar drug in this class produced optic nerve degeneration (Wallerian degeneration of retinogeniculate fibers) in clinically normal dogs in a dose-dependent fashion starting at 60 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced mean plasma drug levels about 30 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking the highest recommended dose (as measured by total enzyme inhibitory activity). This same drug also produced vestibulocochlear Wallerian-like degeneration and retinal ganglion cell chromatolysis in dogs treated for 14 weeks at 180 mg/kg/day, a dose which resulted in a mean plasma drug level similar to that seen with the 60 mg/kg/day dose. **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility:** In a 2-year study in rats fed pravastatin at doses of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg body weight, there was an increased incidence of hepatocellular carcinomas in males at the highest dose ($p < 0.01$). Although rats were given up to 125 times the human dose (HD) on a mg/kg body weight basis, serum drug levels were only 6 to 10 times higher than those measured in humans given 40 mg pravastatin as measured by AUC. The oral administration of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg (producing plasma drug levels approximately 0.5 to 5.0 times the human drug levels at 40 mg) of pravastatin to mice for 22 months resulted in a statistically significant increase in the incidence of malignant lymphomas in treated females when all treatment groups were pooled and compared to controls ($p < 0.05$). The incidence was not dose-related and male mice were not affected. A chemically similar drug in this class was administered to mice for 72 weeks at 25, 100, and 400 mg/kg body weight, which resulted in mean serum drug levels approximately 3, 15, and 33 times higher than the mean human serum drug concentration (as total inhibitory activity) after a 40 mg oral dose. Liver carcinomas were significantly increased in high-dose females and mid- and high-dose males, with a maximum incidence of 90 percent in males. The incidence of adenomas of the liver was significantly increased in mid- and high-dose females. Drug treatment also significantly increased the incidence of lung adenomas in mid- and high-dose males and females. Adenomas of the eye Harderian gland (a gland of the eye of rodents) were significantly higher in high-dose mice than in controls. No evidence of mutagenicity was observed *in vitro*, with or without rat-liver metabolic activation, in the following studies: microbial mutagen tests, using mutant strains of *Salmonella typhimurium* or *Escherichia coli*; a forward mutation assay in L5178Y TK +/- mouse lymphoma cells; a chromosomal aberration test in hamster cells; and a gene conversion assay using *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*. In addition, there was no evidence of mutagenicity in either a dominant lethal test in mice or a micronucleus test in mice. In a study in rats, with daily doses up to 500 mg/kg, pravastatin did not produce any adverse effects on fertility or general reproductive performance. However, in a study with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, there was decreased fertility in male rats treated for 34 weeks at 25 mg/kg body weight, although this effect was not observed in a subsequent fertility study when this same dose was administered for 11 weeks (the entire cycle of spermatogenesis, including epididymal maturation). In rats treated with this same reductase inhibitor at 180 mg/kg/day, seminiferous tubule degeneration (necrosis and loss of spermatogenic epithelium) was observed. Although not seen with pravastatin, two similar drugs in this class caused drug-related testicular atrophy, decreased spermatogenesis, spermatocytic degeneration, and giant cell formation in dogs. The clinical significance of these findings is unclear. **Pregnancy: Pregnancy Category X.** See **CONTRAINDICATIONS**. Safety in pregnant women has not been established. Pravastatin was not teratogenic in rats at doses up to 1000 mg/kg daily or in rabbits at doses of up to 50 mg/kg daily. These doses resulted in 20x (rabbit) or 240x (rat) the human exposure based on surface area ($mg/meter^2$). However, in studies with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, skeletal malformations were observed in rats and mice. There has been one report of severe congenital bony deformity, tracheo-esophageal fistula, and anal atresia (Vater association) in a baby born to a woman who took another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor with dextroamphetamine sulfate during the first trimester of pregnancy. PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) should be administered to women of child-bearing potential only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards. If the woman becomes pregnant while taking PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium), it should be discontinued and the patient advised again as to the potential hazards to the fetus. **Nursing Mothers:** A small amount of pravastatin is excreted in human breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, women taking PRAVACHOL should not nurse (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). **Pediatric Use:** Safety and effectiveness in individuals less than 18 years old have not been established. Hence, treatment in patients less than 18 years old is not recommended at this time.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: Pravastatin is generally well tolerated; adverse reactions have usually been mild and transient. In 4-month long placebo-controlled trials, 1.7% of pravastatin-treated patients and 1.2% of placebo-treated patients were discontinued from treatment because of adverse experiences attributed to study drug therapy; this difference was not statistically significant. In long-term studies, the most common reasons for discontinuation were asymptomatic serum transaminase increases and mild, non-specific gastrointestinal complaints. During clinical trials the overall incidence of adverse events in the elderly was not different from the incidence observed in younger patients. **Adverse Clinical Events:** All adverse clinical events (regardless of attribution) reported in more than 2% of pravastatin-treated patients in the placebo-controlled trials are identified in the table below; also shown are the percentages of patients in whom these medical events were believed to be related or possibly related to the drug:

	All Events		**Events Attributed to Study Drug**	
Body System/Event	**Pravastatin (N = 900) %**	**Placebo (N = 411) %**	**Pravastatin (N = 900) %**	**Placebo (N = 411) %**
Cardiovascular				
Cardiac Chest Pain	4.0	3.4	0.1	0.0
Dermatologic Rash	4.0*	1.1	1.3	0.9
Gastrointestinal				
Nausea/Vomiting	7.3	7.1	2.9	3.4
Diarrhea	6.2	5.6	2.0	1.9
Abdominal Pain	5.4	6.9	2.0	3.9
Constipation	4.0	7.1	2.4	5.1
Flatulence	3.3	3.6	2.7	3.4
Heartburn	2.9	1.9	2.0	0.7
General				
Fatigue	3.8	3.4	1.9	1.0
Chest Pain	3.7	1.9	0.3	0.2
Influenza	2.4*	0.7	0.0	0.0
Musculoskeletal				
Localized Pain	10.0	9.0	1.4	1.5
Myalgia	2.7	1.0	0.6	0.0
Nervous System				
Headache	6.2	3.9	1.7*	0.2
Dizziness	3.3	3.2	1.0	0.5
Renal/Genitourinary				
Urinary Abnormality	2.4	2.9	0.7	1.2
Respiratory				
Common Cold	7.0	6.3	0.0	0.0
Rhinitis	4.0	4.1	0.1	0.0
Cough	2.6	1.7	0.1	0.0

*Statistically significantly different from placebo.

In the Pravastatin Primary Prevention Study (West of Scotland Coronary Prevention Study) (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Clinical Studies**) involving 6595 patients treated with PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) (N = 3302) or placebo (n = 3293) the adverse event profile in the pravastatin group was comparable to that of the placebo group over the median 4.8 years of the study. The following effects have been reported with drugs in this class; not all the effects listed below have necessarily been associated with pravastatin therapy: *Skeletal:* myopathy, rhabdomyolysis, arthralgia. *Neurological:* dysfunction of certain cranial nerves (including alteration of taste, impairment of extra-ocular movement, facial paresis), tremor, vertigo, memory loss, paresthesia, peripheral neuropathy, peripheral nerve palsy, anxiety, insomnia, depression. *Hypersensitivity Reactions:* An apparent hypersensitivity syndrome has been reported rarely which has included one or more of the following features: anaphylaxis, angioedema, lupus erythematous-like syndrome, polymyalgia rheumatica, dermatomyositis, vasculitis, purpura, thrombocytopenia, leukopenia, hemolytic anemia, positive ANA, ESR increase, eosinophilia, arthritis, arthralgia, urticaria, asthenia, photosensitivity, fever, chills, flushing, malaise, dyspnea, toxic epidermal necrolysis, erythema multiforme, including Stevens-Johnson syndrome. *Gastrointestinal:* pancreatitis, hepatitis, including chronic active hepatitis, cholestatic jaundice, fatty change in liver, and, rarely, cirrhosis, fulminant hepatic necrosis, and hepatoma; anorexia, vomiting. *Skin:* alopecia, pruritus. A variety of skin changes (e.g., nodules, discoloration, dryness of skin/mucous membranes, changes to hair/nails) have been reported. *Reproductive:* gynecomastia, loss of libido, erectile dysfunction. *Eye:* progression of cataracts (lens opacities), ophthalmoplegia. *Laboratory Abnormalities*: elevated transaminases, alkaline phosphatase, and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities. **Laboratory Test Abnormalities:** Increases in serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values and CPK have been observed (see **WARNINGS**). Transient, asymptomatic eosinophilia has been reported. Eosinophil counts usually returned to normal despite continued therapy. Anemia, thrombocytopenia, and leukopenia have been reported with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors. **Concomitant Therapy:** Pravastatin has been administered concurrently with cholestyramine, colestipol, nicotinic acid, probucol and gemfibrozil. Preliminary data suggest that the addition of either probucol or gemfibrozil to therapy with lovastatin or pravastatin is **not** associated with greater reduction in LDL-cholesterol than that achieved with lovastatin or pravastatin alone. No adverse reactions unique to the combination or in addition to those previously reported for each drug alone have been reported. Myopathy and rhabdomyolysis (with or without acute renal failure) have been reported when another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor was used in combination with immunosuppressive drugs, gemfibrozil, erythromycin, or lipid-lowering doses of nicotinic acid. Concomitant therapy with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors and these agents is generally not recommended. (See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle** and **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**.)

OVERDOSAGE: To date, there are two reported cases of overdosage with pravastatin, both of which were asymptomatic and not associated with clinical laboratory abnormalities. If an overdose occurs, it should be treated symptomatically and supportive measures should be instituted as required.

CAUTION: Federal (USA) law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

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cussed Kelly's ouster with, Peretz insists, is Vice President Al Gore.

Which is odd, since everyone else—including the Washington *Post, Newsday,* and Kelly himself—says Peretz fired Kelly to protect the vice-president from the editor's relentless attacks. As a young instructor at Harvard, Peretz taught the freshman Al Gore, and their relationship today is described as "familial." They talk on the phone frequently, and the Gores have vacationed on Cape Cod at the Peretz home in Truro. Al spoke at Marty's 50th-birthday party, and Marty sat next to Tipper at Karenna Gore's wedding to Andrew Schiff this summer.

But the relationship hasn't yielded the usual perks of "Friend of" status for Peretz. He's never been to a White House dinner during the Clinton administration (he was at one during the Carter years). And even though Peretz's name was floated to head the United States Information Agency after Clinton's first inauguration, today he insists that he never discussed the position with Gore and argues that he didn't want the job anyway ("I would have had a falling-out with the administration over Bosnia in two weeks"). Peretz also laughingly denies another popular rumor—that he's got a special phone in Truro for which only Gore has the number.

Still, just as the Washington *Post's* Bob Woodward was linking Gore to illegal fund-raising activities, Peretz rushed to defend his longtime friend. He wrote a brief editorial ridiculing the charges, which he handed in to Kelly on Tuesday, asking that he run it as an unsigned item in the "Notebook" section. Kelly, who had regularly used his "TRB" column to vent outrage over the alleged fund-raising misdeeds of the White House, sent the boss a three-page memo refuting his argument that afternoon. Peretz says he remained unconvinced but withdrew the piece anyway. By Thursday night, Charles Lane, a deputy editor who had long coveted the top job, already knew that he had it.

The bill-payer: Martin Peretz of *The New Republic.*

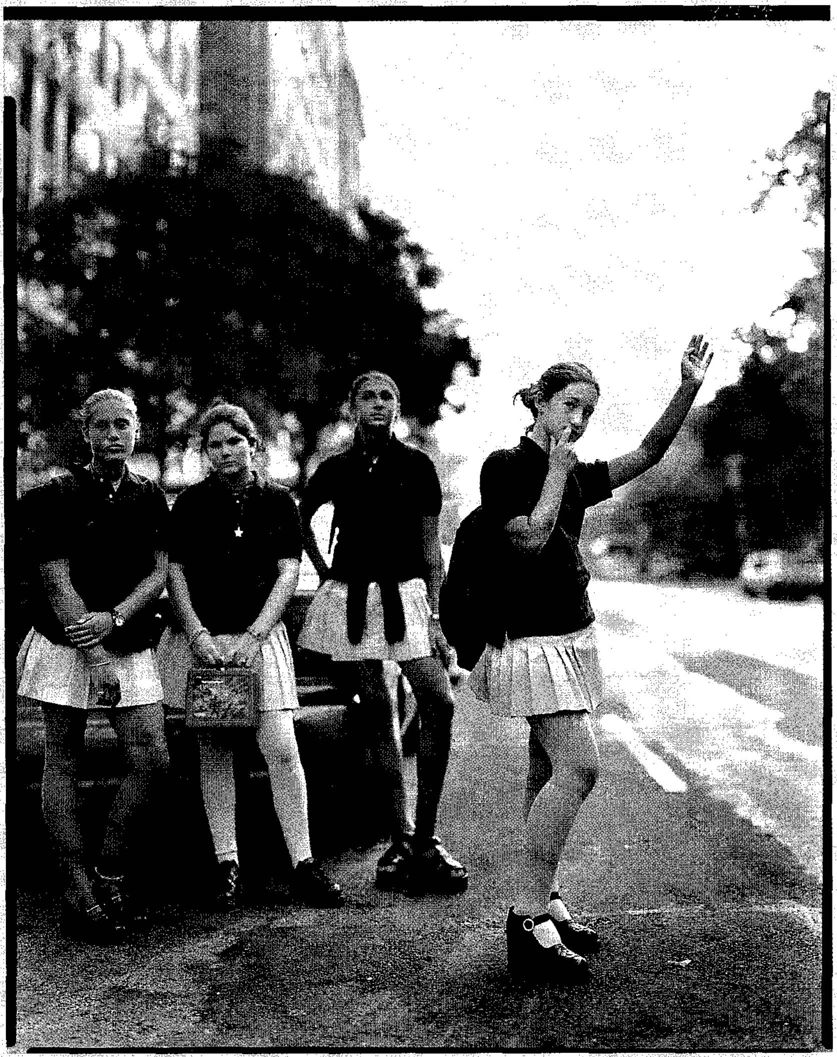
Kelly got the news the next morning, and quickly assembled the staff to tell them he'd been fired. The magazine's literary editor, Leon Wieseltier, who had been cast as the Rasputin behind Andrew Sullivan's ouster last year, spoke up, saying he was "sickened and ashamed" by the turn of events. But at a staff meeting later that day—which Lane was asked not to attend—Wieseltier tried to calm the mounting revolutionary fervor.

Peretz himself flew in from Boston for an 8:30 Monday-morning meeting at the *New Republic* offices. Peretz told the staff that the magazine is to be written by "liberals who are critical of liberals, not by conservatives," a sort of "lovers' quarrel" within the ranks. Peretz casts Kelly as a darling of the lunatic right, and other *New Republic* staffers characterize some of his "TRB" columns (off the record, of course) as screeds full of "Rush Limbaugh–isms."

"We ran as many pieces that pissed off Republicans as Democrats—that was the whole idea," says Kelly, whose friends expect him to wind up back at *The New Yorker.* Peretz says he's totally behind Lane. "He's not going to run a Clinton fanzine," Peretz says. Lane himself cheerfully admits that some Latin American journalists regard him "as a sort of right-wing nut." Staffers are already taking bets about how long he'll last. When it comes to *The New Republic,* as Peretz says, "the person who pays its bills has to like it."

DEBORAH MITCHELL

SHOT

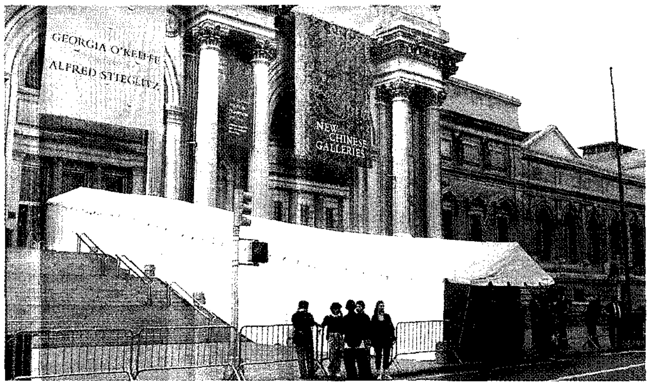

Upper East Side, 5:15 P.M., Tuesday, September 9, *photographed by Greg Miller.*

Security
FEAR AND CLOTHING

EVEN UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS, IT WOULD have been hard for the paparazzi—sorry, *the celebrity photojournalists*—to do their job at last Monday's memorial service for Gianni Versace. Memorials are somber affairs, after all, and in keeping with the mood, the invited guests, even the movie stars and supermodels, were heading inside without stopping to pose for the otherwise obligatory arrival shot.

But these were not normal conditions. This was one of the first A-list events of the

Photograph by Tom Herde/The Boston Globe.



It's *not* Christo: Anti-paparazzi tactics at the Versace memorial.

post-Diana era, and the new rules were already in effect. To shield mourners from raindrops and flashbulbs, a long, skinny tent had been erected from the curb, where the limousines were rolling up, all the way to the top of the Metropolitan Museum's famous steps. Metal barricades lined both sides of Fifth Avenue along the full length of the museum, and continued part of the way down East 82nd Street. And the members of the working press—a dozen of them, all told—had been herded to a distant corner, left to squint and commiserate.

"AP—that's Associated Paparazzi. You're giving us a bad name," joked Jennifer Wiens, a freelancer for the Associated Press who was pelted with rocks outside the Missionaries of Charity in the Bronx, where she was covering the reaction to Mother Teresa's death.

Not everyone found it so funny. A news photographer who declined to give his name ("A week ago I would have," he said, "but I'm terrified") surveyed the scene and gravely declared, "This is Nazism. Giuliani has said to harass and stop and inveigle the press as much as possible. This is the first example."

Khaled Kazziha, hunched over his telephoto lens, thought that was a bit much. "Why don't we just kidnap the mayor?" he said sarcastically. His friends snickered.

Moments later, a police officer strolled over and pointed out, very casually, that Kazziha had been spotted straying from the designated press area. "Well, no one said I couldn't," he told his astonished colleagues, "and the guy was like, 'Well, next time don't leave without asking one of my boys.' "

The exchange was not lost on the anonymous conspiracy theorist. "Did you see what just happened?" he asked. "They've frozen the whole block. And for what? It's empty. I could understand if they were using the area, but this is just to keep us away."

Officer John Giammarino, of the public-information office, didn't see what the big deal was. "It's a private funeral," he said.

"So if my father died, I could get a permit?" the photographer demanded. "Freeze the whole block?" "You could try," Giammarino shrugged.

Across the street, twenty security guards in sharp suits stood side-by-side with a handful of uniformed police. Guarding the metal barricades that divided the Met's concrete from Fifth Avenue's asphalt wasn't a very labor-intensive job: The sidewalk was uninhabited, and even the street seemed somewhat empty. Farther down the block, a bit of a crowd had gathered, but it was neither mourners nor gawkers; it was members of the film crew for *Deconstructing Harry,* the movie Woody Allen was shooting at the Stanhope. The movie features cameo performances by half of New York's paparazzi.

As the last of the chauffeured cars (including Allen's wood-paneled station wagon) discharged their famous passengers and drove off, and as the drizzle grew heavier, the reporter from Channel 4 filed his report as best he could, able only to speculate on the service and its participants. A couple of uniformed cops smiled and joked as tie-dyed Australian tourists snapped them with disposable cameras. A cyclist sped by the barren, barricaded blocks and, passing the journalists, yelled, "He's dead, the guy's dead. What the fuck?" The skittish photographer made a final pronouncement about public servants' doing the bidding of private interests, and left. He said he could sense that trouble was on the way.

"There's no big decision," Officer Giammarino repeated, bored by the debate over the size of the security zone. "That's just the closest they could be without in-

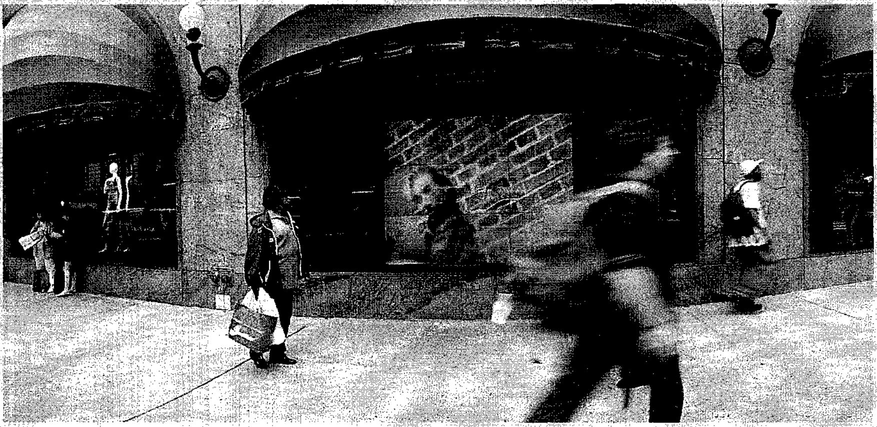
SITE LINES

I Want to Hold Your Hand

Until September 18, two of the Broadway display windows at Macy's boast epic-size video images that passersby can manipulate via touch screens. On paper, the concept is deliriously *Blade Runner.* The execution, however, is prosaically Macy's. The video shows the same footage that appears in Macy's ads, models in leather by Donna Karan or velvet by Perry Ellis gamboling through the soft-focus terrain of a fashion shoot.

In one corner of each display there is a genuine, albeit minor, technological marvel, a "ThruGlass" touch screen that is operable even behind a full inch of window. Strollers can respond to a beguiling voice—"Women's fashions. Please make a selection"—by rubbing a fingertip on a picture of an outfit. Instantly, a catalogue image spreads across the nine-screen grid and information about the department in which the garment can be found pops up on the screen.

On one afternoon, interactive window-shopping seems only marginally more attractive to pedestrians than the interactive panhandler rattling his coins in a cup. When a few minutes elapse and no one responds to the TOUCH HERE sign, the music, a Gregorian chant set to a disco beat, grows progressively louder. The words INTERACT WITH ME almost fill the whole window. Just when it seems like the display is going to scream INTERACT WITH *ME, GODDAMMIT!*, an old lady with a Dime Savings Bank shopping bag stops, takes a few tentative pokes at the screen, and then shuffles on. The "space age shopping odyssey" promised by Macy's feels almost as dated as the space age itself. KARRIE JACOBS



Impersonal shopper: Interactive window displays at Macy's on 34th Street.

Photographs: top, Marty Lederhandler/AP/Wide World; bottom, Andrew Goldberg.

Other doctors said they couldn't have a baby. Dr. Rosenwaks gave them two.

In Vitro twins - Evan and Trevor.

Renee was 33 when she married Eric. Not too young, and certainly not too old to have a baby. But after two years of trying, Renee and Eric decided to see a doctor.

The first had no success. The second said it was hopeless.

Finally, Renee's brother, a doctor himself, recommended Dr. Rosenwaks at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center.

With the help of Dr. Rosenwaks' pioneering In Vitro Fertilization techniques, Renee delivered twin boys - Evan and Trevor. Renee calls them Heaven and Treasure.

Nearly 4,000 IVF babies have been born at New York-Cornell's Center for Reproductive Medicine and Infertility. We consistently have one of the highest success rates in the world.

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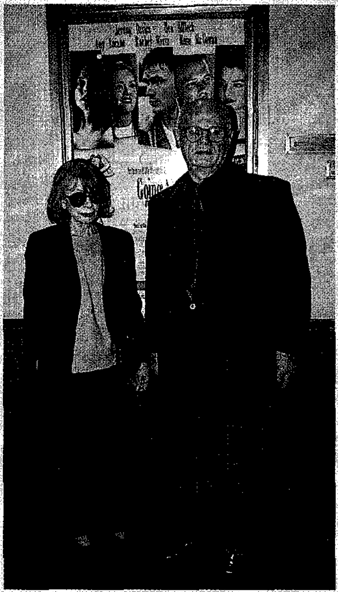

Veni, Video, Vici

At the MTV Video Music Awards and the parties that followed, plus a couple of movie premieres.

Photographed by Patrick McMullan

Above, left, Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne at the premiere of Gramercy Pictures' *Going All the Way;* at *Spy,* where Sony Music hosted a party after the MTV Video Music Awards, Jakob Dylan, middle, and Winona Ryder and Gwyneth Paltrow, right.

Clockwise from left, at Bloomingdale's for the launch of the *Rent*-inspired Rock-n-Roll Shop, Captain the Great Dane, fashion director Kal Ruttenstein, Lisa Loeb, and Ady Gluck-Frankel, the designer for Necessary Objects; Sean "Puffy" Combs and Violetta Wallace at Radio City Music Hall for the MTV Video Music Awards, which featured a memorial tribute to her son Christopher (the Notorious B.I.G.); Tracy Warbin and Noah Wyle at Aja after the premiere of *The Myth of Fingerprints;* Donna Hanover and Lynn Sherr at the Eleanor Ettinger Gallery, where Carolee Friedlander celebrated her twenty-fifth anniversary and her yearlong fund-raising effort for breast-cancer research.

terfering with vehicular traffic," he said, turning away from the empty street to plot an exit strategy with Naomi Campbell's driver.

ARIEL KAMINER

Gambling

YOU BET THEIR LIFE

DURING HER LIFETIME, SHE GAVE HOPE TO humanity; now, in death, she continues to provide inspiration, not to human beings but to Wall Street's professional speculators. One junior financial executive, Maria, puts it bluntly: "When Mother Teresa died, my faith was restored."

Specifically, her faith in the Dead Pool, a macabre kitty financed by the unsentimental Wall Street crowd that banks on the demise of some 250 elderly notables. Players, called "policyholders," pay $10 to draw a name—Katharine Hepburn, Frank Sinatra—at random from a Ziplock bag. They can keep drawing (and paying) until they get a name they want to hold. They can even sell their pick to another player. If that celebrity dies next, the appropriate policyholder takes the pot. Then the wallets come out again.

Maria's faith had wavered because of the premature deaths of Princess Diana and Gianni Versace. There is but a single qualification for the Dead Pool—celebrities must be over 65—and Maria and her fellow obituary-scourers had wondered whether it should be changed. But then came the sad news from Calcutta, and all seemed right again in the Dead Pool universe.

The recent flurry of high-profile passings give rise to another issue. "We don't stipulate how a celeb has to die," says one of its founders (the pool, said to have originated in a Brooklyn pub ten years ago, also draws players from the commodities exchange and at Bell Atlantic). "When Brian Keith—who killed himself—Robert Mitchum, and Jimmy Stewart all died the same week, the guy who held Mitchum complained that he should win because he died of natural causes. But in the end, whoever had Brian Keith [who was the first to go] ran off with $2,350."

The Dead Pool's hold on Wall Street comes as no surprise to Dr. Wayne A. Myers, a psychiatrist at Cornell Medical Center. "Death is unpredictable, and the swings in the market are also unpredictable," he says. "So there's a certain correlation between trying to control one and trying to control the other."

Meanwhile, the Dead Pool stakes are about to get higher. For the first time in ten years, another 250 names—among them Liz Taylor, Sean Connery, and Joan Rivers—will be added to the pool. Ten dollars each: Take your pick.

EVAN FORSTER

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THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

It's Al, Primarily

Ruth Messinger must think her worst nightmare has come true. But things may get bleaker still: In the runoff, Al Sharpton could turn this into a Ruth-less campaign.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT that of the three major Democratic mayoral candidates, the financially challenged Al Sharpton would have the most splendid Election Night digs in which to assemble his troops? It wasn't the biggest surprise Sharpton had up his sleeve that evening, of course, but perhaps reporters should have sensed something when they learned earlier in the week that Ruth Messinger would hold forth at the hideous Grand Hyatt, and Sal Albanese at the blah Hilton, while Sharpton would camp out in a fifty-third-floor banquet room at the very fashionable Rihga Royal.

The room itself was modest, with the shades drawn (curious, given the advantageous elevation), but Sharpton did have a little musical combo and a nice big TV with crystal-clear reception of New York 1 (the Hyatt lacked this amenity, so at Messinger's do we were stuck watching *Home Improvement* and, a little more appropriately but forlornly, *Spin City*).

Wingin' it: The Rev believes he can fly in the runoff with Ruth.

At 10:40, the more intensely political among Al's crowd shushed the band as Albanese came on the tube to deliver his concession speech. The TV showed Messinger with 40 percent. A couple of minutes later, she was back down to 39. And by 11:15, it was official: With 100 percent of precincts reporting, Alfred Sharpton had forced a runoff.

Messinger was on TV by now, conceding what can only be called defeat, her strained smiles weighted down by a David Dinkins who looked as sullen and cross as he had on the night of his own defeat 46 months before. Perfectly on cue—after the competition, like a champion prizefighter, but before anyone got too restless—down the hall Sharpton came. Celebrants, 250 of them, whooped; bartenders, Indian and maybe Latin American, stared and shook their heads at their unsought proximity to this tabloid cutout suddenly come to life; the band, as everyone now knows, dwelled on the refrain of that "I Believe I Can Fly" song. And Dick Gregory, who seems to have become Al's guru for this campaign (and is an improvement on past occupants of that chair, like Don King), carried through with the avian theme established in song: "A little bitty butterfly can fly across the ocean. But a bald eagle can't make that trip." Presumably, he referred even, perhaps especially, to bald eagles with comb-overs.

Sharpton may be no more than a protest candidate. But it just might be that for his voters, there's one hell of a lot to protest. Giuliani and police brutality, of course; but more interestingly, the Manhattan-centered black liberal leadership and the whole Democratic Party. That he actually stands a chance of becoming its standard-bearer while wanting to bite it tells us a lot about the party's strange progress these past few months.

THERE ARE GOOD REASONS WHY SHARPton's performance in the Democratic primary can be tossed out as a fluke. His 126,000 votes was a smaller number than he received in each of his two runs for the U.S. Senate: In both 1992, when he famously lost last place in the primary to Liz Holtzman, and 1994, when he ran quixotically against Pat Moynihan, he polled nearly 140,000 votes in the city. Maybe there's a more or less constant Sharpton vote that has more weight when turnout is an atrophied 17.6 percent, as it was last Tuesday.

The turnout reminds us that we're talking about numbers from which few lessons should be drawn. Messinger finished just 2,533 votes away from 40 percent. In other words, the difference between headlines that said NICE TRY, AL and headlines that said SHARPTON SHOCKER!—the one the *Post* gleefully pasted across the wood last Wednesday—amounted to no more tushes than might fill the nosebleed seats at Madison Square Garden.

Finally, Sharpton filled a void left by an unusually weak field, his opponents showing little talent for excitement. Messinger's bumbling strategy, which assumed she couldn't possibly finish below 40 percent and have to endure a runoff, made this possible. Put in any of the prominent Democrats who begged off the race earlier this year—Mark Green, Alan Hevesi, or, especially, Carl McCall—and it's unlikely that Sharpton would have earned a runoff spot. Had McCall been in, Sharpton probably wouldn't have run at all.

All the above is true. But so what? Turnout was what it was, and the other guys didn't run. We can talk about flukish circumstances and Messinger's lousy campaign and all the other factors until there's no more oxygen in the room, but none of those explanations gets to the heart of the matter.

White people don't like it, and Sharpton doesn't particularly care whether they do, but the fact is that black people feel an intensely deep connection with him. He is the only political figure in the city right now of any

Photograph by Emile Wamsteker/AP/Wide World.

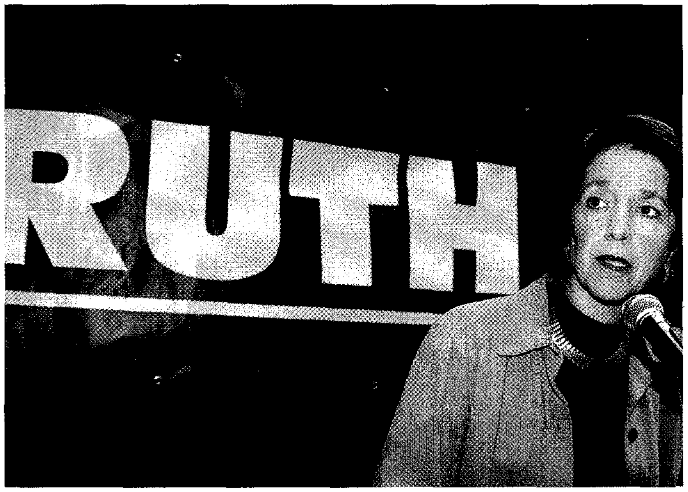
real prominence who affirms to black people that their lives really have value. The beating of Abner Louima undoubtedly helped him, especially given Messinger's confused and contradictory responses in the days right after it came to light, but that was just the most recent and abhorrent revelation of a pattern of slights (and far worse) that whites aren't exposed to and that blacks know well. Sharpton spends his workdays attending to these things.

Yes, it would be nice if the avatar of black aspiration and anger were less of a huckster and were more current on his taxes (although the only thing that surprised me about the stories in last Thursday's tabs on his tax problems was that he has ever paid any). But he's not. He is what he is. He'll never apologize for things, he'll never admit that just maybe Tawana wasn't telling the whole truth (although a civil court will have something to say about this in the coming weeks, when former Dutchess County assistant district attorney Steven Pagones's defamation suit against Sharpton goes to trial). He'll continue to race-bait where he shouldn't. Even many blacks, if the polls can be trusted, see his warts. His personal shortcomings detract from his ability to make his followers' case to whites with the moral force of the great civil-rights leaders, but they take nothing away from the legitimate frustrations among blacks to which he, and pretty much he alone, gives voice.

In her own way, Messinger used to be able to do that. She's spent her entire political career supporting minority causes and candidates when few other white politicians did, like Assemblyman Al Vann's candidacy for Brooklyn borough president in 1985. When she had a shot at running for mayor in 1989—and looking back on it, she must wish she had run—it was out of deference to black hopes that she stepped aside so Dinkins could run. It's not without basis that she's been endorsed by so many black elected officials.

But none of it did her much good last Tuesday. Vann, who is backing Messinger but in whose district Sharpton ran very well (partly, Vann suggests, because of suspicious palm cards that carried Sharpton's name along with his), says the Messinger campaign didn't even seem to be going after black votes. "I don't know if anybody knows we're behind her, because there was no campaign to project that," he says.

It could also be, however, that something deeper is going on here. One reason Dinkins looked so bedraggled as he stood next to Messinger at her primary-night podium may be that he'd just been taught a cold lesson in what his endorsement is worth these days, not just to whites but to blacks. If the old liberal Establishment generally is in decay, why shouldn't it be true that the black subset of that Establishment faces similar peril? Taking due care about drawing conclusions based on fewer than 400,000 votes, we might still infer that Dinkins and Messinger's cohort has a problem (why, after all, did only 396,000 vote?). "The traditional, Manhattan-dominated left-liberal politics of the last generation are concluded," says consultant Hank Sheinkopf. "What begins is a politics, in the black community at least, that is more sophisticated and independent. You have to go out and get those votes, and protest voices cannot be ignored."



The day after: Messinger is still setting her sights on Giuliani.

This sets up an interesting paradox: Just as Giuliani was the revenge of the outer-borough whites, Sharpton is the revenge of the outer-borough blacks (he *carried* Brooklyn, for God's sake), who are, incidentally, much more middle-class and professional than most whites imagine. The two men may detest each other, but they have use for each other, too. What neither has any use for is the Manhattan Democratic Establishment. That, they'll happily cede to the third remaining candidate. Look where it's got her so far.

HERE'S HOW YOU DO A SUCCESSFUL RUNoff, says consultant Norman Adler: You identify a narrow sliver of voters who you know would brave wind and snow and paparazzi to vote for you; you ignore everybody else; you keep pushing them, through phone banks and mailings and what have you; and you get them to the polls. To do all this successfully requires a precise and delicate hand, "like going from butcher to coronary surgeon," Adler says.

Guess who's been running exactly that sort of campaign? Assuming 130,000 or thereabouts is indeed a fairly constant Sharpton vote, and assuming that the turnout for a runoff is lower still—"It'll be somewhere between a primary and a school-board election," says consultant Hank Morris—then the Sharpton constant may actually be enough to win this thing. Few would probably go so far as NYU's Mitchell Moss ("I think it's his to lose"), but this much can be agreed on: You win runoffs by energizing a small base. Only one candidate has done that so far.

For Messinger, of course, this is nightmare time. How would you like to have to run against Mr. Fuck Tha Police and then, if you win, face off with Mr. NYPD Blue? She should be favored to win this runoff. She may benefit from a present-day version of what happened in 1973, when Abe Beame and Herman Badillo had a runoff. White voters poured out to stop the Puerto Rican. But aside from its being a less-than-honorable path to victory, it may not happen. Back then, with no strong Republican around, the winner of the runoff was going to be mayor. Today most people assume they're just deciding between sacrificial lambs anyway, so they may not bother. A Sharpton-Giuliani election: a pretty combustible cocktail, that one. It may not be pleasant to live through an election in which one candidate will end up with 90-plus percent of the white vote and the other with 90-plus percent of the black, but at least it couldn't be said we were dodging the race issue.

If you're a die-hard Democrat, it's all pretty sad. Messinger's principled past and Sharpton's value as protest leader don't make either of them a strong candidate for a party that has to find a way to represent a much wider spectrum of interests than either seems capable of, Sharpton especially. But die-hard Democrats are getting harder to find. ▬

Photograph by Frances M. Roberts.

THE IMAGE BARBARA LIPPERT

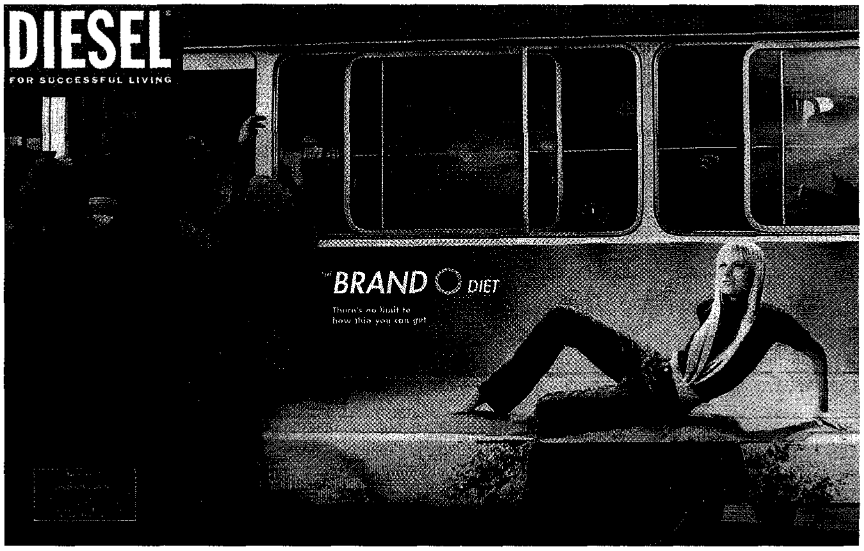
Hip Service

Diesel's ads are so filled with self-referential irony and bizarre imagery that their ostensible purpose—the flogging of expensive jeans—seems beside the point.

THOUGH THEY WOULD SEEM TO be ads, or at least to inhabit the same planet as regular advertising, Diesel jeans and workwear messages don't bother to connect in a "here's the offer" way. At their core is a hard-to-process alien sensibility. They'll show a photo of Churchill, Stalin, and FDR at the Yalta Conference, but with our president playing host to a lap babe. They'll put nude blow-up dolls at a conference table, and supply as the main context only a box that spells out, in tiny type, that this is one in a "series of Diesel 'How To . . .' Guides to Successful Living for People Interested in General Health and Mental Power." With its sheer in-your-face remoteness, it's as if the work emerged from the Mentos ("Fresh goes better") factory of parallel reality, or is some puzzling blend of L. Ron Hubbard and *Third Rock* by-products.

To quote Talking Heads, "You may ask yourself, 'Well, how did I get here?' " The Coneheads explained their apparent planetary awkwardness by simply stating, "We are from France." Mentos? They are in fact Dutch mints advertised in commercials meant to be earnest but clumsily produced and ham-handedly translated from the German. Diesel, however, is an Italian fashion company (with six mega-gimmicky theme-palace-cum-D.J. superstores now in the U.S., including one at 60th and Lexington) employing a Swedish ad agency (since 1990, Paradiset DDB, Stockholm) with a consciously ironic take on sex and sales. And an agenda: to promote the company's flashy-global-hipster image.

Diesel was founded in 1978 by Renzo Rosso, something of a flashy global hipster himself, who, like other empire builders, such as Virgin's jumpsuit-favoring Richard Branson, seems to inspire cultlike devotion in his young, polyglot employees. In the volume he self-published in honor of his 40th birthday last year, Rosso writes, "I believe the obvious triumphs of this nationless, raceless company make a very attractive statement about the benefits of seeing the planet as without strict divisions, never as 'us and them,' but simply one giant 'we.' "

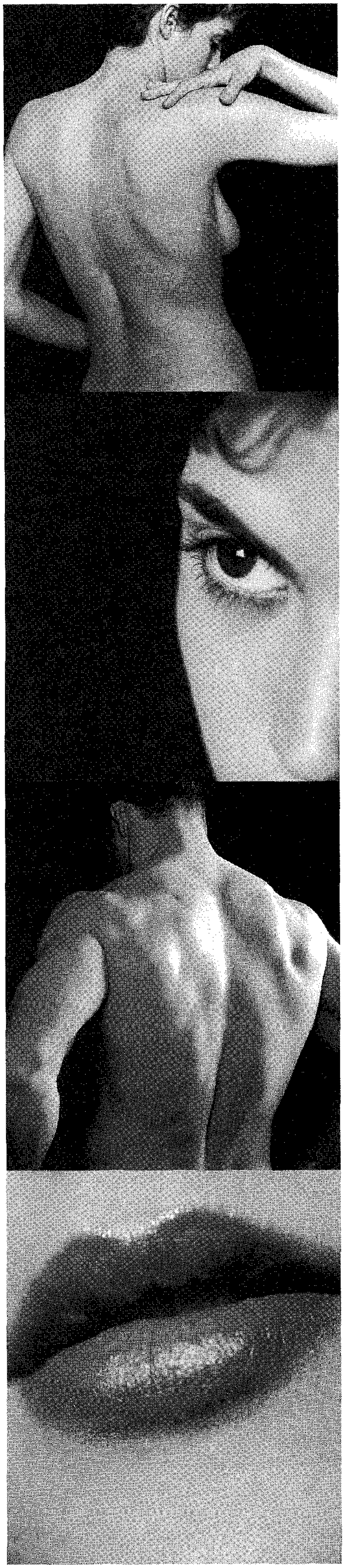


Diesel ads: Fighting capitalism or just making the world safe for hip-huggers?

The one-giant-we jeans ($95 and up) and casual-clothing lines reflect any number of Euro-American influences, from the cowboys of the American West to the belly-button-flaunting daughters of Bensonhurst, from the flammable-plaid-bearing Partridge Family to the boxy-quilted-jacket-wearing farmers of northern Italy, where Renzo was born and the company is still headquartered. Whereas the clothing is a Euro-grungeish, MTV Awards–ish mix, the ads mostly mock one very *Amuurrrican* formula: manipulative sales techniques that make incredible claims and promise great benefits. Europeans—raised in a considerably less ad-based culture—have tended to view the U.S. as the great repository of laughably earnest, ridiculously high-pitched and/or formulaic sales messages. And the idea of being a nation of "consumers" herded into one giant, branded landscape was also widely ridiculed in Europe, at least until the eighties.

The latest Diesel ads, however, seem to take Rosso's media-sly, fashion-forward, diversity-positive worldview to political extremes, at least on behalf of polyester casuals. Appearing now and through the winter in such publications as *Allure, Details, Marie Claire,* and *Rolling Stone,* the ads comment on Diesel's (or perhaps a certain other clothing manufacturer's) propensity toward global domination, showing a fictional company—"Brand O"—preying, like a running-dog imperialist, on the starving citizens of an impoverished Asian nation.

Intended to portray life in the town of Pyongyang, North Korea (the Swedish creative team, working with Traktor, a Swedish production company, couldn't get access and actually shot in Hong Kong), these are ads within ads. The primary scenes feature North Koreans in drab, Mao-like Communist Party uniforms going about their daily business. In one, a primitive outdoor movie screen (a sheet stretched between two wooden posts) advertises Brand O Gum ("Don't talk, just chew"). The posterly image shows a sort of "Take it off, take it all off" Nordic fantasy woman, a bubblegum-blowing blonde in jeans and a revealing cowboy shirt, working those Diesels with *(continued on page 111)*



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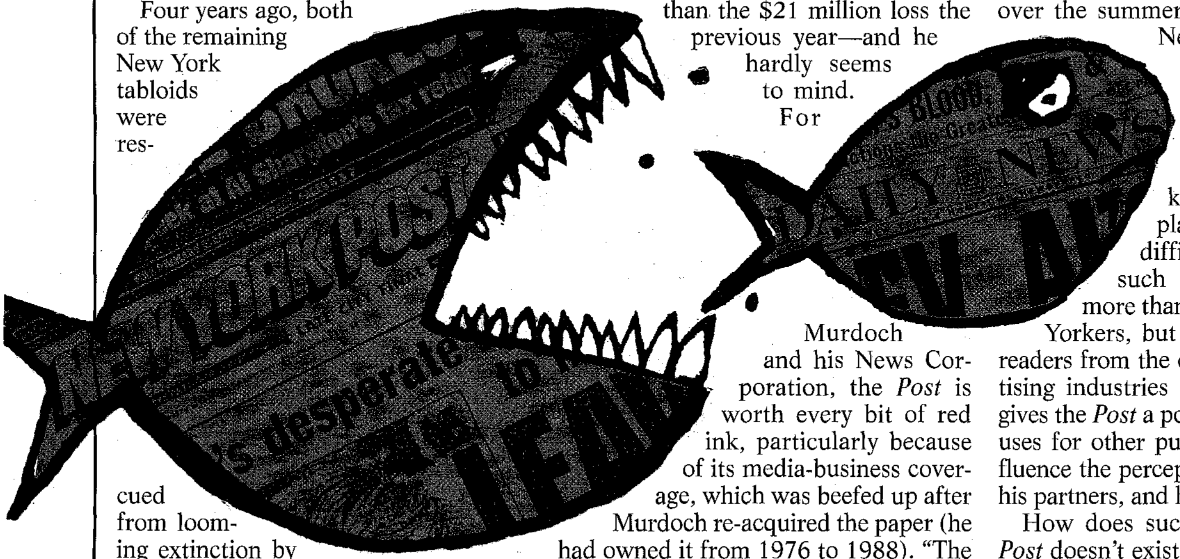
MEDIA ELIZABETH LESLY

The Monster Tab

The ‘Daily News’ has more advertising revenue than the ‘Post,’ it has more readers, and it makes more money. So how come the ‘Post’ owns the town?

‘LET’S BE CLEAR HERE. I AM totally opposed to downmarketing. I do not want the *Daily News* to be like the New York *Post.* The *Daily News* is the *Daily News* is the *Daily News.* But that doesn’t mean we can’t make the paper lively. I don’t believe in going downmarket. I do believe in going broadmarket. Present what the *Daily News* has always been, and we will broaden the reach.” Blissfully unaware that he is making no sense whatsoever, real-estate developer turned publisher Mort Zuckerman is attempting to explain exactly what he is trying to do with his tabloid. As Zuckerman chats away in his Lexington Avenue office, leg thrown casually over the arm of his chair, Pete Hamill, the high-profile journalist hired less than a year ago to give the *News* a voice, is packing up his office. Despite a reputation for solid metro coverage and a new look (thanks to a $160 million investment in color presses) that debuted September 9, the *News* suffers from the worst malady imaginable for a tabloid: It’s dull.



Four years ago, both of the remaining New York tabloids were rescued from looming extinction by two men with wildly different agendas. The *Daily News,* then as now, exists primarily as a newspaper enterprise. Zuckerman operates under the belief that success in the tabloid business is measured by the paper’s bottom line. Rupert Murdoch, on the other hand, seems to have a broader purpose for his paper. Energizing its business page and cultural offerings with the fast-and-loose, personality-driven ethos that long defined its news coverage, the *Post* has aggressively courted a relatively small but sophisticated Manhattan audience. And by doing so, it has not only become an important tool with which Murdoch can shape the popular views of his media and entertainment properties but emerged as the city’s ascendant tabloid.

Which is strange, because if you look at the numbers, the *Daily News* is by far the stronger of the two. Its profits will exceed $10 million this year, and it remains, circulation-wise, the city’s largest newspaper. Its ad revenues for 1997 will be about $200 million, compared with the *Post’s* roughly $50 million. Annual circulation revenue for the *Daily News* is about $177 million, while the *Post’s* is only an estimated $61 million.

Murdoch loses pots of money on the *Post*—more than $34 million in the 1996 fiscal year, sharply worse than the $21 million loss the previous year—and he hardly seems to mind. For Murdoch and his News Corporation, the *Post* is worth every bit of red ink, particularly because of its media-business coverage, which was beefed up after Murdoch re-acquired the paper (he had owned it from 1976 to 1988). “The *Post* business section is the cat’s paw of Murdoch corporate,” grouses an executive at a television network that competes with News Corporation’s Fox. “They love conflict and turmoil, and creating the impression that the big guys other than Rupert are uncomfortable or feuding. On the day after a story appears in the *Post,* the whole world is buzzing, and that’s what Murdoch’s lost income pays for. The access to the buzz.”

One of the chief architects of the *Post’s* business page is David Yelland, the former business editor of the *Sun,* Murdoch’s biggest tabloid in Britain. Yelland, who is now the paper’s deputy editor, inaugurated the practice of giving magazine editors, TV producers, and media executives the tabloid treatment, covering them as if they were movie stars or professional athletes. The “Media Ink” gossip column was launched in April 1996, followed quickly that August by “On the Newsstand,” a weekly scorecard of major magazines’ editorial content. The “Media City” banner began appearing regularly last April. These features became notable for quick, readable (if thinly sourced) pronouncements of whose career was blessed or doomed, or which company’s media asset might be on the block or headed for some sort of disaster. A handful of stories that ran over the summer identified where top New York magazine editors live—Graydon Carter has moved from the Dakota to a West Village townhouse, and he still keeps that weekend place in Connecticut! It’s difficult to imagine that such material appeals to more than a tiny fraction of New Yorkers, but that hardly matters—readers from the city’s media and advertising industries are hooked. And that gives the *Post* a powerful audience that it uses for other purposes—namely, to influence the perception of how Murdoch, his partners, and his rivals are faring.

How does such a thing work? The *Post* doesn’t exist in any long-term electronic archives—the paper says it will be on Lexis/Nexis soon—so it’s not easy to track, for example, the *Post’s* incessant lampooning of Gerald Levin and Ted

Illustration by Scott Menchin.

Turner last fall when News Corporation waged war over Time Warner's refusal to carry the fledgling Fox News Channel on Manhattan cable systems. The campaign worked; with the help of practically every Republican in New York State, Murdoch muscled his channel into Manhattan.

A defining moment for the *Post's* business page was a July 1 story with a headline screaming TIFFANY NETWORK WOULD BE JEWEL IN MICROSOFT EMPIRE. Blurbed on the front page, the story broke the news that Microsoft had a team of four senior executives combing through CBS's financial documents as the software company considered acquiring the broadcaster. Both CBS and Microsoft issued immediate denials, saying the *Post* story was wrong in all of its particulars. Other sources pointed out that Microsoft's deal with NBC for cable channel MSNBC bars it from making any deals with other networks. The next day, the *Post* ran a story all but boasting that its previous report had caused the stock of Westinghouse (CBS's parent) to jump and Microsoft's to falter. Several other publications, including *Newsweek* and *Daily Variety,* subsequently ran stories dismissing the *Post* scoop, but the piece sustained a buzz for days. More than two months later, *Post* editor Ken Chandler says of the Microsoft-CBS story: "I accept it's probably not going to happen. But it might still happen."

The *Post* also put a unique spin on a recent story about the parent company: On August 20, after News Corporation announced the results for its 1997 fiscal year, which ended in June, the *Post* headline read: NEWS CORPORATION PROFITS UP. The *Wall Street Journal* and other publications focused on the company's quarter-billion-dollar loss. Says Chandler: "I have never been given any instructions by anybody about how to cover a story. I don't think there's anything wrong about being upbeat. I don't have anything to be ashamed of."

Among the business page's favorite subjects is ABC, which happens to be the network most vulnerable to being overtaken by Fox. Tensions between ABC and its new corporate parent, Disney, are exploited gleefully by the *Post.* The paper showed a particular passion for the alleged affair earlier this year involving ABC executives Sherrie Rollins and David Westin, which ping-ponged between "Page Six" and the business section for weeks. That story, along with the steady stream of dispatches on the unfolding professional crisis of ABC Entertainment chief Jamie Tarses, cast a dark shadow over the network just as it was trying to finalize its fall lineup. Other newspapers and magazines (including this one) picked up on these stories, but it was the *Post* that fueled the curiosity about them. "Murdoch has got a whole global empire. The *Post* is enormously valuable to him," notes Alex Jones of NPR's "On the Media." "It is his way of getting stories into the news cycle that probably would not find their way there."

Every day, the business section keeps up the drumbeat on Fox's various competitors. Take a typical offering from last week: On Wednesday, the *Post* ran stories on CNN's being stale (as News Corporation's Fox News Channel comes on the scene); on ABC's fall ad campaign's being a dud; and on how CBS's Website stinks and is being overhauled.

If the *Post*'s newsroom flouts the journalistic standards of tamer, more upscale publications, its corporate office is equally fearless as it continues to lose money. Martin Singerman, the *Post*'s publisher, says the paper is actively considering a plan to slash its price to 35 cents. The *Post* already sells for just 35 cents in Brooklyn and Staten Island, and the cut rate has contributed to its 2.4 percent circulation gain, to 428,000 copies, in the year ended March 31. In the same period, the *Daily News*'s circulation slipped by 4 percent, to 728,000 on an average weekday. "Circulation is a very funny game," Zuckerman says. "It's very easy to add circulation if you want to."

Murdoch wants to. His papers run on the iconoclastic philosophy that circulation is more important than advertising, so he likes slashing prices. He did it in Britain, as he cut the cover prices of both his upmarket *Times* and downmarket *Sun.* The daily *Times* doubled its circulation and became profitable for the first time since Murdoch has owned it, while the *Sun* widened its circulation lead on its arch-rival, the *Mirror.* New York appears ripe for a repeat of the same bloody campaign. And the *Post* decided eight weeks ago to rush to build a new color plant (it should be ready in 28 months), robbing the *Daily News* of that advantage as well.

It must be troubling for Zuckerman, especially as he dodges criticism for claiming to want credibility, then forcing out the editor he handpicked to give it to him. "The *Post* doesn't care about accuracy, or truth, or what the economics are. It is used, obviously, for political purposes," Zuckerman sighs. "Generally speaking, my reaction is, 'Oh, shit.' There's not enough revenue in this town for two tabloids." That may be exactly what the folks at the *Post* are counting on. ▬

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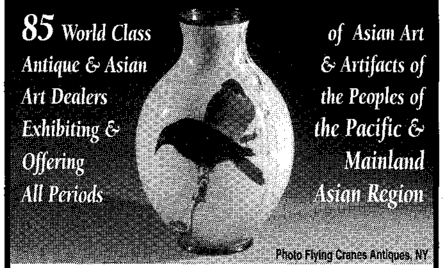

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SHOW OF FORCE

The same cops who say that what happened to Abner Louima was heinous also say that violence is an indispensable part of doing their jobs.

By Craig Horowitz

ON A DREARY JANUARY AFTERNOON, two cops were huddled in their radio car, bundled up against the weather and slowly cruising St. Ann's Avenue in the South Bronx. As the cops eased down the block, one of them saw two young black men coming out of an abandoned building, a known drug location. Before the men noticed the cruiser, they appeared to make an exchange out on the sidewalk. Though it was not the kind of day when either cop was eager to get out of the car, they pulled over and proceeded to question the two men. ■ When the suspects were asked to turn their pants pockets inside out, a couple of packets of heroin fell to the pavement. The two men were told they were under arrest. ■ "I had

The four cops charged in connection with the assault of Abner Louima: Clockwise from top left, Justin Volpe, Thomas Wiese, Charles Schwarz, and Thomas Bruder.

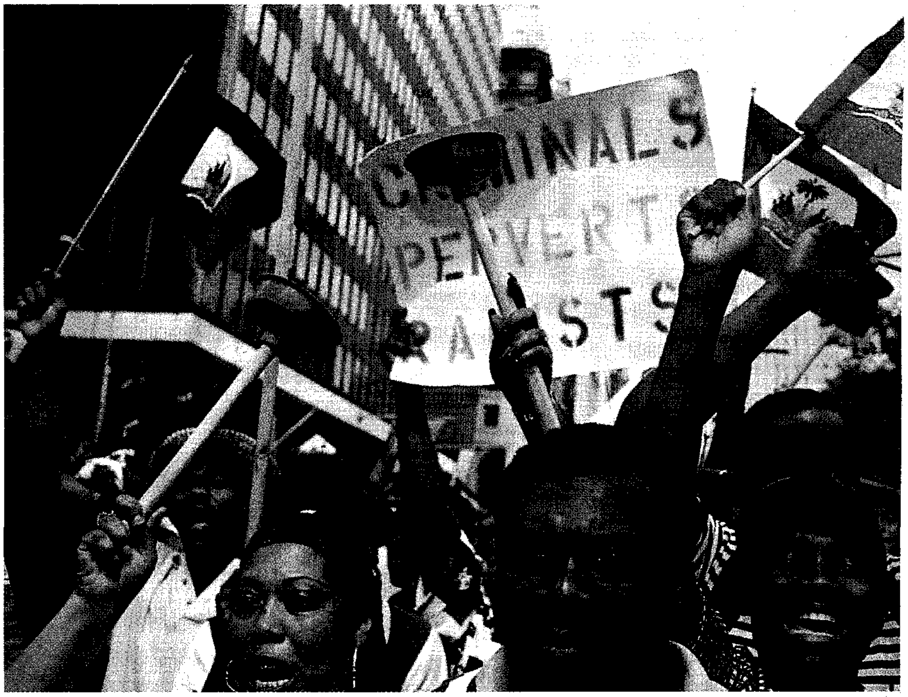
my guy up against the wall and had gotten the cuffs on one of his hands when the other guy suddenly spins, pushes his buddy into me, and starts to run," one of the cops told me recently. He was recounting the story, several weeks after Abner Louima was allegedly brutalized in the wee hours of the morning at the 70th Precinct station house, to shed some light on how and when cops use force.

"I quickly told my partner to finish cuffing the one still there, and I took off after the cocksucker who ran. I'm screaming at him, 'Stop, you motherfucker.' So I'm chasing this guy through the South Bronx, I've got like 45 pounds of clothes and gear on, my heart's thumping in my mouth, I'm pumped up full of adrenaline, I'm out of breath, I'm scared shit, and I'm screaming at this asshole to stop. I'm also thinking maybe this fuck has a weapon, a knife or something we missed when we searched him. I was in really good shape at the time, but because of the cold and everything, it was like I was running in slow motion."

They ran for three or four blocks, and the suspect headed into a housing project. "I close the gap between us, and with my nightstick in my hand I dive at him and swing the stick as hard as I can at the same time. I hit him on the side of the leg—I fall to the ground, but he keeps on going. So I start to get up, and—you know when you get a hairline fracture in a baseball bat?—well, the skin of my hand was caught in a crack like this in my nightstick. I peel off the nightstick, he's about twenty steps ahead, and he finally reacts to the hit on his leg, and he falls," the cop recalled, pointing out that the guy hadn't gone down right away because he was cranked up on drugs.

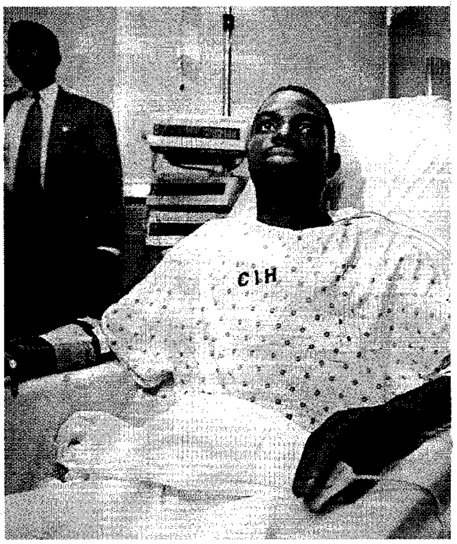
"Well, I stumble over to this motherfucker, and he tries to tackle me and go for my gun. So now it's like a schoolyard fight. We're rolling on the ground, and I suddenly realize that people from the housing project have come out and some of them are hitting me on the back of the head and punching me. Meantime, I'm still trying to subdue this guy. I get up, finally, thinking he's had it, and he charges at me from one knee. Now I'm whacking him on the back with my flashlight 'cause I don't have my nightstick. I'm also trying to call in an 85-forthwith [officer urgently needs assistance] on the radio, but I have no idea of the exact address.

"Finally, I get the guy down, and I'm keeping him down with my foot, but the crowd's still there. So I pull out my gun, and all the people just fucking scatter. I mean, it was unbelievable. I thought I was gonna get killed. My jaw is on fire from running in the cold. I lost my nightstick; I lost my flashlight; I ripped my pants. You have to understand these are all important things to a cop. The pants alone would cost me 50 bucks, about a week's spending money.



"When we get to the precinct, I'm bloody, I'm ripped up, and he's wising off. So I take this motherfucker into a room in the back of the station house, and I start hitting him in the stomach until he goes down. You always try to hit a guy in the stomach because it doesn't leave marks. Anyway, a detective walks in and sees him balled up on the floor and, without saying a word, turns and walks out. Now, I pick this shithead up, sit him in a chair, and start cleaning myself off. I told him, 'If you had run and gotten away, that would have been your reward. But I caught you, and that stuff just now was your penalty. From now on, we treat each other like human beings.' I got him a sandwich, and he was fine the rest of the way."

The suspect's family, however, felt differently about it. They filed a civilian complaint against the officer, not for the punches meted out inside the station house but for the fractured leg he got during the chase. At a hearing, the complaint was dismissed as unsubstantiated because the injured man himself refused to give a statement (the cop says this is because he treated him decently once the confrontation was over). So the essential questions remained officially unanswered. Was this reasonable use of force by a police officer? Or was it excessive? And what about the blows in the back of the precinct? Is retaliation by a cop ever justified?



Clockwise from top left: 7,000 protesters, many carrying plungers, marching to City Hall last month; protesters outside the Seven-oh; Abner Louima speaks to reporters.

IN FACT, IN THE REAL WORLD OF POLICE work, these are the kinds of use-of-force issues that need to be dealt with. Rarely, despite the handful of highly publicized cases, are severe beatings, shootings, or sickening acts like the violation of Abner Louima a significant factor in the interactions between cops and civilians. (In 1996, there were 5,596 civilian complaints, but according to one former insider, fewer than 100 in any given year involve a claim that any substantive medical attention was needed.)

"Look, I talked to every single cop I know," says one former high-level mem-

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Andrew Lichtenstein/Sygma; Halebian/Gamma-Liaison; Pool/Gamma-Liaison.

PRECINCT
NYPD

"If someone disses you, you take him in an alley and slap him. If it's known in the street you can be stepped on, you've got a problem."

ber of the department, "to try and find out if anyone had ever heard of anything like this plunger attack. And I assure you that if it was the kind of thing that cops called a No. 63 or something, and it was done twice a year, I would've been told."

But while the savage attack on Abner Louima was an aberration, it has focused intense attention from all quarters on the way cops do their job. In my conversations with current and former police officers, both those on patrol and those at the highest levels of command, police brutality tended to be divided into two categories, each raising complex and disturbing issues.

One is the everyday, run-of-the-mill use of force—like the beating doled out by the cop in the Bronx—that cops truly believe is necessary to control their environment. The other is a culture of more extreme brutality that seems to exist in some precincts, like the 70th. Born of an us-versus-them attitude, it can, where supervision is weak, fester and become impacted, allowing a horror like the Louima case to happen. It is a deeper, darker, more inaccessible problem than "tactical" beatings. And left unattended, it periodically produces—whether in "Giuliani Time" *or* Dinkins Time or Koch Time—acts of outrageous brutality (the stun-gun case in 1985, and Officer Bernard Cawley, "the Mechanic," made famous during the Mollen Commission hearings, who had a reputation for beating people with lead-lined gloves).

The critical question for the mayor's task force is not the plunger attack per se; this will be dealt with in the courts. Instead, the commission needs to look at the pathologies in the 70th Precinct and throughout the department that allowed a few cops to think they could do such a thing and get away with it.

A GOOD PLACE TO START WOULD BE WITH the general hostility toward the police felt in some communities, which is most often the result of smaller, less epic confrontations. It's an angry cop losing sight of where to draw that thin blue line between reasonable and excessive force. It's the extra one or two or three whacks beyond what's needed to control a situation. It's callously tightening down the cuffs to intentionally cause pain and injury to show who's boss (one expert estimates that as many as 20 percent of all force complaints involve the use of handcuffs). It's hitting a suspect after he's cuffed and restrained, when he no longer poses a threat. Though some cops told me the rule of the street is that once the cuffs are on it's over, others disagreed. "He's yours until he's standing in front of the desk sergeant," one cop told me, "and believe me, that includes the ride to the station."

It's a cop pushing, poking, or grabbing someone too aggressively. It's cursing, using racial epithets, or engaging in any form of serious verbal disrespect. These are the sorts of indignities that minority communities most often suffer at the hands of the police.

In the street, cops view intimidation and retaliation as critical parts of their arsenal, no less important than their nightstick, their radio, or their gun. A cop with more than twenty years on the force before he retired put it this way: "If you work in an A-house [a high-crime, high-activity precinct], it's the rules of the jungle. If someone disses you, you take him in an alley, slap him in the mouth, and tell him, 'Hey, fucko, don't you ever talk to me like that again in public.' If it's known in the street that you can be stepped on, you've got a big problem."

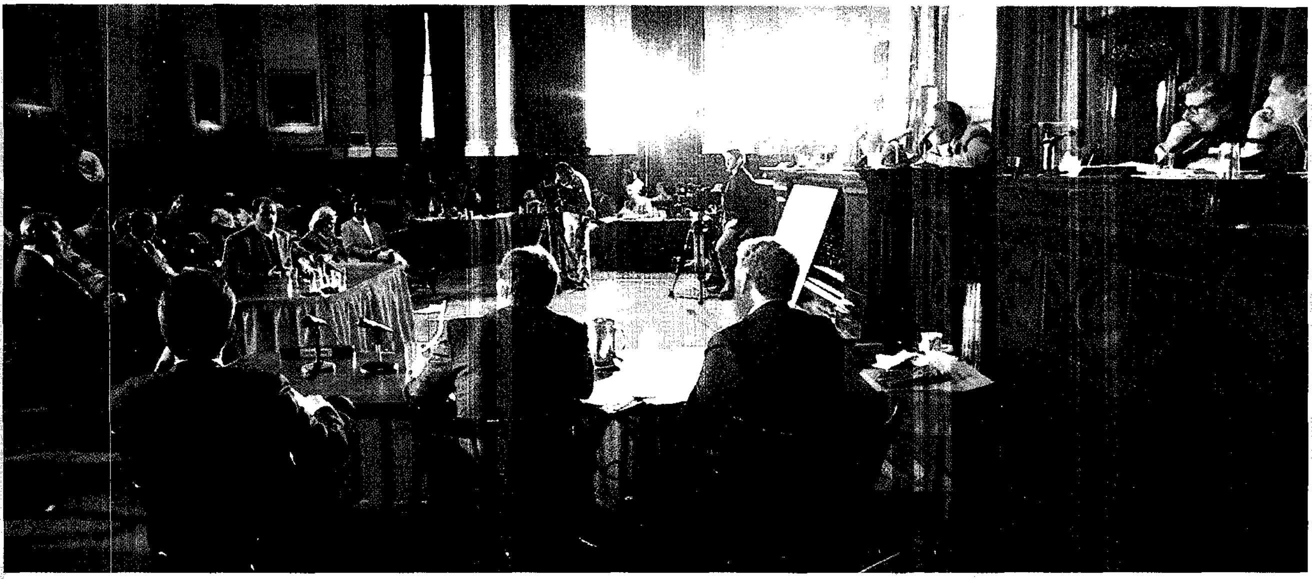
A committed young cop with twelve years on the force told me it's all about establishing your territory, about setting the rules. "I know we're supposed to be society's peacekeepers," he said, "but it's not exactly civilized out there most of the time. So perps have to know that if they give a cop a hard time—if they run or if they take a swing—they're gonna pay for it. It's that simple. I don't want to sound dramatic," said the cop, who's a sergeant, "but a guy in the street's gotta know the rules. He's gotta know if he touches me, he's gonna get lumped up. Because he'll be back. That's one thing you can count on—they all come back. Five times, six times, some of them even fifteen or twenty times. And if he goes unpunished physically, maybe next time he ups the ante. Maybe next time he uses a pipe or a knife or something."

Like every cop I spoke to, the sergeant agreed to talk only if guaranteed anonymity. Now is a particularly sensitive time for a cop to say publicly that he's hit a suspect. And it's Rudy Giuliani's Police Department, in which promising careers have been derailed when officers speak publicly about almost anything without permission—and permission is rarely granted. "Look," the sergeant continued, perhaps thinking about his kids, "the name of the game every day for a cop is to sign out. You gotta get home. You wanna do your job, make your collars, and go back to your family.

"We have no interest in extended contacts or confrontations. But you have to remember, even though most arrests are uneventful because most perps know they're never gonna win the war, there's still that 5 to 10 percent that're a problem. And if the department is making over 300,000 arrests a year, like it is now, that's at least 40 problems every day.

"Okay," he said with a significant sigh, "have I laid hands on people? Sure, absolutely. But this thing in the Seven-oh . . . man, I don't know anyone in the department who knows what the fuck that's all about. Punching a guy's lights out is one thing, but this is just sick. And now, because of this, it's like racism against the cops. We're all guilty, we all get painted with the same brush."

THE MAYOR AND THE POLICE commissioner need to take a long, hard look at the factors that created the environment in which an incident like the one at the 70th Precinct could take place, factors that directly relate to the way cops are trained, broken in, and managed. For while the particular kind of violence inflicted on Abner Louima was extraordinary, the events surrounding it—



THE POLICE POLICE

In the wake of the Mollen Commission, NYPD housecleaners have flushed out bad cops but haven't fixed the system. By Chris Smith

"INTERNAL AFFAIRS?" THE DETECtive said with a huff of pure derision. "They couldn't find Mickey Mouse in Disneyland."

Four years ago, the Mollen Commission hearings produced graphic and detailed evidence to justify that cop's contempt. Under the name Internal Affairs Division, the NYPD's in-house monitor had failed to detect dozens of abusive, thieving cops rampaging through Harlem in what became known as the "Dirty 30" scandal. Michael Dowd, stationed in East New York, snorted cocaine off the dashboard of his police car. Why worry? Internal Affairs had been receiving complaints about Dowd since 1986, to no effect.

Today, Internal Affairs works far better than it did prior to the Mollen Commission—which is like saying the weather improved for Noah on the forty-first day. In the spotlight cast by Mollen, police commissioners Raymond Kelly and William Bratton promised reform. IAD became IAB, the Internal Affairs Bureau, with a bigger budget, more sophisticated electronic gadgets, and a larger staff of investigators. Under Howard Safir, IAB's methods are largely unchanged—except for a new blanket of secrecy covering even rudimentary information about the place.

Charles Campisi, the current IAB chief, is a career bureaucrat, and he has his hands full as IAB investigates the alleged torture of Abner Louima. Much has been made of the way an inexperienced cop at IAB's action desk handled a phone call from a nurse treating the horribly wounded Louima: Reporters routinely refer to the cop's apparent failure to log the call as "bungling."

Bungling would actually be reassuring. What's unnerving is that even when calls are logged according to regulations, IAB has set up a system that tacitly encourages exactly the kind of delay that may have allowed evidence to be destroyed in the Louima case.

"We don't get a case until it's a good few days old," says an IAB veteran. "And if you're working on anything good, they don't want to take action without the approval of the IAB steering committee."

The committee, composed of NYPD brass and a handful of civilian observers from the mayor's Commission to Combat Police Corruption, reviews the most severe allegations. "Things get sloooowed down *sooo* much. You'll be doing some observations of a person, running all kinds of checks, but you certainly won't put any handcuffs on anybody. Until it comes from on high. It's micro-micro-micro management."

Investigations should be painstaking. But layers of bureaucracy suggest that the IAB is creeping back to its old motivating principle: embarrassment avoidance.

FANS AND FOES OF IAB, BOTH INSIDE AND outside the NYPD, begin any discussion of corruption with the assertion that the vast majority of cops are honest. That is true. And the new IAB has done some diligent and creative work nailing suspect cops. Thomas Leahy, head of the rackets-investigation unit in the Bronx D.A.'s office, points to the 1995 arrest of officer Henry Pelayo III, of the 41st Precinct, who allegedly jailed an innocent man on a phony gun rap. Leahy also cites the 1996 IAB sting in which officers Mark Scott and Jorge Crespo, of the 42nd Precinct, allegedly pocketed $4,500 (though the Feds, months earlier, spotted the pair allegedly ripping off a drug dealer in Washington Heights). "There's little mercy for misconduct under Safir," Leahy says. "This particular P.C. fires people."

Indeed, 26 cops have been dismissed in the past year. There's a different statistic, though, that the NYPD cites as proof of the bureau's improvement: The astonishing passing rate on IAB's random integrity tests.

The tests are a prime part of IAB's anticorruption strategy. IAB testers, in civilian clothes, will approach a beat cop and hand over a wallet that's been "found." The wallet contains cash. If the cop vouchers the money, he passes. This and similar random tests were done on 762 cops in the first six months of 1996—the last period for which the department re-

Above, Bernard "the Mechanic" Cawley appears before the Mollen Commission in 1993; Mr. X, at right, testified that cops got high while on duty.

Photographs by Newsday (2).

leased statistics. No one flunked.

The results may be deceiving, however. "They are designing the tests in a way that they know they're gonna get good stats," says a law-enforcement official.

The volume of integrity tests is supposed to have a deterrent effect, by creating the impression of an omnipresent IAB. Any fear is undercut, though, by the comical transparency of many of the tests. "Some of these testers are sergeants who have been using police jargon for fifteen years," says an IAB cop. "So they say, 'Officer, I saw a male black drop this on the street.' Fifteen years of saying 'male black,' 'male white,' as opposed to 'a black guy'—it just slips out."

More alarming is the failure rate of IAB's targeted integrity tests. When complaints merit running a more elaborate ruse, IAB will, for instance, concoct a phony brothel, then lure a cop who is suspected of being dirty. During the first six months of 1996, 64 targeted tests snared twelve officers.

Safir has pushed to dispose of bad cops quickly, through departmental charges instead of criminal prosecution, which saves the NYPD money, the risk of a bad cop's poisoning the force, and ugly publicity. The worry among prosecutors is that the opportunity to find larger patterns of corruption, through flipped cops, may be lost in the bargain. "IAB may be more willing to pick off an individual dirty cop," says Joseph Armao, the Mollen Commission's chief counsel, who is now at the law firm Squadron, Ellenoff, Plesent & Sheinfeld. "But if anybody took any lesson from the Mollen Commission, it is that the nature of police corruption is conspiratorial. They act in groups, for self-preservation. Why haven't we seen more group prosecution?"

"Will we be able to prevent what happened in the three-oh, a whole precinct going rogue?" Bratton says, sounding as if he's still in charge. "I think we will. Much as I'm comfortable saying crime's not going to go back up in this city."

Federal law-enforcement officials praise IAB's efforts, but they aren't quite so confident. They're in the delicate first stages of building a broad corruption inquiry from tips provided by an undercover informant. "There's a couple things," one Fed says ominously, "that the office is looking at right now."

FLAWED PROCEDURES AND HARDWARE—such as the three-years-overdue-and-counting installation of a computer system to track corruption allegations—handicap even the dedicated cops in IAB. But the will to hunt down misdeeds is equally important. And morale inside IAB is terrible.

One pillar of the Kelly reforms was allowing IAB to "draft," for a two-year tour, any officers on a career path to sergeant or lieutenant; the cop is required to accept the assignment. The theory: New blood boosts the bureau's energy, and the more people who pass through IAB, the less hated the place becomes within the NYPD.

It's a nice theory. But in practice under Safir, the two-year tours are not exactly distributed equally. "Special qualifications" allow cops to skip straight to the detective bureau. "What it means is, your special qualification is you were born into a family who has a deputy inspector in it," says one cop. "People who have no hooks, politically or by blood, have to do two years. The department publishes these things called personnel orders—transfers and promotions—so you see who's getting around it. The mood of the people who are here is absolute misery and noncooperation. You're constantly having your nose rubbed in the dirt of the fact that the reason you're here is that you don't know anybody, kid! So you're gonna sit outside that restaurant for the next six nights making sure those cops pay for that meal!"

Combine the resentment of younger cops with the lassitude of many of IAB's holdovers, and the mood is resoundingly glum. Phones at the action desk have been ringing wildly since Abner Louima hit the headlines. One sergeant is responsible for judging whether each of the thousands of allegations goes into the pile labeled CORRUPTION or the one labeled MISCONDUCT. Four years after Internal Affairs was supposed to be fixed, the path from action desk to action remains treacherously potholed.

from the alleged blows he took before he got to the precinct to the light supervision at the Seven-oh that night—were not. Consider how many boundaries had to be crossed, not only by the cops directly involved but by others as well.

"The cops who committed the act clearly believed they could tell some bogus story and get away with it," one NYPD veteran says. "They weren't worried about the desk sergeant, who was the ranking officer on duty that night. Then the relief cops believed they could walk into the hospital and tell a bogus story. And it appears that reports were even written to cover up what happened, which indicates that supervisors were somehow involved. People want to say the act was an aberration, but everything about it seems to involve the abuse of authority as well as brutality. So clearly there's something more going on here. It certainly looks like cowboy conditions existed at the Seven-oh on the midnight-to-eight tour."

In fact, the late tour has been a chronic problem not only at the 70th Precinct but everywhere. Three years ago, former first deputy commissioner John Timoney fought a bitter, protracted battle with the union to get a rogue cop named Tony Abbate dismissed from the force. Abbate, who worked the late tour and had managed to accumulate 30 civilian complaints and numerous departmental charges in his eleven years on the force, also happened to be the 70th Precinct's union rep. It is no small irony that when Abbate was finally kicked off the force, he was replaced as the Seven-oh's union rep by Damian Volpe, Justin's brother.

Through most of the eighties, all cops worked what's called a three-squad chart, which means they rotated their shifts; they'd work a week of days, a week of four-to-twelves, and a week of midnight-to-eights. However, for at least the past decade, cops with seniority have been able to work one shift regularly. As a result, each shift is now like a different clan.

And the late tour, which has its own rules and its own style, is like a separate department within the department. One that doesn't, according to a 30-year veteran, always attract the best people. "I remember I walked into a station house really late one night with Jack Maple [former deputy police commissioner and the architect of the department's highly effective crime strategies]. And I looked at the cops," a former member of the department says. "Well, New York cops usually look pretty sharp, for the most part. But these guys, their coats were dirty, their shirts were dirty, their holsters were all worn down, their shoes weren't shined. So I looked at them and I said to Jack, 'Pretty scruffy precinct.'

And Jack looked at me and smiled. 'Ahhh,' he said, 'you'll learn very quickly that the cops of the night are very different from the cops of the day. They don't get all dressed up for anybody. At this hour, they're not gonna be meeting the Astors or the Vanderbilts, and if they do, they're gonna be dead already anyway.' "

Cops on the late shift also have more free time to get into trouble. They are not given directed patrol—what territory to cover at what time—and the radio usually goes dead, depending on the precinct, somewhere around 2 A.M. And, of course, for a cop who's even tempted to smack somebody around, it's a lot easier to pull into an alley at three in the morning to work somebody over than it is during the day. It's no accident that practically every major cop scandal of the past ten years has occurred on the late tour—from Harlem's "Dirty 30" in 1994 to the 1995 disgrace at the 48th Precinct in the Bronx, when sixteen cops were indicted for robbing drug dealers, beating people, and abusing the public.

The Louima case underscores the supervision problems on the late tour. On the night of the incident, for example, there were two sergeants in charge, one on the desk and one on patrol, each with less than two years' experience at that post. The lieutenant who normally would have been in charge had taken the night off. (The chain of command in a station house goes like this: commander, who could be a deputy inspector or a captain; executive officer, always a captain; lieutenants; and sergeants.) The 1994 Mollen Commission Report on police violence and corruption found that in every precinct where cops got out of control, there was either too little leadership, leadership that was ineffective, or leadership that was, by virtue of its silence, complicit in whatever mayhem the cops were engaged in.

"People want to say the act was an aberration, but everything about it seems to involve the abuse of authority as well as brutality."

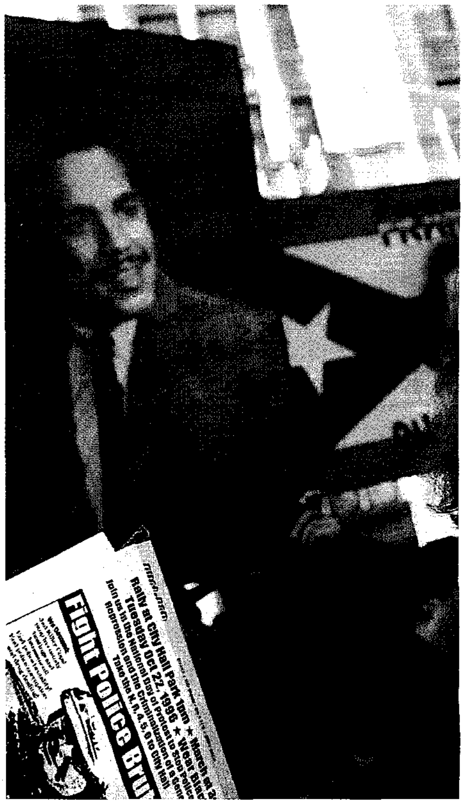
"Nobody ever gets hurt in a precinct where the sergeant's a scumbag," says a former precinct commander who several years ago was brought in to try to reorder a notoriously difficult and problematic station house. "I took charge of a bunch of really nasty cops, really negative, surly guys. And they were not happy with my command. On the first day, I moved my desk from an office on the second floor to a room on the first floor, right next to the desk sergeant. In the 70th, I wouldn't be surprised if the CO's desk is on the second floor.

"It's an image thing, and it's a reality thing. The cops gotta know you're right on top of them. You gotta make them feel uncomfortable, let them know, 'I'm in your face.' If somebody comes through the door, they better not be bleeding, or I'm gonna be out asking questions. The cops have to know that the commander will walk through the station house unannounced and that no areas are sacrosanct, not even the lounge or the dormitory, which are traditionally considered areas that belong to the cops. So on the first day, I found the beer stash on the roof, where they had their parties. I locked the roof and told them it was over," says the former commander, who admits he was ultimately frustrated in his attempts at reform.

A lot of commanders feel the same way about things, he says, but often they are, like he was, unable to get their support supervisors to buy into the program. Among cops, peer approval is the most important thing after safety. "Everybody wants to be liked," he says, "and that's true in any work situation. But with cops, because of their insularity and the degree to which they depend on one another, everybody really wants to be a good guy. It's like, 'Oh, the sarge? He's a good guy. He's a real stand-up guy.' Well, I don't know exactly what a good guy is, but it sounds like somebody who won't report me when I do something wrong."

The commander says that to understand cop culture and the station-house rules that cops live by and judge one another by, you should think of the Rodney King video. That grainy image, which has been shown thousands of times and seared into the contemporary psyche, is of several cops beating King while a larger group of cops stands around watching. Though they would never beat King, or anyone else, themselves, they made no attempt to stop what they saw or to report it.

"The cops who do their job professionally and don't walk around with an attitude are silent," the former commander says, sitting in a plush conference room at the Manhattan company where he now works. "They're silenced in precinct station houses everywhere. They never speak up. Whenever there's a discussion about any issue, you'll never hear the voice of restraint, you'll never hear the positive voices about police work or about the community. That cop has got to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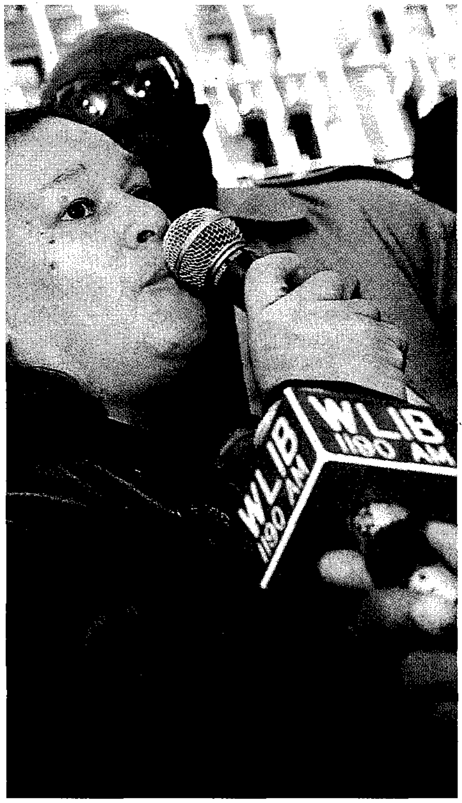
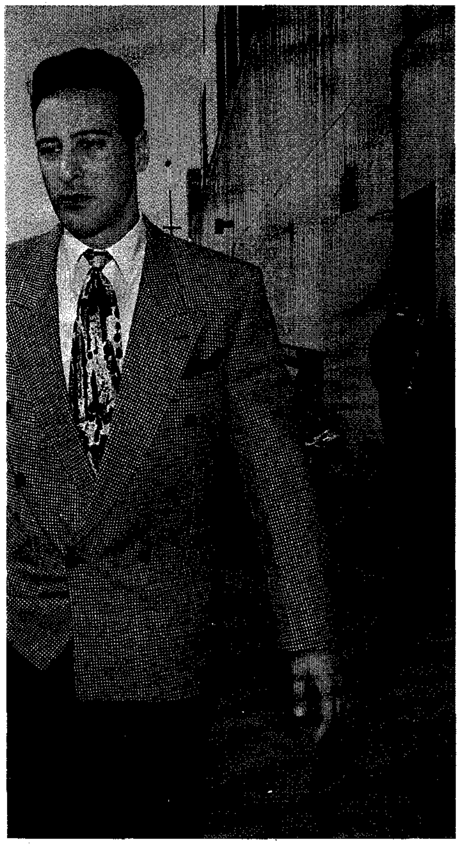
remain silent. To do otherwise would mean he becomes a danger to his fellow cops. Then he's ostracized. 'If he can think that way,' cops believe, 'he can go against us.'

"You can, however, do your job without violence," he continues, "just like all the cops standing around in the Rodney King video. They don't need you to participate. But you've got to be perceived as somebody who's on the team. When you go out on patrol, you're gonna be involved in situations where you're gonna call for assistance, and you want to know people are gonna come. Believe me," he says, "the insularity at the Seven-oh will get deeper now. The cops are gonna become even more concerned about being one."

These station-house rules are, of course, the foundation for the famed—and, judging by the lack of witnesses at the 70th Precinct, still largely impenetrable—blue wall of silence. Though many people, including the mayor and Police Commissioner Howard Safir, were quick in the days immediately following the attack on Abner Louima to proclaim that the blue wall had finally been cracked, it was not true. Only two cops came forward—and none since—and the wall has remained intact.

Photographs: top, Richard B. Levine; bottom, AP/Wide World.





Top, Iris Baez, whose son Anthony died while officer Francis Livoti had him in a choke hold; above, Livoti, already kicked off the force because of the Baez incident, on his way to court last month to face other brutality charges.

“IF I WERE TURETZKY [THE FIRST OF THE two cops to give a statement], I’d be afraid of what the future holds,” says the sergeant, more in sympathy than in anger. “There’s no way he could ever be a street cop again. No matter how right it was to come forward, he’s still a rat. You gotta have trust. What should’ve happened is that someone in the precinct should’ve stopped it. If it was Volpe, one of the other guys on duty that night should’ve stopped him. Someone should’ve taken the prisoner away from him. They should’ve realized what was happening. But they probably thought he was just gonna lay some hands on the guy,” he says.

“I mean, it happens in the street all the time. You know you got a cop who’s pulse is at 120, his blood’s pounding, his adrenal glands all swelled up, and he’s on overdrive from the pressure. So he gets his two shots in, but by the third there’ll be someone there telling him it’s over, putting an arm around him and telling him to relax. Sometimes it’s not easy. The cop’s so torqued up he doesn’t even hear you or recognize you. And you’re there like, ‘Hey, it’s me, Frankie. It’s over, all right?’ And you’ve got to say it a few times and maybe even shake ’em a little before it connects.”

THE SENSE ALMOST ALL COPS share that they’re out there all alone every day and have only one another to depend on is what breeds the us-versus-them attitude that many cops wear like protective armor and that is so corrosive to their relationships with the communities they work in. It enables the cops to dehumanize the people they come into contact with, and once that happens—as the worst cases of police abuse always demonstrate—just about anything is possible. But cops don’t develop this attitude in a vacuum, and despite what many people choose to believe, most of them don’t arrive with it when they enter the police academy. It develops over time, in the street and in the station house.

Cops are not taught at the academy how to respond to the negative aspects of policing. No one prepares them for the most difficult situations they’ll actually confront when they’re on the street. “The academy doesn’t do this,” says the former precinct commander, “because it would be difficult to teach cops about the ineffectiveness of the criminal-justice system. It would also be difficult to teach them that there are members of the community who will attack them verbally and physically and even on occasion try to frame them when they’re trying to do their job. The academy doesn’t teach the negative realities that every cop will face because they’re so afraid of the race card and they’re afraid to talk to cops candidly about what actually goes on in a precinct.”

Consequently, cops hit the streets woefully unprepared for much of what they’ll find. How they learn to deal with it depends on a combination of luck and character. “A strong upbringing helps,” he says, “and so does getting paired with the right partner, somebody who can teach you how to get through it all without resorting to violence or corruption or crippling cynicism. Those cops who aren’t lucky find out how to respond to the difficulties of policing in the back of the station house. And that’s ‘Fuck ’em.’ You take on a bunker mentality and you shut the community and everyone else out.”

This attitude can be exacerbated by the personality of the individual precinct, which is shaped by history, myth, and the dominant cops who work there. At the 70th Precinct, there have been a number of cop shootings in recent years that have undoubtedly had an effect on the psyche of the place. Last year, Freddy Narvaez, a 40-year-old lieutenant, was gunned down in Flatbush, the first supervisor killed in many years. Eight years ago, Officer Bobby Machate was killed on Newkirk Avenue; and ten years ago, Detective Louis Miller, one of the most popular cops in Brooklyn, was killed on Ocean Parkway.

Four and a half years ago, at 6:34 in the evening, officers Bobby Noblin and Mary Capotosto were shot in the same bathroom inside the 70th Precinct where Abner Louima was allegedly attacked. Noblin had taken a six-foot-four, 240-pound suspect arrested for heroin and crack possession into the bathroom to let him urinate. With one cuff off, he attacked Noblin, took his gun, and shot him four times. Capotosto, who was outside the bathroom, heard the commotion and rushed in. She was shot once in the head. The suspect then killed himself. Despite being critically wounded, both Noblin and Capotosto survived.

“You can be sure that even the cops who weren’t there at the time know all the details of these shootings,” one officer told me. “And it’s certainly the kind of thing that contributes to the bunker mentality. By the way, I don’t mean to sound cynical, but I’d like to know if the mayor’s commission is gonna look into the kind of turnout there was in the community for each of these cops. Because there wasn’t any. None. The community doesn’t care.”

TWENTY SERGEANTS ARE GATHERED IN A room for a training exercise. The instructor tells them, "Let's say you get a radio call that a male black in a red shirt has just robbed a store and he's armed. You pull up to the corner and there's a black guy in a red shirt. You get out of the car and throw him against the wall. He says, 'Hey, I didn't do anything—what're you hassling me for?' But you toss [frisk and search] him anyway, because he fits the description. At that moment, a call comes over the radio that they got the guy. You have the wrong person. What do you do?"

One cop says you fill out a stop-and-frisk report, and a few of the others go through the rest of the formal procedures. Only one cop out of the twenty—the only black in the group—says you explain what happened and apologize. The other nineteen say there's no need. You're a cop and you're doing your job.

"Cops need to learn how to explain and apologize—they need to learn that they have to show people respect," says a cop who attended the training session. "There are going to be times when they toss the wrong person or they're in a crowd and they hit the wrong person. They have to learn how far saying you're sorry goes."

> **"Cops who do their jobs professionally are silenced in station houses everywhere. You'll never hear the positive voices."**

It has been argued that the current strategy of assertive policing has set cops free to go out and kick some ass, and that the mayor's tough posture on crime has sent tacit signals to the cops that led to the Abner Louima nightmare. Though it fits nicely into a neat little argument, it is not true that when police are out doing their job, issuing summonses, arresting people, and generally maintaining order, there will necessarily be more brutality and more civilian complaints. (At every roll call in every station house where Bratton spoke, he used to say: "This is not 'get tough' policing, this is 'get smart' policing.") If this were true, then how would one account for the horrific cases of police abuse of the past two decades? Cases that occurred under Ben Ward and Lee Brown, when the department was, by and large, in a comparatively passive mode?

"If the problem is today's assertive policing," says former deputy commissioner Jack Maple, "then how did the Mollen Commission happen beforehand? There's a history of atrocious police behavior even when the department was in a lot of ways not assertive at all."

One of the cops told me, "Every cop I know believes Louima got violated, but not one believes that shit about Giuliani Time."

"Cops think about who the fuck is on the desk tonight," says Maple. "They think about the captain and is he the kind of guy who says, 'Take care, I'm going home.' And all of a sudden he's sneaking around checking up on them. The leadership that really affects the cop is the captain, the lieutenant, and the sergeant of the precinct. That's his whole world. The mayor is somebody they see on TV."

It is true, however, that young black men in this city have a legitimate grievance about being harassed. Cops spend a lot more time and energy hassling, and stopping and searching, young black males than they do anyone else. "I'm just playing the numbers," one cop told me. "It's just mathematics. If I see three young black guys with their baseball caps turned sideways in a Lexus or a BMW, is it possible that the black kids are just out for the evening in their father's car and not guilty of anything? Sure, but it's a lot more likely they're gonna be involved in something than a couple of white kids in a Honda Civic. The fact is that young black males and Hispanics commit most of the crime in the city."

THOUGH IT IS NEVER EASY TO BE A POLICE officer in New York City, a cop's life is more complicated, more frustrating, and more precarious right now than it has been in a long while. The Louima case has ruined what should have been a sustained moment of triumph for the Police Department. New York is officially the safest big city in America. There are enough would've-been-dead people walking around—if the murder rate had not been cut by 60 percent over four years—to nearly fill Carnegie Hall. Yet there is no warm public embrace for a police force that has had greater success in reducing crime than any force in any city in modern history. Rather, the department's reputation, which had already frayed in some communities over charges of brutality, is now seriously shredded as a result of the Louima case.

Morale is probably the lowest it's been since the Dinkins years—when cops felt they didn't have the mayor's support—and some of the satisfaction has been stripped from the job, cops say. One potential danger is a police slowdown. Not an organized, politically motivated kind of action but one born of each individual cop's concern for his own well-being. The active cop might now think twice before making an arrest: *Well, the guy's black; is he going to resist, am I going to have to hit him, will he say I called him a nigger, and is this going to be a CCRB complaint while they're looking to hang people?*

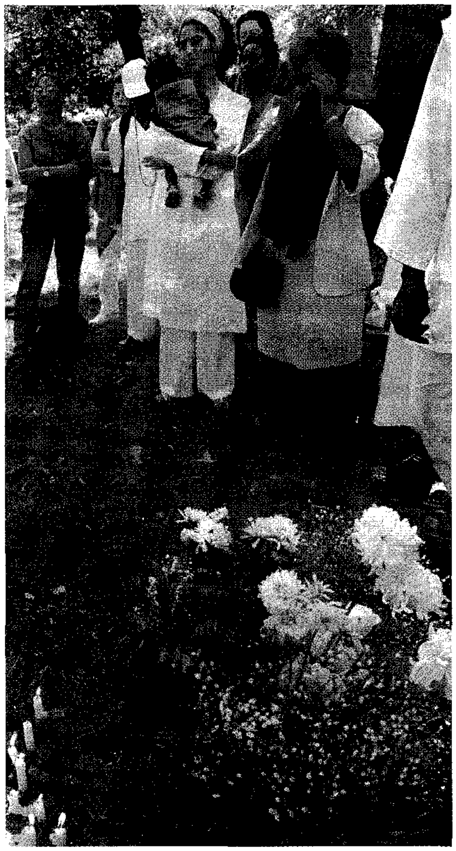
"When cops begin their shift," one says, "we often say to each other, 'Don't get hurt—either way.' This means physically or getting jammed up because of complications. It's something that's always on a cop's mind, even when things are more or less normal."

Cops see the debacle at the Seven-oh as merely the latest, albeit the most severe, blow struck against them. Ironically, the other blows have come at the hands of Mayor Giuliani. Despite the fact that Giuliani is regularly criticized for his unflinching support of the police, the overwhelming sentiment among the cops I talked to is that they will still vote for him—who else could they support?—but not happily.

The police are angry because they believe they put out for Giuliani, both during the last election and in reducing crime; yet when it has really counted, he's let them down: on their new contract (no raise for two years); on overtime (it's been drastically cut); on promotions (cops doing investigative work for months are not made detectives because it would mean giving them a raise). And on the way the mayor has reached down through the department for appointments all the way to the detective level (it's all about who you know who knows the mayor, many officers told me).

The cops see Giuliani as a kind of George Steinbrenner figure: a man who has to make every decision and who by forcing out Commissioner William Bratton, an independent, popular-with-the-players, Billy Martin kind of guy, signaled that it wasn't enough to have a winning team; it had to be *his* team.

"There's all this lip service from City



Clockwise from top: Prayer vigil for Nathaniel Gaines, who was shot in the back while running from cops on a Bronx subway platform; the Reverend Al Sharpton escorts Roma Cedeno at the funeral of her son Kevin; Sharpton and Cedeno protesting police brutality at One Police Plaza.

Hall," one longtime veteran of the department says, "all this we-love-the-cops stuff. But that's just what it is, lip service. From 1974 to 1979, there was a freeze and nobody got hired. So there's a whole group of people hired after the freeze who're coming up on twenty years, and many of them are just waiting now to get out. There's a real brain drain coming if things don't change."

And finally, and perhaps most disturbing of all to the cops, is the belief that despite the drop in crime, they've never gotten the emotional support from the mayor they deserve. "It's always 'More, more, more,' " one high-level member of the department says. In fact, the numbers are starting to slip. For the past two months, crime has been up in nearly a third of the city's 76 precincts. Clearly, double-digit reductions couldn't go on forever, especially without some major new strategies or initiatives. But with the election coming and the mayor hungry to make new crime-reduction announcements to pump up his margin of victory, the pressure's on.

"Captains are going to Compstat [the weekly accountability sessions for precinct commanders] and getting killed," says the veteran. "They have been told that if the numbers start to slip, examples are going to be made, and people are going to be hurt.

"What the department needs right now is some healing. Somebody's gotta take the reins and say, 'Look, we've done a remarkable job with crime; now it's time to do some other things. Fighting crime is only part of what the Police Department is supposed to do. Let's work on a lot of the stuff that's been given short shrift over the past couple of years, the things that help build ties between the community and the police.' "

IF THERE WERE A REAL MAYORAL campaign going on right now—the Messinger-Sharpton distraction notwithstanding—then police brutality would be a real campaign issue. As things stand, however, it will likely be just so much political background noise. But substantive reform of the Police Department is something Mayor Giuliani should make a priority in his second term. Unlike any other mayor in recent memory, he has both the moral authority and the credibility on cops and crime to effect sweeping changes in the department. In the same way that he took office determined to bring crime down with smarter, more effective policing—and by shattering deeply held, decades-old beliefs about what cops could and couldn't achieve—he can now apply his implacable strengths to cop behavior. By demonstrating that violence and corruption are not endemic to police work, he could once again prove he's capable of destroying the conventional wisdom.

But this will require the same kind of leadership and determination he showed on crime. Commissioner Safir's program of "Courtesy, Professionalism, and Respect" is not going to get it done. Known as CPR—snide cops are already referring to it as Certified Plunger Removers—the program is little more than a year-old public-relations campaign, and a weak one at that.

Reform ought to begin at the police academy. Recruits should be taught about the negative side of policing. Suggestions have been made that high-performing department veterans be brought in on a rotating basis—with a financial incentive—to have frank sessions with the recruits. It has also been suggested that rookies go back to the academy for a month or two after they've spent time on the street. This would give them a chance to get help understanding and dealing with the real world of the cop.

The mayor also needs to change the review process for cops accused of misbehaving. One way or the other, justice needs to be swift. Right now, it takes the CCRB at least eight months to issue any kind of finding on complaints. And if it rules that a case has merit, the Police Department can then take up to another year to make its judgment. Instead of allocating $15 million for his new commission, the mayor might have given some of that money to the CCRB to hire experienced investigators (right now it hires kids just out of college for $26,000 a year). The mayor also might have given some of it to the Police Department to hire trial judges to hear these cases.

Because the one factor that works best to control cop behavior is fear. It's important to train cops properly, and it's important to teach them history so they know that juries often acquit blatantly guilty people—even cop killers—when they believe that cops got out of control. And it's important that they know that between 1994 and 1996, the city paid $70 million to settle lawsuits resulting from police-abuse complaints.

But in the final analysis, punishment remains the best safeguard. "If cops fear that they can be caught, that they'll be fired, and that they'll be arrested and put into prison, they'll control their behavior," says the former precinct commander. "You may not change their attitude, but you can deal with that once the behavior is no longer a problem." ■

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Frances M. Roberts; AP/Wide World; Richard B. Levine.

B.SMITH

Model, restaurateur, domestic diva, and aspiring TV star Barbara Smith is sharpening her pruning shears and going after Martha Stewart. **BY MICHAEL MUSTO**

BARBARA SMITH DOESN'T MIND BEING called the African-American Martha Stewart. In fact, the idea of a multicultural let's-make-doilies-out-of-old-typewriter-ribbons competition really turns her on. And there are enough compelling differences to make this war of the poinsettias really diverting. Smith's husband/producer, Dan Gasby, puts it this way: "Martha is perfection and Barbara is passion." And Smith chimes in, "My favorite snack is very different from Martha Stewart's: *chicken wings!*"

The dueling domestic divas came face-to-face this January when Stewart came by Smith's booth at a television convention in New Orleans and took a look at her promo tape. Unfortunately, it didn't turn into a better-groomed version of a scene from *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* (Stewart graciously complimented her on the reel). But now that Smith's weekly syndicated half-hour show, *B. Smith With Style,* has been picked up around the country, it's time for Stewart to start sharpening the ax.

The Saturday-morning program, much of which will be shot in the Gasbys' Sag Harbor home and at her lively theater-district restaurant, B. Smith's, will cover cooking, style, interiors, gardening—everything from tabletops to pajama bottoms. "It'll be user-friendly," says Smith. "People will actually be able to *do* the things we present." She's already shot segments in which she's made gumbo with Danny Glover, discussed Halloween with Eartha Kitt, cooked shrimp in Al Roker's kitchen, and instructed viewers on how to make a decorative stamp using a potato.

But while she and Gasby (who produced an obscure televised talent show starring Natalie Cole in 1990) are eager to offer a look into a black home, they say the show won't be exclusively geared to any group except those who favor real deal over hoity-toity. "Barbara has an approachableness," oozes Dan—and Hearst Entertainment is helping her approach; the show will be seen in 48 of the top 50 U.S. markets. As this builds to a medium-scale bake-off, Smith, 48, is taking off the gardening gloves, though she claims to be a Martha acolyte. "I grew up in western Pennsylvania," Smith says, "where I loved to hoe and spade, and we made homemade root beer. Martha and I are fond of the same types of things. But somewhere along the line, she got a big spread and I continued to work here and build this business.

"My mother should have been an interior decorator," she says, "and when she was working as a domestic, she probably was one. In fact, Martha Stewart has presented herself doing the things domestics and African-Americans have done for years. We were always expected to redo the chairs and to use everything in the garden. This is the legacy that I was left. Martha just got there first." All right, who's gonna tell Stewart she's been ripping off black maids all these years?

Smith and Gasby have a nice joint in Sag Harbor, mind you—"but it's *not* Martha Stewart's place," she insists. ("It's *one* acre," notes her husband. "Excuse me—actually, it's .98 of an acre.") Oh, one more distinction, says Smith: "*I'm* not going to take my car and back it up and ram anyone." If anything, she and her husband have been run off the road a couple of times—by redneck racists, not by Martha—but they remain appallingly upbeat.

Gasby readily admits that Barbara's the star in the family. His main ambition is to simply help her achieve. The couple met ten years ago at B. Smith's, where he was romancing his then-wife on Valentine's Day. Host Barbara came over to the table, he says, "and she had this aura about her. She had a glow." Both their marriages eventually soured like bad mango chutney, and the great Gasbys finally hooked up in 1991. Barbara thinks Dan is the smartest person she knows. *He* thinks Barbara's the hottest menu item since broccoli rabe. They break all the rules of etiquette when it comes to gushing.

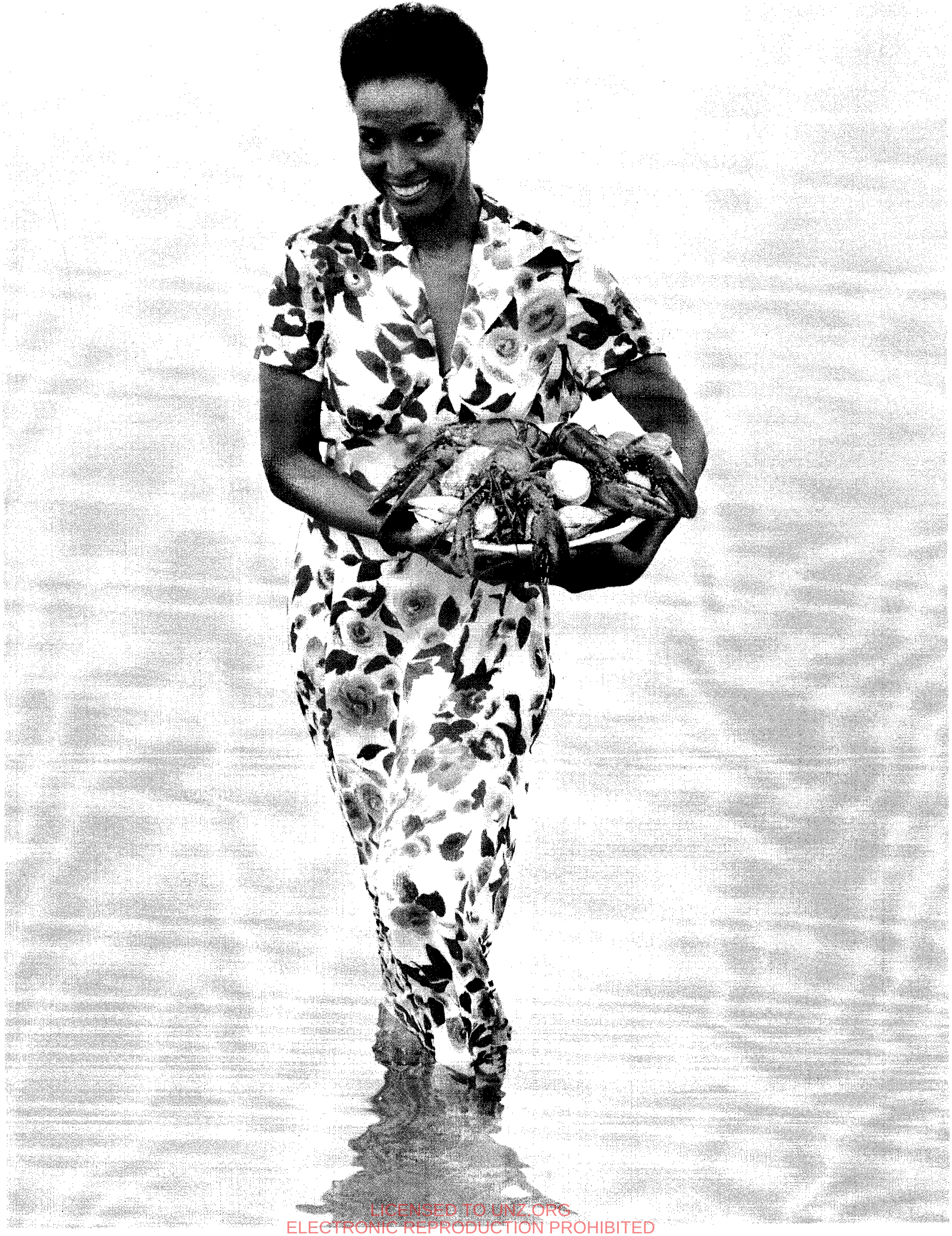
But Mr. Gasby has good reason to kvell. Smith recently scored as style-segment host for *Live at Five,* and when it came time for her own starring vehicle, he jumped aboard. Smith says they click together businesswise because "we've had time to work out the minutiae in our lives." Her most frequent advice to him: "Calm yourself." Working as a model in the sixties, Smith became the first African-American to make it to the cover of *Mademoiselle.* (Back then, however, she was often required to wear wigs and lightening makeup.) "She's been tested time and time again," says hubby. "Sort of like *this,*" he adds, poking at her repeatedly.

Barbara also attempted a pop-singing career. She sang in a reggae band with Deborah Harry, considered starting a band with fellow model Kim Basinger, and hired Freddie Jackson as a backup singer for her own short-lived act. (Smith personally recorded her show's theme song.) She also longed to be on television but quickly realized that black actors at the time "could only play junkies or prostitutes or people who are left by junkies or prostitutes. I didn't want to play Cleopatra Jones as a hooker." "Or *Grace Jones* as a hooker," Gasby interjects. So instead, Smith, who has been cooking since she was a child, decided to open a restaurant in 1986, which led to a second branch in D.C., plus a 1995 book, *B. Smith's Entertaining and Cooking for Friends.* "Here, I produce, direct, and cast," she says.

The *biggest* difference between Martha and Barbara? "I take everything in life to the positive," says Smith. Sometimes that is a bit difficult. Running a fancy restaurant blocks away from the Port Authority can be trying. Smith once dashed downstairs from her Tony-awards party to comfort a sobbing crack addict who'd wandered into her restaurant. She tries to stay grounded. And though NBC's New York affiliate is airing the program on Saturdays at the ungodly hour of 6:30 A.M., the couple professes to be thrilled. ("We lead into the Saturday *Today* show!" gushes Gasby.) "It hasn't all been pretty," says Smith. "I wanted desperately to birth my own child, and I've misjudged some characters—but I try to find the beauty in life." "And the good," adds her husband. "She even drinks white wine in a red-wine glass because it looks more elegant! The question is," he concludes, "could *Martha* make it on Eighth Avenue?" *Calm yourself.* ■

Hair and makeup by Tadree Coppedge.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JASON SCHMIDT



When you've had one cancer that hasn't taken your life and one cancer that might—both while still in your forties—you want an explanation. Would knowing about the "Jewish gene" earlier have improved my odds? Probably.

Double Exposure

(Part 2)

By Joyce Wadler

WHEN MUTANT JEWISH WRITER HAD BREAST CANCER, THE CHEMOTHERAPY SHE was given was "prophylactic"—a preventative to try to keep any unseen cancer cells from coming back. With ovarian cancer, it's very different: The doctors know there is cancer left in me after surgery. I also know that if I don't respond to chemotherapy, that's bad. ■ "This is your best shot, right?" I say to my gynecological oncologist, David Fennelly, during my first treatment with Taxol and Cisplatin. "So, what if these drugs don't work?" ■ "We could have a very depressing conversation about that," Fennelly says, "but as a medical doctor, I'd rather not." He also warns me that the results of my first CA-125 blood screens, the test for the presence of ovarian cancer cells, might not be an accurate reflection of how well the chemotherapy is working—my recent surgery could throw it off. I don't call the doctor's office, then, for the test results of my first chemo. Why drive myself crazy?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NATALIE ASCENCIOS

N.A.

Soon after the numbers are in, however, I need to talk about something else with Larry Norton, my breast-cancer oncologist at Memorial Sloan-Kettering.

"Congratulations. I saw your test results. You're doing great!" he says as soon as he picks up the phone.

He punches up my records on the computer: My CA-125, at the start of chemotherapy, had been 860; after one hit, it's 690. I call Herb, then my mother.

"You know," Ma says, "it wouldn't hurt you to go to a synagogue this Friday and thank You-Know-Who."

"Why?" I say. "For giving me two You-Know-Whats?"

"For giving the doctors the brains to find it early," Ma says.

"Actually, a Stage Three cancer is not so early," I say.

"Yes it is," says Ma.

The next day I get a call from my old boyfriend Donal. He's been HIV-positive for more than two years, and his health the past few months has been worrisome. The T-cell count for a healthy person is 1,200. Donal's count is under 400. In the past month, however, he's heard news of a new treatment, at an outfit called the Aaron Diamond Research Center. He's just had his first interview there. It's unlike anything he's ever heard of; it will involve three drugs, one a protease inhibitor. His voice breaks and he starts to cry. I am frightened. Donal never cries.

"Is something wrong?" I say. "Did they find something?"

"No," says Donal. "It's just I've held it in so long—and now, if what they told me is right, for the first time there's hope. Who knows? Maybe we'll both beat it."

So we go on. I had figured, with chemo once every three weeks, I could still have a normal life: I might be knocked out one week, but in the remaining two I would make up for it. I could also work.

"Cancer is perfect for television," I tell my friend Sybil, who is a comedy writer. "You pitch, you get sick, it takes them three weeks to get back to you, by that time you're up again."

"I can see you're new to this business," Sybil says. "Actually, you could die, have an out-of-body experience, come back, and you'd still be waiting for them to get back to you."

But things don't work out that way.

I grow more tired after each chemo, sleeping ten days, then twelve. I cannot concentrate enough to write. When I can taste food, the steroids make me ravenous: I gain fifteen pounds. Bald, which I originally thought I could handle, is difficult. I am trying to be game—I have four wigs now, including two blonde ones—but they can't hide everything. I am puffy and moon-faced from steroids; my eyebrows are gone; I'm down to six or seven eyelashes. When I wake up in the morning, before I've painted on eyebrows and cheekbones and faked lashes with eyeliner, my face has the contours of a bowling ball. Surgery has marked me. The scar bisecting my belly now puckers in. The more weight I gain, the deeper the indentation.

> **Bald, which I originally thought I could handle, is difficult.** I am moon-faced from steroids, **my eyebrows are gone, and I'm down to six or seven eyelashes.**

There's a nude photo of me on my bedroom wall Donal took when we first starting going out—that's how you know a photographer is in love, with you or with somebody else; he takes pictures. I'm standing in front of a vanity in a hotel bathroom with one hand behind my head, doing a spoof on a pin-up pose. My hair is shoulder-length. I curve like a Varga girl. The bathroom is mirrored, so the image is doubled: two Varga girls. I am 32 years old, the New York correspondent for the Washington *Post.* I have a boyfriend who chases me around the house with a hard-on.

I look at the picture a lot: I had so much hair. My stomach was so smooth. I was so healthy.

The chemotherapy keeps working. After my second treatment, the CA-125 drops from 690 to 245; after the third, it's down to 63; after the fourth, it's 33—I hit normal.

Donal, who is being treated across the street from Memorial, at Rockefeller University, on the new protease cocktail, is having even more dramatic results: In one month, his viral load goes from 100,000 to undetectable. We have a celebration dinner with Herb and some old friends from Budapest, and Donal takes out his mahogany pillbox and spreads the pills he has to take three times a day on the table. We look at them, the little pills that are saving his life—the combination, had it been discovered two years earlier, that might have saved his boyfriend. Three writers are at the table, and this time, words fail.

But I still can't shake the fear.

I have my sports car now. It's a little red Miata; one of the widowers in love with my mother found it. It is perfect, it is the car of my dreams, but I have nightmares about it: My little red car is stolen. My little red car is wrecked. I am dead and my mother and her friend are in my car driving fast on the beach, like Shirley MacLaine and Jack Nicholson in *Terms of Endearment.* My mother gets to live because she is better at life than I am. She does not brood and worry. She would not carry a torch for some guy for four years. She manages to find boyfriends.

I talk about it with David Payne, my psychologist at the hospital. This is a curable cancer, he tells me; why not believe I will be among the people who will be cured?

I've had two cancers, I tell him. I can't believe I'm terrifically lucky.

He tries another tack, what I've come to think of as the Live-in-the-Moment Number.

"We don't know the future," he says. "Why fantasize about it? Do you feel better when you worry? Distract yourself."

I'm with him in concept. But I still can't stop worrying and asking questions.

Straightening out a problem with Blue Cross, I order a copy of my surgical report.

"Tell me you didn't read it," Herb says.

"Of course I read it," I tell him, dragging it out. "Listen to this: 'Adhesions of the sigmoid to the left side of the uterus.' I thought the uterus was clean. You think that caused the constipation?"

Herb is turning green.

"This is starting to feel like *Manhattan Murder Mystery,* the gastrointestinal version," he says.

In March, after four and a half months, I'm done with chemotherapy.

Second-look surgery, which is performed in ovarian cancer to see if any cancer is left after chemotherapy, is questioned by some doctors. They believe it's unnecessary trauma, and if the cancer comes back, you'll eventually see it in elevated blood markers.

But it seems logical to me. The only way the doctors know for certain how effective the chemo has been is to see it under the microscope, and if I have any cancer left, I want to attack it early. Though my CA-125 blood tests, after the last three hits of chemotherapy, have been under 35—the cutoff for a normal reading—they've been only just normal: 33, 27, 34. I have a suspicion some microscopic cancer cells are still there.

Even if the cancer is gone, the doctors favor additional chemotherapy. According to my surgeon Dr. Richard Barakat, more than 50 percent of ovarian-cancer patients who seem to be cancer-free at second-look surgery recur in two years. Interperitoneal therapy—chemo delivered to the abdomen—delays recurrence and may even prevent it. The drugs are administered through a medical port implanted just below the ribs during second-look surgery. I hate surgery, but I like the idea of interperitoneal: If I could remove my abdominal cavity and soak it overnight in the sink with chemo, I would. There is also that pesky uterus to get out.

> I float away in my blue paper surgical hat—so much easier the second time around. Wonder if they changed the drugs?

Why wasn't the uterus taken out the first time?

People tend to think you can just pop organs out, "like a chip shot," Barakat tells me and Herb. It's not always like that.

Herb and I would never set foot on a golf course, but we get the picture.

The uterus was, um, stuck?

There was a sheeting of cancer between the rectum and the uterus, Barakat says. To remove the uterus at first surgery, he would have had to "resect"—remove—a section of the colon. They do a fair amount of colon surgery with ovarian patients, so they "probably" would have been able to put it together again—*oy, probably*? But two things made him decide against it.

If I had metastatic breast cancer, treatment would not necessitate removing the uterus. In that case, the cancer would be systemic and best treated with chemotherapy; it would have been wrong to risk the complications of bowel surgery to remove a little bit of cancerous plaque. If I had ovarian cancer, the plaque would probably be dissolved by chemotherapy and the uterus could be easily removed at second look. I'm beginning to see why the surgical puppies follow him so closely.

And no, by the way, when he did my first surgery, he did not see any mass that could cause constipation.

We set the date for surgery, and Barakat and I make a deal: No matter what he sees, good news or bad, no matter how much I pump him, as, he insists, I did last time, he will not tell me what he finds until I am recovered from anesthesia.

It's April. I have a seven-week vacation between chemo and surgery. I pick up my car in the mountains and take it back to the city, following 9W along the Hudson and down the mountain on the Storm King Highway, a drive that does for me what going to the synagogue does for my mother. I get a press-on tattoo for my fuzzy but still primarily bald head, for surgery. (LUCKY, with two dice, is the one I wanted, but the store is out.)

The recovery-room experience this time seems cloudy and pink, but that is probably projection: I open my eyes and there is Barakat's face, happy and extraordinarily boyish in his blue-green surgical cap. "I didn't see anything," he says. (I think he says.) "We still have to wait for the lab results, but it looks clean. I know I wasn't supposed to tell you, but I thought you'd want to know. That's okay, right?"

I float away in my blue paper surgical hat—so much easier the second time around. Wonder if they changed the drugs? Herb materializes with Ma. Seems to be waiting for something. "Don't you have something to show your mother?" Herb says. Oh, right: Cue the actor. I manage to push my cap back, to show Ma the tattoo on the left side of my head, where you'd wear a beret. It has a red rose. MOTHER, it says.

The biopsy results take three days.

"Before you tell me anything, I just want to know, even if you found something, that there's something you can do," I tell Barakat when he walks in, trailing residents.

He looks serious.

"There was something," Barakat says. "We did 25 biopsies. We found microscopic cells in two of them, in the colon and in the uterus. There was no lymph-node involvement. We also found some cells in an abdominal wash."

I'm disappointed, but I'm not surprised or terrified. My CA-125 test had been barely normal. I can handle this.

"That still seems pretty good," I said.

Barakat agrees.

"It is," he says. "There's one study that patients with microscopic disease at second look do as well as patients with no disease, when treated with peritoneal. We can cure you. In fact, I'll tell you something else."

I'd rather this act end on the good news.

"Don't tell me," I say.

"No," he says, "let me tell you: There's another study that says you are in a population 50 percent of whom survive at least four years."

I'm stunned.

"You consider this good news?" I say.

But he has wanted so to tell me, I know that to him, it is.

THE MUTANT HAS THREE OR FOUR OF LARRY Norton's 5 billion phone numbers, but she tries to save her calls for emergencies. Pull Norton out of the lab at the wrong minute, she figures, it could take five years longer for the cure for cancer. Also, he had a habit, when she called him once or twice during chemotherapy, of asking how the work was going or telling her inspirational stories about ballplayers.

"Doing any writing?" he'd ask. "You know, a lot of my patients do their best work in this period."

"Work?" I would say, astonished. "I'm having trouble walking down the street."

Being told that I have a 50 percent chance of surviving four years, however, qualifies as an emergency, so I call Norton at home. He's traveling. A few hours later, the phone rings and Norton materializes in an airport in Atlanta:

Shazam! My own fairy godperson! I had always hoped for one, though I'd never figured the area of specialization would be cancer. Though maybe that's what a fairy godperson is when you are middle-aged: the doctor who is head of the department.

I hit Norton with the 50 percent statistic, expecting he'll do what he always does: make a joke about surgeons or tell me about a new treatment in the works.

Only this time, he doesn't.

"Fifty percent is 50 percent," he says. "It's still a shot."

That's the best he can offer, a shot?

"You gotta think positive," Norton says. "Let me tell you a story about a ballplayer I once treated."

"I know this story," I tell him.

"There was this baseball player I treated, very famous—you know I can't reveal names," Norton says. "I asked him why he hit so many home runs and he said he just knew he would, and if he happened to strike out, he just sat down on the bench, knowing next time he was up at bat, he would hit a home run. Which he did. He had this irrational optimism, which is why he was so successful—"

"No, no, this gets into making the patient responsible for everything; it's a terrible metaphor," I say.

"It's a great story," Norton says. "Actually, I do think the way you think about things matters. But that's not the point. The point is, you have to get up there every time like you're going to win. You have to do that for your life. It's how you look at a thing, like is the glass half full or half empty . . ."

"But *I'm* the glass, see?" I tell Norton.

"You can't be one of those people who become obsessed with their disease," Norton says. "That happens, the cancer wins. What you have to do is concentrate on living."

I get off the phone feeling gloomy. I've felt safe with Norton on my side, but if he was as powerful as I like to think, we'd be praying in Temple Norton.

"What do you want the doctors to tell you?" Payne asks the next time we speak.

"I want them to guarantee that I'm going to live," I say. "And they can't."

IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE OR THE INTEREST OF THE Mutant but not, she suspects, in the interests of both—the gynecological-service doctors, after second-look surgery, offer the Mutant a choice of treatment. She may have weekly Taxol for fifteen weeks, with a belly wash of Cisplatin every three weeks, or she may opt for a new, phase-one trial involving high-dose chemotherapy that probably won't be fatal.

The doctor making the offer is not David Fennelly, who is returning to Ireland, but the Mutant's new gynecological oncologist. Herb and Ma and I go in to see him two weeks after second-look surgery, in late May. The description he gives us of the high-dose treatment is grim:

Stem cells, young blood vessels that can multiply and grow to produce mature blood cells, would be "harvested" from my bloodstream in three or four painless, outpatient procedures. Then I would be given one high-dose treatment of Taxol, followed by two high-dose treatments of the drugs Thiotepa and Mitoxantrone. The theory is that the big blasts of chemo could finish off the resistant cancer cells for good. The "toxicity," however, would be major. Blood counts would drop severely. Three days after each treatment, I would need to be "rescued" with my own blood cells.

"Doing any writing?" Dr. Norton would ask. "Work?" I'd say, astonished. "I'm having trouble walking down the street."

"For a short while, you'd be sicker than you ever have been in your life," says the doctor. "You'd have a raw gut; sometimes there are mouth sores so that you can't eat or drink. There's diarrhea, abdominal pain. It's potentially toxic to the heart . . ."

I feel a little ill.

"My heart? That's one of my favorite parts," I say weakly, and I am not joking.

The results of the new treatment?

It's too early to say. They've only treated four ovarian patients with this particular high dose. One, who like me had microscopic cancer at second look, is fine one year later; one has just entered the trial; two, with very-late-stage cancer, have recurred.

What does the doctor recommend?

"I don't push one or the other," he says. "It comes down to whether you're the kind of person who likes to go with a tried-and-true or you want to take a risk for a potential benefit that's unknown. It's a reasonable risk; they're both very good treatments. There are two things that shouldn't influence you: You're at very low risk of dying from the treatment and for getting leukemia."

There's something a little offensive to me here: a suggestion of something having to do with character, which is almost a challenge. I do not feel a life-or-death decision should come down to the "kind of person" I am. It should be based on the kind of treatment the hospital has to offer.

The doctor adds a frightening footnote, upping the ante:

If the cancer comes back after the treatment I choose, they will not be able to cure me. They will be able to treat me, and perhaps beat the cancer back for a time, but will not, with the current available drugs, cure me.

The doctor gives us all copies of the seven-page "Informed Consent for Clinical Research," which describes the trial, to take home. It's even more frightening than his description. "Ovarian cancer that has spread beyond the ovary and into the pelvis and abdomen and that persists following initial chemotherapy is usually not curable," it begins, a surprise to me, because from my discussion with Barakat, I'd gathered it often could be cured.

"Unanticipated side effects may occur . . . ," it continues, which I figure is their legal catchall.

". . . Fatal side effects may occur."

Nope. That's the catchall.

The effects of high-dose cyclophosphamide, high-dose Thiotepa, and high-dose Mitoxantrone take three paragraphs to list: They include risk of infection; bleeding; nausea; vomiting; loss of hair; sore mouth; loss of taste; watery diarrhea; heart, liver, skin, brain, lung, bladder damage. Kidney damage is possible but "uncommon." "Body fluid and electrolyte abnormalities may occur, and these may lead to seizure."

Ma is so scared she asks if I have any wine in the house, a request she usually makes only on Passover.

I don't know what to do.

The old Special Forces Wadler in me, which I fear has been triggered by my conversation with my new doctor, feels that if there is a stronger treatment, I've got to have it:

"Are you a sissy?"

"Sir, no, sir! Private Wadler is not a sissy, sir! I must add, sir, my being here is a major mistake and somebody is gonna hang. See, *I know the head of the department!*"

On the other hand, I have no evidence that the stronger drugs will work better.

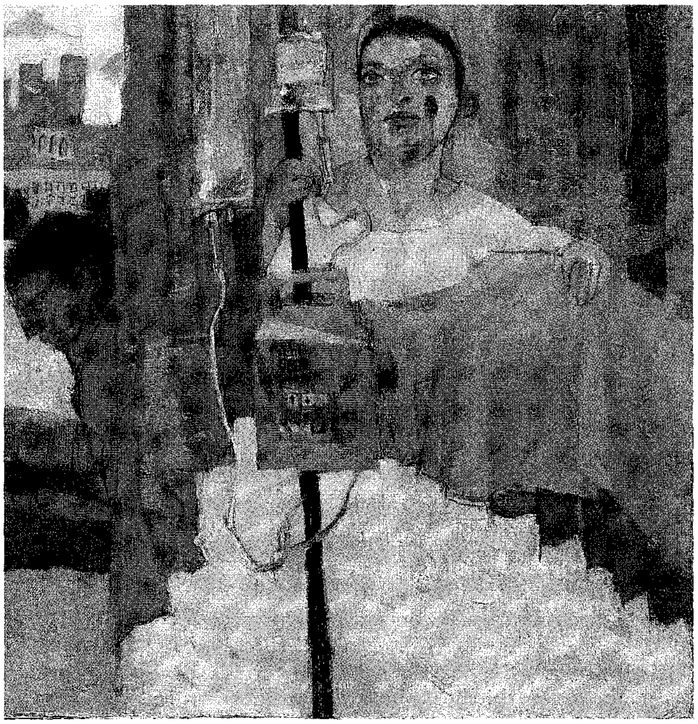
When I call my new oncologist back, to press him for the hard figures I need to make a decision, he makes "an educated guess" that perhaps 60 to 70 percent of patients in my condition, treated with Taxol and interperitoneal therapy, will be alive at five years—not disease-free, he cautions, *alive.* Compared with the 50 percent recurrence rate of a dangerous trial, that looks pretty good to me.

I am frightened of what I'll find when I start reporting, but it's time. Heidi searches the online news services; Cheryl and Sybil and I read medical abstracts from the National Institute of Health and Oncolink.

The best news is not good: Taxol the Wonder Drug, used in combination with Cisplatin, does extend the life of women with advanced ovarian cancer by 50 percent. In real time, it's not such a fabulous feat. With the older combination, Cisplatin and cyclophosphamide, patients with ovarian cancer had a median survival of 24 months. Taxol used with Cisplatin raised the median survival to just 37 months. Resistance to chemotherapy and recurrence are common. There are high-dose trials all over the country.

I need second opinions. Because my life is on the line, I get three.

Dr. Peter Dottino, director of gynecological oncology at Mount Sinai (now in private practice), tells me that among the fourteen patients they have treated with their own high-dose program, there have been six recurrences and one death. The patient who died was a 29-year-old woman; the recurrences were within eight to ten months. (As of this writing, the number of recurrences, says Dottino, has risen to twelve.) When you're subjecting a patient to that sort of toxicity and getting those results, you have to rethink the treatment, Dottino says. He recommends the older interperitoneal wash with systemic intravenous chemotherapy.



Round two of chemo: The tango with Taxol proves exhausting.

Dr. Albert Diesseroth, chief of medical oncology at Yale University, does not believe one or two powerful hits is the way to deal with ovarian cancer.

Ovarian cells are "predominantly quiescent," he says in a phone conversation; they divide every so often, but they don't divide quickly enough to be sensitive to one high dose. Memorial's method of administering Taxol in fifteen weekly doses he finds "intriguing." It would provide "continuous sequentious exposure to the therapy."

"I think at this point in time, that's probably preferable to a few big blasts," he says. "The toxicity and risk is substantial, the effect on your immune system is substantial, and we're not totally sure we can kill all the cells."

The most important opinion for me, because he knows me best and because I know him, is Larry Norton's. He has, it turns out, helped develop this high-dose treatment with David Fennelly, but right now, he does not believe it is for me.

"You had a moderately good tumor at the start," Norton says. "Not the very best, but good. Second-look showed you did well with chemotherapy. Not ideal but nowhere near the worst. Disease was minimal. You could be cured now. Your immune system could knock out anything that's left. The advantage of belly wash is, it's been around a long time and it has a long track record. Taxol is very effective. If it doesn't work, if it comes back in a year or two, our knowledge about high-dose will have grown, and we can do it then. You've had two chemotherapies in five years; your bone-marrow recovery might be poor. I would not like you to have a fatal result."

In June, I begin the second round of chemo.

I'm told it should be easier. My dose of Taxol, given weekly, will be 80 milligrams per meter squared instead of 175. The Cisplatin dosage will be the same, but concentrated in the abdominal cavity, so the side effects will be milder. I will not have to spend the night in the hospital. The doctors tell me I will lose very little hair.

My hair is very important to me—my return to normalcy. It is now just like George Clooney's. In the Village, it is very chic. I've lost ten pounds with surgery. I have my little red convertible. I've gotten much better at the Live-in-the-Moment Number. If the future is unknown, I decide, I will have the best summer of my life: I'll take out the little red car and listen to sixties girl songs and park with guys off the Belt Parkway, just like I did when I was at NYU. I'm not gonna be selective, either. Summer of Love Redux.

"Cancer makes me wild," I tell Herb.

I have my first round of the new chemo in bed in a hospital room. The intravenous Taxol takes an hour this time, and the Benadryl, as usual, leaves me stoned and mellow.

Then the chemo nurse puts a needle into the mediport that makes a lump under the skin just below my ribs. She connects it to a clear two-quart bag of Cisplatin mixed with a saline solution. The infusion takes about two hours. In order to fill up the belly and hit every wrinkle in the abdomen, the Cisplatin is followed by two more liters of saline. I'm told to change positions in order to slosh the drug around.

I cannot feel the Cisplatin as it first goes into my abdomen, but with the second bag of saline, I see my stomach stretch, and I can feel it. By the next morning, I feel normal.

But once again, life with chemo doesn't go as planned.

Three weeks after starting treatment, my hair starts falling out. Since I get Taxol weekly, I have to take steroids weekly. There is a condition, related to heavy steroid use, called Cushing's Syndrome. I get it. My face, just as described in the literature, becomes "round, red, and full"; I have what is described as "trunkal obesity"—my midriff becomes thick and suety. I have put on weight in my life, but no matter how much I gained, I had a waist. Now, I am beginning to be lost to myself. Steroids also give me a hump at the base of my neck. It's temporary, the doctors tell me. It is hard to consider yourself a major babe with a hump. It's more, with the heavy makeup, like the Pillsbury Doughboy's Divorcée Sister.

But I try.

I buy big, baggy shirts to hide the hump, and panty girdles—the laciest and prettiest I can find—to regain my shape. I get a leopard-skin chiffon scarf to tether my blonde wig to my head and drive the little red car around the Hudson Valley, playing "He's a Rebel" on my very fine sound system, flirting with truck drivers. The Summer of Love thing is not actually working out—I don't feel well at all; my sex drive is nil—but on the road, the girl songs make me romantic, and, just like the Crystals, I dream about it.

In August, I make the four-hour drive to Cambridge, to spend some time with my friend Cheryl, whom Herb and I visited years ago in Africa. Cheryl came to New York to look after me when Herb was away. She has seen me during the first chemotherapy, when I did not have the strength to get off the couch. I remember us driving around the Ngong hills, listening to the Pointer Sisters. It is important to me that we have fun again.

> It takes two months to get my genetic-test results. I don't worry. Unless the mutations also carry risk of late marriage, I've had almost everything you can get.

But I am not in great shape. My red-blood-cell count has been steadily dropping; walking in Harvard Square, I gasp for oxygen. Coming home, going to a rest stop on the Massachusetts Turnpike, I catch my reflection in the bathroom mirror and see not a blonde Varga girl in a cute retro scarf but a strangely androgynous person with a thick, masculine body and a moon face. The blonde hair is obviously a wig, and a poor one at that. The face is meaty and red from the summer sun. My flirtations with truck drivers now seem ludicrous and pathetic. When I get back to the city, I hide in my apartment.

In September 1996, I am finished with chemotherapy. My ovarian blood-screen results are splendid. I began treatment with a CA-125 of 20; I ended with a 7.

I go to Weight Watchers and start knocking off the twenty pounds I've gained since this nightmare started and spend a lot of the next two months sleeping.

Then I start looking for answers.

IT HAD BEEN THE UNDERSTANDING OF THE MIDDLE-Aged Mutant Writer that, except for her father's prostate cancer, there is no cancer in the family. But after I write about having had breast cancer, in the spring of 1992, I get a letter from a woman in Chicago that makes me wonder.

The woman's last name is Wadler; she has had breast cancer, also. Growing up, she was told all the Wadlers are related. Could we be cousins?

I call the Chicago Wadler and tell her what I know: The Wadlers are a small Jewish family from Poland; like her, I, too, had been told all Wadlers were related. We go back to our grandfathers' generation, but we don't see a connection: If she is a cousin, she is very distant.

A short time later, a woman in the audience at a breast-cancer conference tells me that there is sometimes a link between fathers with prostate cancer and daughters with breast cancer. I know this proves nothing: Breast cancer and prostate cancer are both common diseases. Still, it starts me thinking: My father had no sisters, so how would we know if there was breast cancer in the family?

As for my grandfather Jacob Wadler, for whom I am named, I know very little: He had five brothers and one sister. He comes from Poland in 1912, at age 18, and buys a little farm-boardinghouse in the Catskills. He falls in love with my grandmother Gussie Belinsky, a guest, and follows her back to the city, showing up unexpectedly at the factory where she works.

"Dark, like an Italian," says Gram, *Italian* being a euphemism in my family for *hot.* "Good-looking. He came for me at the shop—he was dressed so good, I thought he was a boss."

Jacob Wadler is killed by a falling tree while bringing in the cows during a thunderstorm when he is 48. After his death, my family hears nothing from Jacob's relatives in New York City. My father, who is 19, quits college to support his mother and two younger brothers. Thirty years later, when a Wadler from New York comes to the family's lumberyard in Fleischmanns, wondering if we are cousins, my uncle Artie, a former Marine, throws him out.

"Your father didn't want anything to do with us when my father died, and the hell with you," he says.

I start hearing about "the Jewish gene"—a genetic mutation that puts you at a higher risk for breast and ovarian cancer—around the time I'm diagnosed with ovarian cancer, in the fall of 1995. The mutation has been found in Ashkenazic Jews, Jews of Eastern European descent.

I know right away that I want to be tested for it.

For the most part, it's because I'm enraged. I'm a fairly healthy person; I don't smoke, I exercise, and yet, before age 48, I've had two illnesses that have threatened my life. I want to know why; the fact that I've already had the cancers is irrelevant.

I make an appointment with Karen Brown, a counselor at the genetics department at Memorial, and with Dr. Ken Offit, the chief of cancer-genetic services, who also chairs the genetics subcommittee of the American Society of Clinical Oncology.

Brown and Offit have seen families with three generations of breast and ovarian cancers—with only one first-degree relative with cancer, my family, at first glance, would not seem to be high-risk.

There is something about my history, though, that does suggest I might be carrying one of the Ashkenazic Jewish mutations: The mean age for breast and ovarian cancer in the general population is the late fifties.

Inherited cancers, however, tend to occur early.

Twenty percent of Jewish women diagnosed with breast cancer before age 41 have been found to be carrying a mutation. The mean age for ovarian cancer, in that population, is 48. I was diagnosed with breast cancer just after my 43rd birthday and with ovarian cancer at 47—as a possible carrier, I'm right on target.

Karen starts explaining genetics.

I know as soon as she shows me the pictures of paired chromosomes that I prefer Herb's version, which he has been doing ever since I told him I was going for testing.

"It all began vit Gregor Mendel. 'Dese are dah Jewish peas, und dese are dah Gentile peas . . .' "

But I'm determined to make science my friend, so I concentrate:

"BRCA1 and BRCA2 are genes that control cell growth and division. . . . If there is a mutation, it increases the possibility that cancer will develop. . . . Both men and women can inherit the mutation. . . . There is a specific mutation of the BRCA1 gene called 185delAG and a mutation of the BRCA2 gene called 6174delT which seems to be common among Ashkenazic Jews. It is estimated that one in 50 Ashkenazic Jews carries one of those genes."

The biggest risk for carriers of a BRCA mutation is breast cancer: There's a 66 to 85 percent risk of developing the disease by age 70. Men with the mutation have a 7 percent higher risk than the rest of the population of developing prostate cancer. (Aha! That could explain my father's cancer!) All carriers may have a slightly increased risk of colon cancer. The risk for ovarian cancer is far less clear: Various studies have reported it from 10 to 80 percent, a range so wide I consider it worthless.

(A National Institute of Health study released since this meeting estimates that one in 40 Ashkenazic Jews carries a BRCA mutation. That report cited a breast-cancer risk of 56 percent and a 16 percent risk of ovarian and prostate cancer.)

These are all clearly diseases where knowing your genetic predisposition can save your life. Women carrying the gene are advised to have mammograms and breast exams earlier than the general population, at age 35—even as early as age 25. Protecting yourself against ovarian cancer, according to a department information sheet, is "more difficult."

"Women may participate in research, that is, looking at ultrasound to see if this test, together with pelvic examination and certain blood tests, can help find ovarian cancer early," the fact sheet says. "[They] can also have their ovaries removed to try to prevent ovarian cancer."

Genetic testing is still very new; it takes two months to get the results. I don't worry. Unless the mutations also carry the risk of late marriage, I've had almost everything you can get. Then, in late November, just one day before I'm to go to the hospital to get my test results, there's news. According to a study of ovarian-cancer patients at the University of Pennsylvania, women who carry the BRCA1 mutation have a survival advantage, living twice as long as women without the gene—an average of 77 months.

I get out my calculator and crunch the numbers, the way I used to figure royalties: 77 months equals 6.4 years minus 1 year since diagnosis . . . 5.4 years! And that doesn't factor in Taxol the Wonder Drug!

Reality, once again, is more fantastic than anything Herb and I could ever come up with. I go to my appointment with Karen Brown and Ken Offit praying I have a genetic predisposition for cancer.

> I start nosing around the Wadler family, tracking second cousins I haven't spoken to for 20 to 30 years. Turns out, there *is* cancer.

And this time—oh, lucky me; I must be, after all, the luckiest of downtown writers—I get what I want: I am carrying the 185delAG mutation.

I call the Chicago Wadler. I'm a little concerned about this; I don't want anyone to panic.

She reacts just the way I'd hoped.

"Thank you," she says.

Then I start nosing around the family, tracking second cousins I haven't spoken to for 20 and 30 years.

Turns out, there *is* cancer. In addition to my grandmother Wadler's sister, Frieda, who died of pancreatic cancer in her fifties, my grandmother had a niece named Eve who's had three cancers: uterine at age 55, breast at 62, and thyroid at 72.

"In our family, there was no cancer, except your father had it," Eve says. "Oh, wait a minute, my mother, Sarah—your grandmother Gussie's sister—had it! Uterine! She didn't die of it; she died a year later from asthma. How could I forget that?"

I don't know that, genetically, this is important. Cancer is the second-leading cause of death in the country. Uterine cancer is not known to be carried on the 185delAG mutation. But it's more cancer than I knew existed in the family.

I move to my grandfather Jacob Wadler's family, the ones I now think of as the lost tribes.

Two Wadlers are listed in the old Manhattan phone book I use to prop up my computer, and, my grandmother would be happy to see, one is a lawyer and one is a doctor. Neither believes we are closely related (though one will turn out to be wrong). Neither has cancer in the family. They direct me on a Wadler chase around town. I don't learn anything about cancer, but since we share the same name, they've noticed my byline over the years: Everyone asks about my health and whether I ever got married.

I trot back to my primary source, the Chicago Wadler. Her mother, the genealogical expert, comes to the phone to explain: There are two branches of Wadlers, Ours and The Cousins'. It's hard to sort them out; because Ours often married Cousins, they were "gnipped and gbendeled"—all mixed up.

I check the Gilda Radner Familial Ovarian Cancer Registry outside Buffalo: no Wadlers.

I check an online phone directory: 146 Wadlers.

Then I get lucky: A cousin turns up a phone number for Estelle Essler, the daughter of my grandfather's only sister, Hensche.

Cancer in the family?

Definitely, Estelle says. She had uterine cancer years ago; her sister died of pancreatic cancer. Another cousin knows more. My grandfather did not have one sister; he had *four* sisters. One, Edith Wadler, who moved to Chicago, died of breast cancer. Two never left Poland. They died with their families in the Holocaust.

I am on a two-part mission here: to find out whether there is cancer in the family and to find Wadlers who are related to me and let them know they have a cousin who is carrying a genetic mutation, so that they can protect themselves. Hearing my grandfather had sisters who were murdered by Hitler is not something I expected.

"Everybody was killed?" I ask.

No, the cousin says. Two got out.

A few days later, I am speaking with my father's first cousin, who is 70. The Wadlers? A very important family, he says. In Poland, in the city of Szczucin, there was a street that was all Wadlers. Cancer? As a matter of fact, he had colon cancer four years ago, when he was 64. Two years ago, they found cancer in his liver, but now, *kineahora,* he feels great.

Cancer in the Wadler family? His cousin, Sachie, the other one who got out, had uterine cancer. But in general, the Wadlers were healthy, except for his grandmother, who died early—he doesn't know of what. In Europe then, a lot of the time you didn't know why somebody died.

" 'The *teivel uht im ganimin*'—'The devil took him,' " they would say.

And my cousin was very young.

"When Hitler came into Poland, I was 11; I had my bar mitzvah in the bunker," he says. "The camp I was in was called Mielec. It was an airplane factory for Aerosmit; the woman I married later on was there. We would talk to each other through the barbed wire. . . . My daughter is 50; a beautiful, good-looking blonde lady. She has four children. . . ."

The beautiful good-looking blonde lady, from what I'm hearing, may be at risk for cancer. I start to tell the new cousin my medical history. He interrupts, misunderstanding.

“Okay, Joyce, but don’t be upset,” he says. “God is good, we beat it. Let’s hope we’ll be okay.”

I get off the phone and go into the living room, to Herb.

“I don’t get this at all,” I say. “I just had a conversation with a guy who lost almost his whole family in the Holocaust, and had a cancer that went to his liver, and he’s telling me not only there is a God, but God is good.”

Ultimately, excluding my father’s prostate cancer and my own cancers, I discover two cases of breast cancer, four of uterine, two of pancreatic, one of colon, and one of thyroid on my father’s side of the family. I also learn that three of my cousins, making a run to the railroad station during the German occupation of Poland, were identified as Jews and were stoned to death with bricks by the Poles. I am unable to find any other case of ovarian cancer in the family.

SPEAKING WITH A SOCIAL WORKER AT MEMORIAL Sloan-Kettering who had once worked with an ovarian-cancer support group, the Mutant hears a terrifying story: Of 24 women in that group, 18 had originally been misdiagnosed. But the diagnosis I most wonder about is my own; is there any way my cancer could have been caught earlier?

My doctors, as well as ovarian patients I’ve spoken with, say the CA-125 tests are flawed, particularly in premenopausal women. They pick up many noncancerous conditions: fibroids, endometriosis, cysts, peritonitis. All can register as false positives. They miss 50 percent of Stage One cancers. Test results can be elevated in women who are perfectly healthy. The sonogram also has both false positives and false negatives, subjecting women to unnecessary surgery.

I think the tests have a lot to offer.

A breast-cancer blood screen saved—or at least extended—my life. I believe that if I’d been followed with the ovarian blood test, the cancer would have been found even earlier. True, the sonogram in my case did not reflect the extent of the disease, but it certainly indicated cancer: It showed bilateral solid masses, fluid at the base of the pelvis, blood flow. If the tests on their own are unreliable, why not screen with both of them, as a check-and-balance system?

The tests aren’t cheap, but they aren’t prohibitive: The CA-125 blood test, at Memorial, costs the patient $92; a sonogram is $328. In a study at the University of Kentucky Medical Center I find, in which sonograms were provided free, the hospital got the cost of a sonogram to under $25. “Expenses compare favorably with diagnostic procedures for other diseases,” the report says.

There are twice as many cases of ovarian cancer a year as cervical cancer; ovarian cancer kills more women than all the other gynecological cancers combined. I’ve had Pap smears, the test for cervical cancer, since I was 18. Approaching the age when ovarian cancer occurs, I was never told about sonograms—even with my history of breast cancer.

I call up my original doctor, the gynecologist who writes books, whom I have not heard from since tests indicated cancer. I had a sonogram before I was diagnosed that seemed pretty effective, I tell him when he gets back to me. Since I’d had unusual bleeding, why hadn’t a sonogram ever been used to check me out?

It sounds like he has my records in front of him: Bleeding is not considered a sign of ovarian cancer, he tells me; it’s a sign of endometrial cancer. He checked for that in November 1995. But I had a history of breast cancer, I say, and since women with breast cancer are supposed to have a higher risk of ovarian—

He interrupts, taking the question away from me.

“You raise a good question,” he says. “Should every woman have a routine vaginal sonogram—”

“Not every woman,” I say, though that interests me also. “Women with a history of breast cancer.”

He keeps talking.

“No one has ever done it routinely,” he says. “There’s a question of cost-effectiveness. It’s like the whole thing about mammograms for women between 40 and 50.”

The cost of the endometrial biopsy I had in his office was $600, I tell him. Sonograms are much cheaper.

“If you have bleeding from the uterus, you check out the uterus,” he says. “Look, I’ve got a roomful of patients, I’ve got to go. It sounds like you’re holding your own.”

I’m left without an answer. Then I remember something. The book-writing gynecologist once gave me one of his books. If it survived the medical-book purge of over a year ago, it’s in the house.

I find the section on gynecological cancers.

“Women with a family history of breast cancer, colon cancer, ovarian cancer or uterine cancer need to be carefully screened for ovarian cancer,” the gynecologist has written. “Screening the entire population has not been shown to be cost-effective or to change the survival rate. However, in women with a family history as noted, twice-yearly pelvic examinations, blood tests (known as CA-125) and pelvic sonograms should be done.”

I collapse on the floor near the bookshelves, furious and sobbing. Doesn’t having had breast cancer put you in the category of women “with a family history”? Am I going to die

BRCA Testing

Most facilities or laboratories that do genetic testing for the BRCA mutations require patients to first have genetics counseling. Independent laboratories usually also require doctor referral. The cost of the test for the three most common Ashkenazic Jewish mutations (what the Oncormed laboratory calls the “Heritage Panel”) range from $300 to $500. The cost of doing a “full sequence”—checking for the hundreds of mutations that may occur—is between $2,200 and $2,400. Some laboratories will test only if there is breast or ovarian cancer in the family or, in the case of no known family history, if a woman herself has had cancer. A common practice in family testing is to begin with the affected family member; then, if a mutation is found, test the others in the family for the specific mutation.

As part of the New York Breast Cancer Study, Memorial Sloan-Kettering is currently offering free genetic testing to any Jewish woman who has been diagnosed with breast cancer since January 1, 1994. For information, call the Clinical Genetics Department at 639-6760.

For information about other area hospitals that offer genetic testing, call 800-4-CANCER.

BRCA testing is also performed by Oncormed, Inc., of Gaithersburg, Maryland (800-662-6763 or 301-208-1888); Myriad Genetic Laboratories, of Salt Lake City (800-469-7423), and the University of Washington Medical Center in Seattle (206-548-4030). While individuals may call these facilities for information, testing must be ordered by a physician.

Testing of New York residents must be performed by a licensed laboratory. To verify the status of a laboratory, call the Genetic Testing Quality Assurance Program at 518-474-6796.

because a doctor didn't follow his own screening advice?

I reread the section. *Family history.* It's actually rather ambiguous. In a court of law, one might argue it refers to hereditary cancers. Might the doctor believe having a mother or a sister who has had cancer somehow puts you more at risk than having had cancer yourself?

I doubt it. I also doubt that I could get a direct answer from the doctor at this point.

I track down an expert: Dr. Arthur C. Fleischer, head of diagnostic sonography at Vanderbilt University, co-author of *Early Detection of Ovarian Cancer With Transvaginal Sonography: Potentials and Limitations* and thirteen other books in the field.

How effective is sonography in picking up ovarian cancer?

"Very effective," Dr. Fleischer says. "We did a study evaluating 206 patients who were at risk and found 27 cancers over a seven-year period—70 percent with Stage One. So we can find them very early."

And why were those patients considered to be at risk?

"Either a history of breast, colon, or endometrial cancer," the doctor says.

So if you'd had breast cancer, you'd be considered at risk?

"Oh, yeah. Definitely," Dr. Fleischer says.

I make an appointment with Larry Norton. "I know you saved my life with that blood screen," I say, "and thank you."

"Oh, you're welcome," he says.

"But the question that keeps tormenting me," I say, "is why, in the best cancer hospital in the country, I had a cancer that wasn't found until it was a Stage Three."

"Because you had bad luck," Norton says.

I feel like my dead grandmother, who talked to me in Yiddish and told me I should only be lucky, is in the room.

This is the guy who writes about the growth curve of tumors and sits on the editorial boards of five professional journals and is famous for some carcino-mathematical mumbo-jumbo called the Norton-Simon Hypothesis, which he happily tells me I could not understand in a million years, and I agree. Now he's telling me it all comes down to luck?

"That's right," says Norton. "I did the most sensitive tests we could do—the breast-cancer screen, the CEA screen. You just had the bad fortune to have a disease that tended to grow in an unusual pattern. Stage Three means it's out of the ovary; typically, it will grow more inside the ovary before it starts to spread out. It couldn't have been there too long, because I was doing blood tests on you and they were never abnormal. *Never.*"

But wouldn't a sonogram have picked it up sooner?

"Probably," Norton says. "It's not very sensitive or specific, but in your case it probably would have. But we had no reason to screen you at the time. You didn't come in with a whole breast-and-ovarian family history. Now, in retrospect, Ashkenazic Jews should be screened carefully. Before, this whole idea was very fuzzy. You were really right at the cusp of an explosion of knowledge."

What about the theory that all women with breast cancer have a higher risk of ovarian cancer and should be regularly screened?

"It wouldn't make sense," Norton says. "Only 10 percent of breast cancers are considered familial; they're the ones with a higher risk of ovarian cancer. And of that 10 percent, maybe you'll be able to catch one or 2 percent with screening. In pre-BRCA1 days, you'd read that people with breast cancer had a higher risk of ovarian cancer, but we didn't know who those people were. Now we can identify a subset.

"It's possible there are mutations that cluster around other groups—we suspect that—but right now, in the New York City area, Ashkenazic Jews are the most numerous population that seem to have this situation. If you are an Ashkenazic Jew with fairly young breast cancer, say under 40, we would indeed talk to you about genetic testing."

Does this mean if you're a Gentile you won't be followed as carefully?

"Of course not," says Norton. "If it's early-onset breast cancer with a Gentile woman or if it's a Sephardic Jew with bilateral breast cancer and a mother with breast cancer, I would think they would be at high risk and should be screened. The whole international community of genetic experts is working on criteria for screening. For now, at Memorial, if a woman comes in with breast cancer and she has a family history, we recommend talking to a genetic counselor. If a woman is carrying the BRCA1 or 2 mutation, we follow them till age 45 with the sonogram and blood test. Then, at age 45, I would counsel them about having their ovaries removed."

He thinks the tests for ovarian cancer are that weak?

"I don't want what happened to you to happen to other people," Norton says. "If you have a population that's very high-risk, and you don't have sensitive ways of diagnosing it, removing the ovaries is your only alternative. It's a terrible alternative, but it's the best we have until we have a better one, which we're working on right now."

We talk for a bit about the tests for ovarian cancer, the capabilities of which we disagree on.

"You know what I think we both missed?" I tell him. "The constipation. I had very intense constipation for two years. I know you and Barakat don't believe I had enough disease to cause it, but I'll go down believing it was a symptom."

"You're wrong," Norton says. "It's magical thinking. You associate the two things because they happened at the same time. And I'm not gonna let you go down."

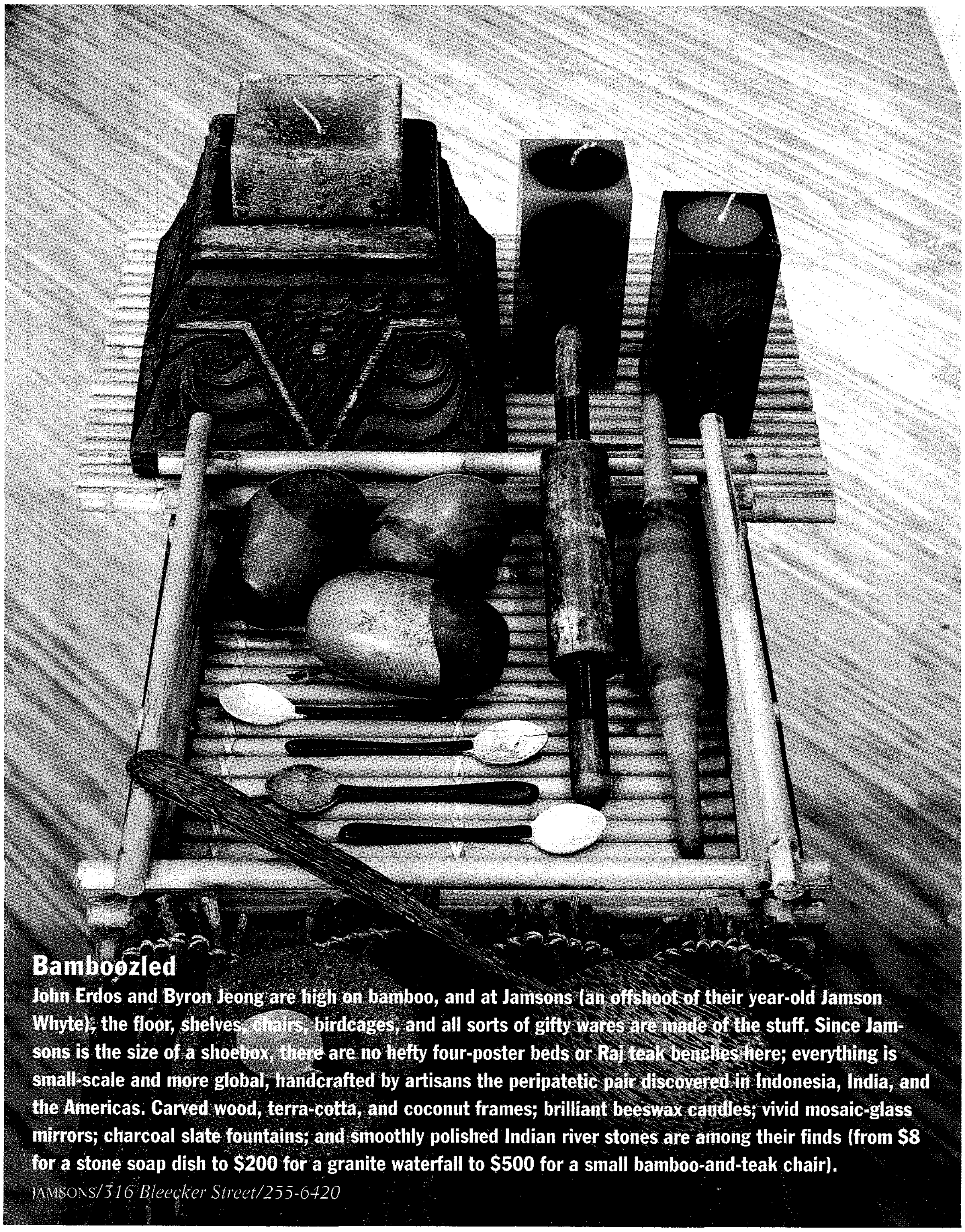
Road warrior: Tooling around in the ragtop is life-affirming.

SO THERE IT IS, MY OVARIAN ADVENTURE. I WOULD LIKE TO SAY IT is over, but it is not. I go every three *(continued on page 139)*

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

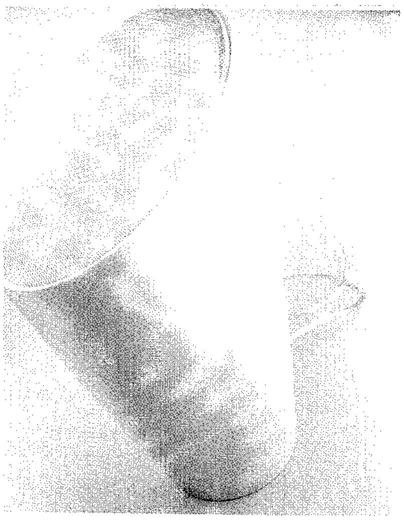
BY CORKY POLLAN

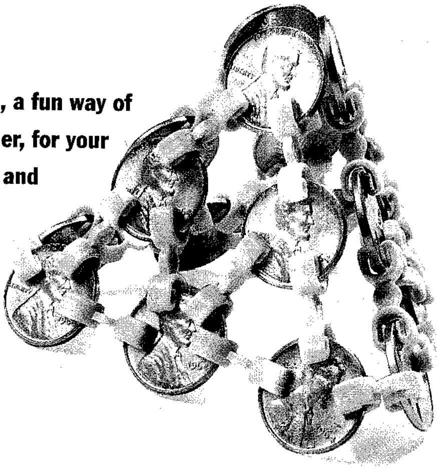


Bamboozled

John Erdos and Byron Jeong are high on bamboo, and at Jamsons (an offshoot of their year-old Jamson Whyte), the floor, shelves, chairs, birdcages, and all sorts of gifty wares are made of the stuff. Since Jamsons is the size of a shoebox, there are no hefty four-poster beds or Raj teak benches here; everything is small-scale and more global, handcrafted by artisans the peripatetic pair discovered in Indonesia, India, and the Americas. Carved wood, terra-cotta, and coconut frames; brilliant beeswax candles; vivid mosaic-glass mirrors; charcoal slate fountains; and smoothly polished Indian river stones are among their finds (from $8 for a stone soap dish to $200 for a granite waterfall to $500 for a small bamboo-and-teak chair).

JAMSONS/*316 Bleecker Street/255-6420*





Penny Antics

Educational Insights has come up with CoinStruction, a fun way of putting your pocket change to work for you—or, rather, for your kids. With this inventive kit, pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters grow into dinosaurs, rockets, skyscrapers, whatever. Tiny plastic clips (some two-way, some four-way) let children connect the coins into an infinite variety of shapes (from $9.99 for a set with 200 connectors to $19.99 for a set with 600).

MY FAVORITE PLACE/*265 West 87th Street/362-5320*

White Noise

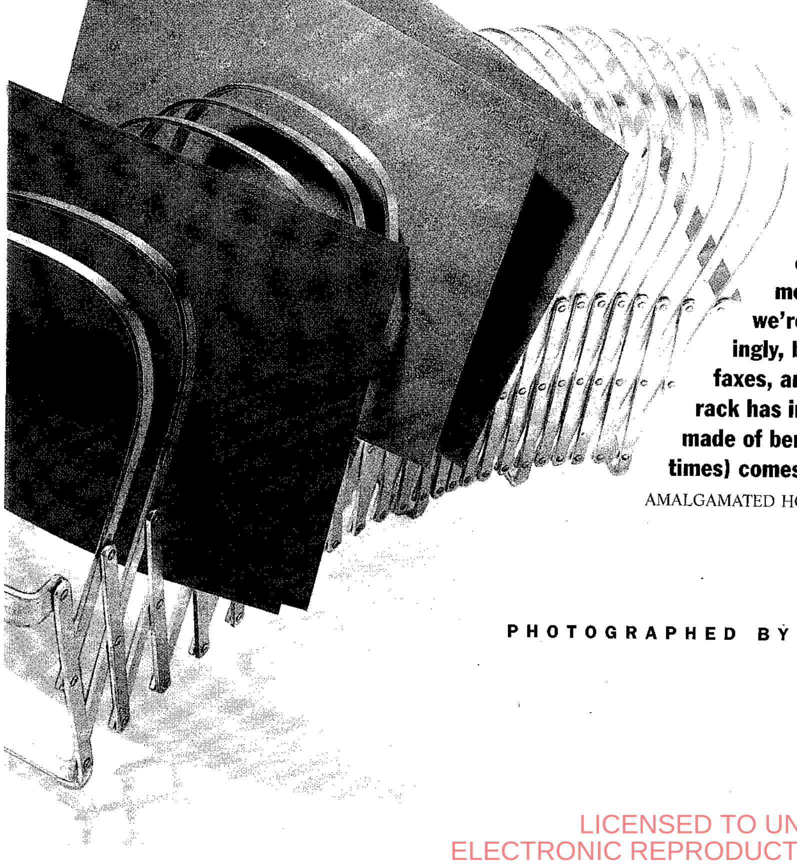
Though Philippe Starck has already put his neo-modern stamp on just about anything you can think of (from Mitterand's private rooms in the Élysée Palace to a toothbrush), the "Poe" is this protean architect-designer's first foray into radios. Seemingly unfettered by any mechanical baggage, the AM/FM Poe does have a speaker (it's at the top), display panels (they're underneath), and on-off and volume-control switches (in the back). It can store three AM and three FM stations in memory and is battery-operated ($248).

MOSS/*146 Greene Street/226-2190*

Wall-to-Scrawl

Dreaming about redecorating your apartment while sunbathing in the Hamptons was easy; actually doing it in September is not. But now Ralph Lauren has come up with a swell way of fudging the ordeal: stencils for sprucing up your boring walls. His sophisticated designs would look great in even the most formal interior, and there's everything from damask to scroll-leaf (from $43.99 to $109.99; price determined by number of stencils).

JANOVIC/PLAZA PAINTS/*1150 Third Avenue, at 67th Street/772-1400; 161 Sixth Avenue/627-1100; and 215 Seventh Avenue, near 22nd Street/645-5454*



Paper Trail

This collator was designed by Luther Evans (founder of Evans International) in 1942 and used for putting messy mimeograph sheets into proper order. Though we're now in the computer age, our desks are still, surprisingly, buried under avalanches of paper—tons of Xeroxes, faxes, and computer printouts. So the need for this accordion rack has increased rather than diminished. Evans's original was made of bentwood; the new version (in a nod to our eco-friendly times) comes in recycled aluminum ($65).

AMALGAMATED HOME/*9 Christopher Street/255-4160*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NEDJELJKO MATURA

SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

Girl Crazy

A week of sales brought to you by cool women all over the city: **Kalima** *in the* **West Village,** *Gabrielle Carlson in the East, and Joan Berg Victor uptown.*

THE CHARISMATIC JOAN BERG Victor teaches a series of art classes that work a seriously salonlike vibe, with wine and conversation and such, and her fall session starts in early October. She's offering both beginner classes ("Learning How to See" and "How to Draw") and intermediate classes ("Drawing" and "Introduction to Color"). *Call to register (988-2773).*

Of Corset

LE CORSET, THE NEWEST ADDITION to the burgeoning number of swank lingerie shops downtown, is discounting merch both new and vintage: Black antique embroidered jacket, was $910, now $637; black silk-brocade lace-up corset, was $620, now $434; leopard-print bra, was $58, now $38; hand-painted silk-organza slip dress, was $735, now $367, black silk dress, was $631, now $297; Vivienne Westwood corset, was $375, now $240; Aubade bra-and-bikini set, was $143, now $107; Lise Charmel bra-and-bikini set, was $270, now $203. *Le Corset by Selima, 80 Thompson St. (334-4936) A.E., M.C., V.; Sun.–Mon. 12–6, Tues.–Sat. 12–8.*

Top Down

CRANKING OUT DRAMATIC HATS OF ALL sorts is Ellen Kostroff/Bob Clive, a design firm that's coming to the Media D'Arte show to offer one-of-a-kind hats, retail $60–$600, for $25–$265. Admission is $6 (to be reimbursed with millinery purchase of more than $150). *Puck Building, Lafayette and Houston Sts. (for information, call 518-674-3500); checks accepted; Fri. 4–8, Sat. 12–7; Sun. 12–5; 9/19–9/21.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales *exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously* advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Must-Have Gabrielle Carlson is having her sample sale, offering juicy discounts on her sleek threads: Jackets, were $450, now $175; bottoms, were $200–$400, now $35–$75; dresses, were $350–$450, now $75–$90. *Gabrielle Carlson, 251 E. 10th St., No. 4 (995-8063); Thurs. 4–7, Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; 9/18–9/20.*

Party Favors

CALABRIA, A FLORAL AND EVENT-DESIGN company that's done everything from parties for ABC to opening night at the New York City Ballet, is selling off items, pricing everything to move. You can snatch up damask-covered party banquettes, architectural columns, terra-cotta containers from Bali, and display tables for anywhere from $5 to $100. *Calabria, 216 W. 18th St., seventh floor (675-2688); A.E., M.C., V.; Sat. 9–4:30; 9/20.*

Gown Town

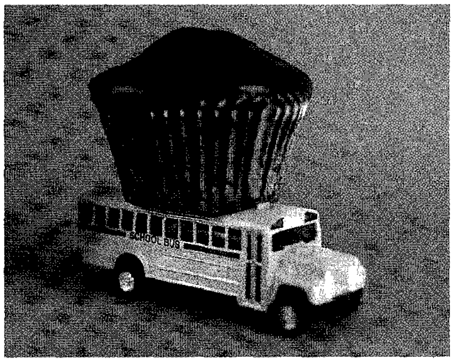
FROM HER CHARMING WEST VILLAGE brownstone, designer Kalima turns out wispy dresses of all sorts. She's having her sample sale, offering discounts on pieces such as: pale-orchid dress in silk shantung with silver lace trim, was $700, now $350; black silk-chiffon-and-crêpe bias-cut column dress, was $400, now $200; champagne gown, was $700, now $325. From her bridal collection: column dress in charmeuse with chiffon cover, was $1,200, now $800; duchess-satin sheath gown, was $1,400, now $700. *Kalima, by appointment (691-9520); 9/15–10/3.*

Italian Dressing

THIS TRIUMVIRATE OF ITALIAN LABELS—CP Company, Stone Island, and Fendissime—is having a sample sale next week, offering deep discounts on men's sportswear, outerwear, sweaters, knit shirts, and pants. Prices range from $30 to $200. *560 Seventh Ave., near 40th St., second floor (for information, call 718-747-1656); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Wed. 9–6:30, Thurs. till 5; 9/23–9/25.*

After-School Special

ADDING FINANCIAL IMPETUS TO THE BETCHA-can't-eat-just-one selling tactic is Ecce Panis. Beginning September 15, customers purchasing a designated treat—be it a chocolate velvet cupcake, a coconut-almond bar, or a peanut-butter-and-jelly bar—will receive another treat and a half-pint of milk (or a cup of joe, for more mature takers). The offer is good after 3 P.M. on weekdays. *Ecce Panis, 1120 Third Ave., at 65th St. (535-2099), Mon.–Fri. till 8 p.m.; and 1260 Madison Ave., near 90th St. (348-0040), 3–7 p.m.; and 282 Columbus Ave., at 73rd St. (362-7189), till 8 p.m.; A.E., M.C., V., checks; 9/15–9/26.* ■



Behold the bargain: At 3 P.M. weekdays, Ecce Panis's two-for-one pricing rolls into effect.

Photographs: top, Jason Schmidt; bottom, Kenneth Chen.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE's Sixth Annual

Holiday Entertaining Fair

Toast the Holidays with NEW YORK MAGAZINE!

NEW YORK's Sixth Annual Holiday Entertaining Fair is a festive celebration where you can sample holiday foods and spirits and preview the season's hot new products. Plus, a special panel of entertaining experts, moderated by NEW YORK MAGAZINE's culinary editor, Gillian Duffy, will offer innovative entertainment and gift ideas.

Join the finest caterers, restaurateurs, event planners, readers and the press in discovering the latest in holiday entertaining.

Admission is $35 in advance and $45 at the door
To register, send your check payable to NEW YORK MAGAZINE:
NEW YORK MAGAZINE
Holiday Entertaining Fair
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444 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Checks received after October 17 will be held at the door.

Hotel Inter-Continental New York
111 E. 48th Street (between Park & Lexington avenues)
Wednesday, October 22
6-8 p.m.
Space is limited, so register early!

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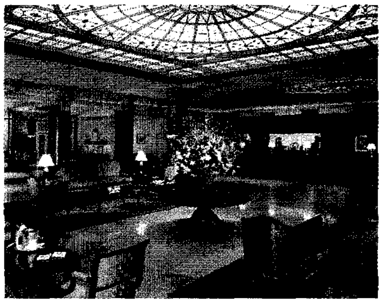


MOVIES **DAVID DENBY**

Wishful Thinking

A funny, affectionate fantasy of gay and straight reconciliation, 'In & Out' could bring Kevin Kline the stardom that has so far eluded him.

PAUL RUDNICK, WHO WROTE THE COMEDY **In & Out,** is an affectionate, easygoing satirist who happens to compose some of the funniest one-liners in show business today. As if it weren't enough to be a novelist, playwright, screenwriter, and Nice Jewish Boy, Rudnick is even a film critic of sorts. In *Premiere,* he holds forth in the person of "Libby Gelman-Waxner," a princess with major shopping ambitions and reliably middlebrow tastes. As Libby, Paul Rudnick revels in the lurid badness of big Hollywood movies while relishing the various attractions of the male movie stars. No gay writer ever found a safer, funnier haven. In all, Rudnick cuddles his material, his audience, and himself. He loves moms, he loves Hollywood and American shopping-mall banality. He luxuriates in the anti–p.c. realization that stereotypes are always true—Jews really are Jewish, and gays gay. In *In & Out,* Rudnick and director Frank Oz create a fantasy Hollywood gay movie. It's called *To Serve and Protect* (we see a little of it), and it's an earnest tearjerker in which Matt Dillon plays an all-American war hero drummed out of the Army for loving the camp Bette Midler–Barbara Hershey epic, *Beaches.* It's characteristic of Rudnick's affection for the kitschier regions of show business that he creates a parody of a movie that doesn't exist. The excruciating *To Serve and Protect* could serve as an example of wish fulfillment. If only Libby could review it.

At the Oscars, accepting the award for his stirring performance, Matt Dillon casually "outs" his high-school English teacher—Mr. Brackett, who still wears bow ties and perfectly pressed mall clothes while teaching *Romeo and Juliet* to somnolent teens. A bachelor, perhaps 40, Howard Brackett (Kevin Kline) is about to be married, after a long, long courtship, to another teacher (Joan Cusack). When the citizens of Greenleaf, Indiana, glued to their sets, hear about his alleged homosexuality, they freeze (literally: No one moves). Brackett denies being gay, but a pack of reporters descends on the sleepy Indiana burg, led by a persistent tabloid-TV personality (Tom Selleck) who really is gay. In the idyllic Indiana countryside, the two men run into each other, and Selleck grabs Kline and kisses him on the mouth for what seems like an eternity. Bazoingas! The teacher is knocked silly, like Buster Keaton clobbered by a brick. So is he or isn't he?

"Should homosexuals be allowed to touch fresh produce?" asks one of the TV reporters hounding Howard Brackett. For Paul Rudnick, homophobia is not so much vicious as preposterous, a compound of dotty misinformation and primal fear. Rudnick has fun with the high-school-locker-room louts who air their solemnly bizarre theories about gay sex. He's not angry at his Indiana hicks. On the contrary, he rather loves them, perhaps because they are so readily shocked by homosexuality. In this regard, *In & Out* feels dated, almost as if Indiana were stuck in the fifties, trapped in a blinkered, pre-media state.

Apart from Brackett, who is smart but unconscious, none of the locals has more than half a brain. The trouble with believing so thoroughly in stereotypes is that it may be impossible to create a character who isn't one. Rudnick dissolves character into performance: Life is all about presenting yourself in one way or another. Howard Brackett has no self; the filmmakers turn him this way and that, using him opportunistically for laughs, and the character never makes much sense. Yet Kevin Kline triumphs over an incoherent idea. His lightweight, I-can-do-anything style, which has held him back as a movie star, works for this cipher. He makes Brackett ever so slightly prissy; then, when he's out

(continued on page 88)

No lover: Soon-to-wed teachers Kline and Joan Cusack in Frank Oz's comedy *In & Out.*

Photograph by Andy Schwartz/Paramount.

managing your health

photo: alan luftig

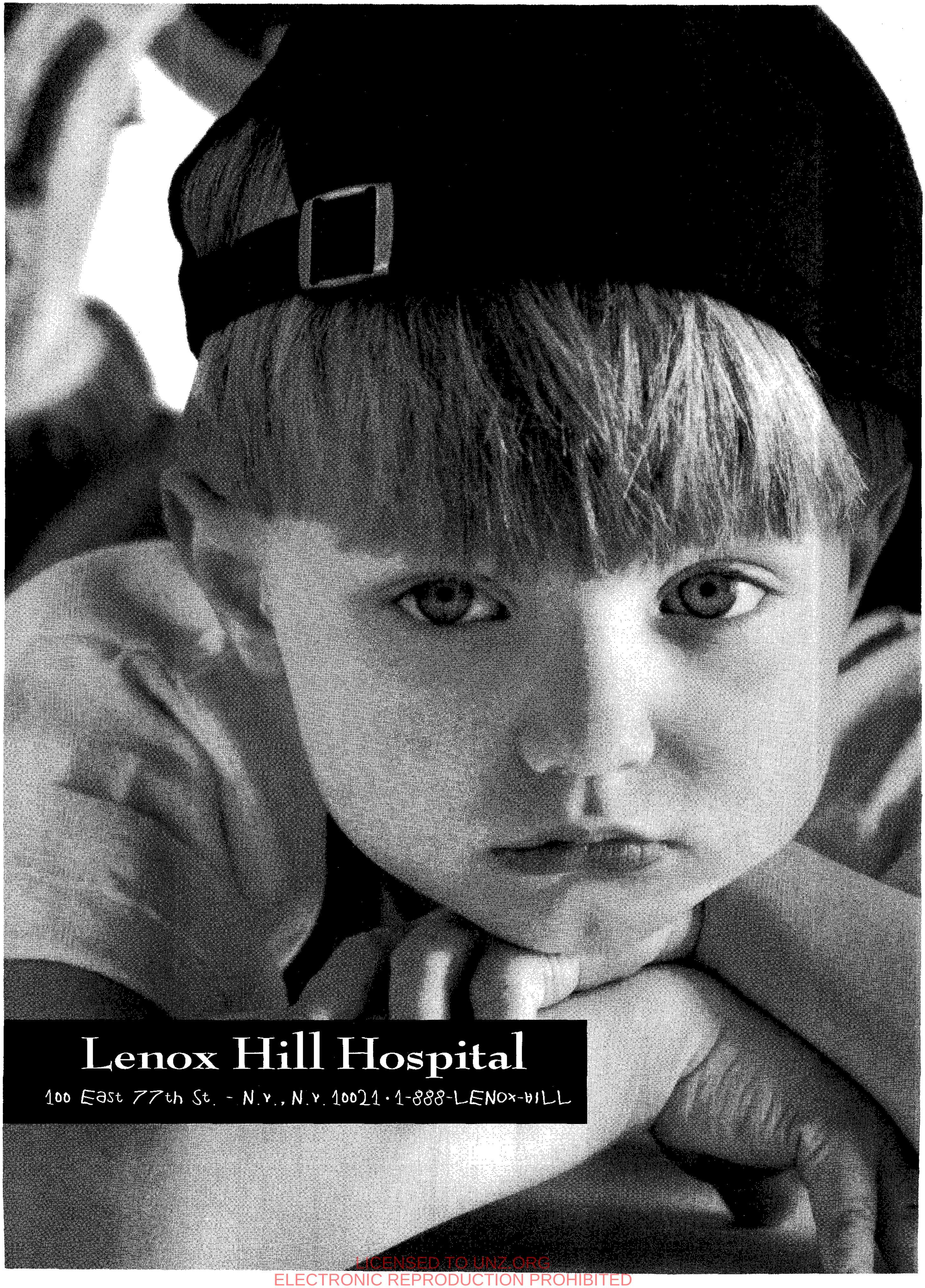
navigating today's complex health care system

We're tired of the extremes—the overbearing regimens, the unforgiving rules. We want to feel and stay well, but we just don't want the task to be so huge, so impossible.

In health care, what was true yesterday gets debunked today, hospitals merge, new drugs are introduced, and this year's razzle-dazzle technology usurps last year's. But what has shaken out of all the change is a growing appreciation of common sense. Wellness, prevention, the mind-body connection. We've always known it didn't have to be that hard. Now, it seems the experts agree.

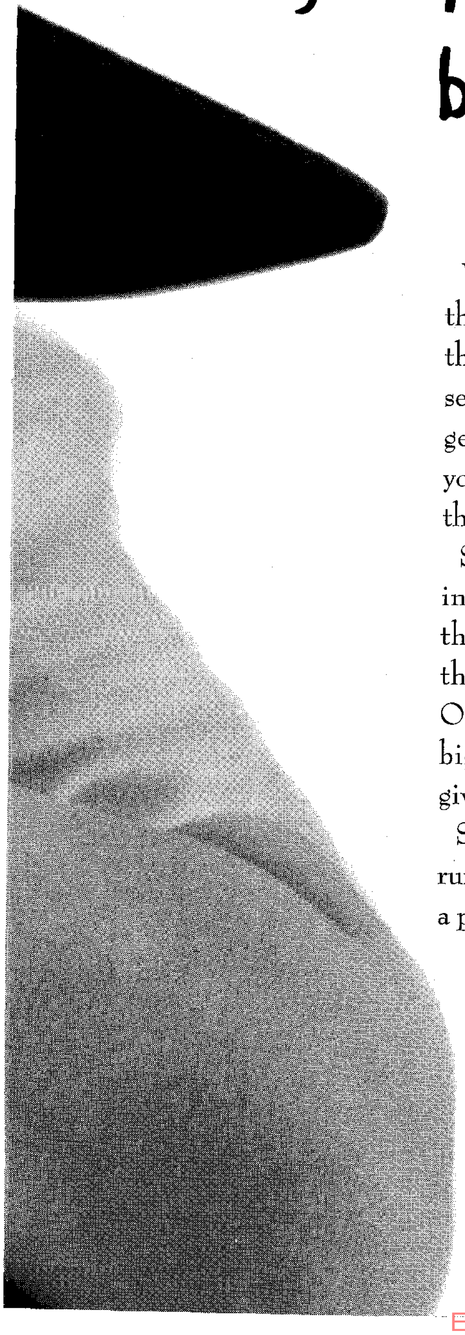
Manage your health knowledgeably, manage your health assertively, but most of all manage your health sensibly. It's about time.

Beverly Hood Allen creative services director
Christy Casamassima editor
Richard Mantel design director
Scott Hunt/InkWell, Inc. design production
Lory Conklin research
Jeff Noble interior photography



Lenox Hill Hospital
100 East 77th St. - N.Y., N.Y. 10021 · 1-888-LENOX-HILL

who wants to deal with the bureaucratic tendencies of hospital conglomerates when you have a really, really bad tummy ache?



We're not going to feed you a bunch of long-winded hospital rhetoric, just the facts. Lenox Hill Hospital has more than 1,000 physicians throughout the city, covering every insurance plan and every medical specialty. When you select one of our outstanding internists as your primary care physician, you get the best care available without having to run all over town to find it. If you need to see a specialist, your physician will refer you to the best doctor at the most convenient location for you. It's that easy.

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So when you're ready to get the best health care without the bureaucratic runaround, call 1-888-LENOX-HILL for more information about choosing a primary care physician from Lenox Hill Hospital.

how to find the right doctor— a few simple steps to get you started

Your company has changed health-care plans and you have to switch doctors. Or circumstances—a baby, care for an older parent, a newly diagnosed disease—requires you to find a specialist you haven't needed before. Perhaps you're new to the Big Apple and starting from scratch. Choosing a doctor is an extremely serious business.

"You're going to get the best care if you find a provider who is the right fit for you," says Tom Gutowski, Coordinator of **The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center Physician Referral Service**. Your first job is to give yourself choices. Here's how to compile a preliminary list of names:

- Check your health-care plan: Many New Yorkers have a financial incentive to stay within a health-care plan's approved network of physicians. While your company should publish a printed list of names, ask if they have current listings posted on a Web site.

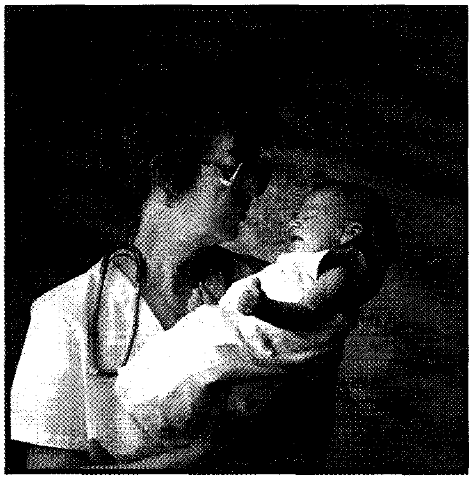
- Choose your hospital: One good way to come up with names—or to narrow the field—is to pick a hospital. Physicians have affiliations with certain hospitals, and sometimes more than one. Most major New York City hospitals, such as New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, have physician-referral services.

Good questions to ask as you consider the city's many fine institutions are: Does the hospital have a reputation in research, particularly if your health requires cutting-edge innovations? Does it have specialty services that may be of interest to your family? Is the nursing staff known for its competence and care? Is the emergency room well-staffed and accessible?

- Ask everyone you know: Pick the brains of neighbors, school teachers, librarians, clergy, your family physician, or internist for specialists, support groups, or associations for particular conditions (i.e. the Arthritis Foundation or Diabetes Clubs).

You've done your homework and you've got a few promising leads. Now the questions get personal:

- Is the physician Board Certified? Physicians who are Board Certified have passed an exam in their specialty given by a recognized accrediting organization such as the American Board of Surgery.



- Is the practice convenient? Would you rather go to appointments in your work neighborhood or around the block from home? Do you need handicapped-accessible entrances? An office that is close to the subway or that offers convenient and reasonably priced parking? Do the doctor's office hours work with your schedule?

- Who covers during off-hours? Who takes over if your sole practitioner goes away for Thanksgiving? Group practices such as pediatricians or obstetricians often share the responsibility of unscheduled appointments. For instance, your obstetrician may be on vacation when you go into labor; be sure you meet and like the back-up or the other physicians in the practice.

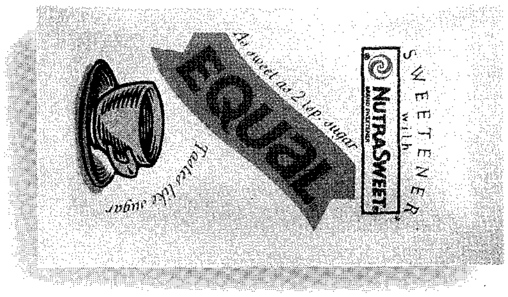
- What's the track record? If you're looking for a specialist to do a specific procedure, say, a prostatectomy, it's perfectly appropriate to ask how many surgeries the urologist performs in a year.

- How are fees and payments handled? Even if your would-be physician is listed in your managed care plan's booklet, double-check with the doctor's office to make sure the practice continues to accept your coverage. Are you responsible to pay up front and then recover compensation from the insurance company? Are credit cards accepted? Is the doctor amenable to payment plans if something unexpected—and expensive—comes up?

So, you've chosen a doctor. You've even scheduled a check-up or gone for a specific consultation. Now you come upon the most important question of all:

- Do you and your doctor click? Do you relate well to this person? Is the staff courteous and professional? Was it easy to get an appointment? Did you wait a reasonable length of time in the office? "It's your responsibility to find a physician you can trust and a practice you feel at home with," says Gutowski. If despite your best efforts, you're just not satisfied, start from square one and pick again. This is simply too important a choice not to be picky.

All things being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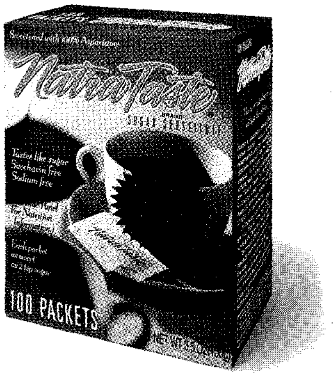
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Experience something different this allergy season. So *you* can experience more. Because this season, there's Allegra.

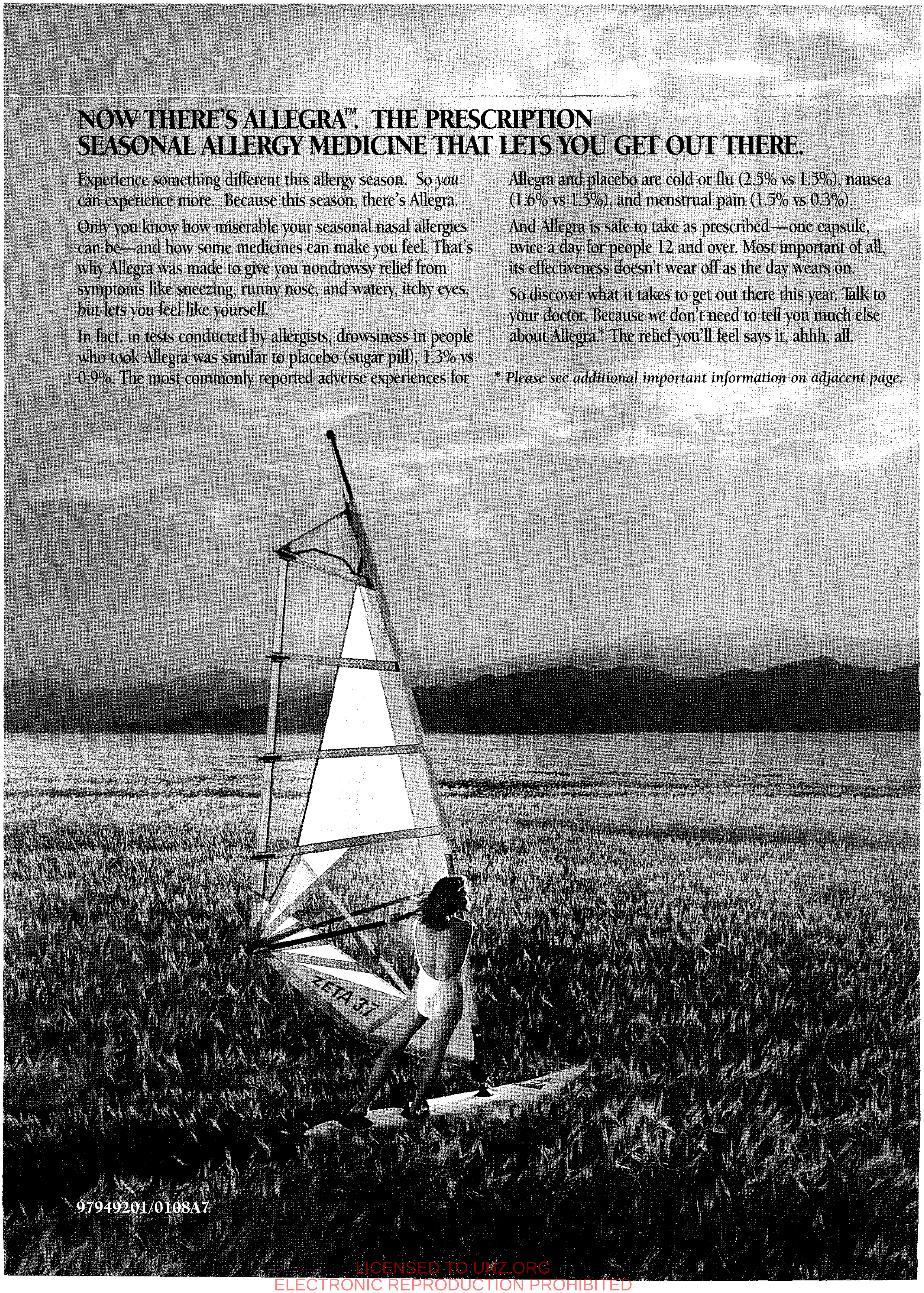
Only you know how miserable your seasonal nasal allergies can be—and how some medicines can make you feel. That's why Allegra was made to give you nondrowsy relief from symptoms like sneezing, runny nose, and watery, itchy eyes, but lets you feel like yourself.

In fact, in tests conducted by allergists, drowsiness in people who took Allegra was similar to placebo (sugar pill), 1.3% vs 0.9%. The most commonly reported adverse experiences for Allegra and placebo are cold or flu (2.5% vs 1.5%), nausea (1.6% vs 1.5%), and menstrual pain (1.5% vs 0.3%).

And Allegra is safe to take as prescribed—one capsule, twice a day for people 12 and over. Most important of all, its effectiveness doesn't wear off as the day wears on.

So discover what it takes to get out there this year. Talk to your doctor. Because *we* don't need to tell you much else about Allegra.* The relief you'll feel says it, ahhh, all.

** Please see additional important information on adjacent page.*



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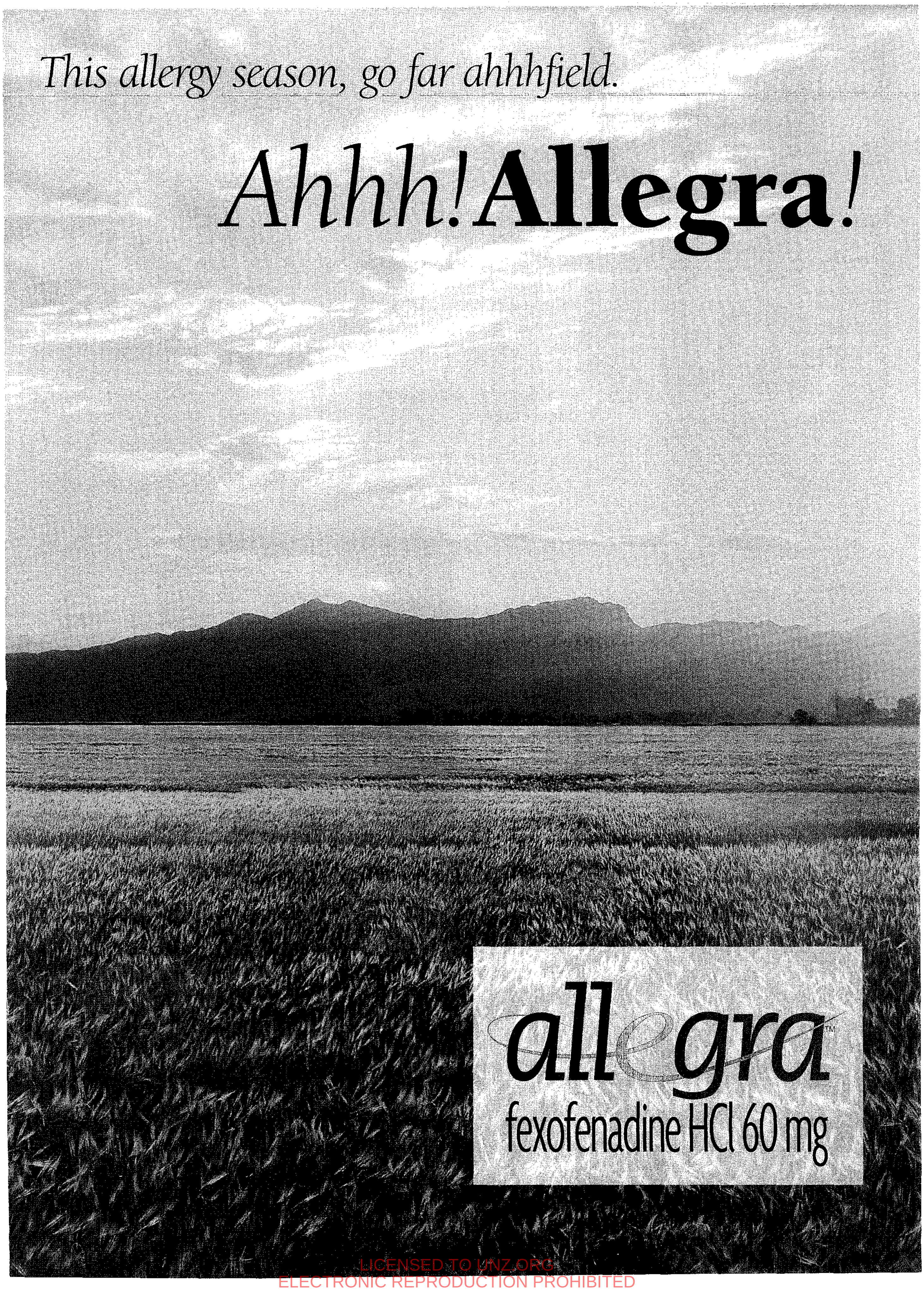
This allergy season, go far ahhhfield.
Ahhh! Allegra!
allegra™
fexofenadine HCl 60 mg

Brief Summary of
Prescribing Information as of October 1996

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INDICATIONS AND USAGE

ALLEGRA™ is indicated for the relief of symptoms associated with seasonal allergic rhinitis in adults and children 12 years of age and older. Symptoms treated effectively include sneezing, rhinorrhea, itchy nose/palate/throat, itchy/watery/red eyes.

CONTRAINDICATIONS

ALLEGRA™ is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to any of its ingredients.

PRECAUTIONS

Drug Interactions

In two separate studies, fexofenadine hydrochloride 120 mg twice daily (twice the recommended dose) was co-administered with erythromycin 500 mg every 8 hours or ketoconazole 400 mg once daily under steady-state conditions to normal, healthy volunteers (n=24, each study). No differences in adverse events or QTc interval were observed when subjects were administered fexofenadine hydrochloride alone or in combination with erythromycin or ketoconazole. The findings of these studies are summarized in the following table:

Effects on Steady-State Fexofenadine Pharmacokinetics After 7 Days of Co-Administration with Fexofenadine Hydrochloride 120 mg Every 12 Hours (twice recommended dose) in Normal Volunteers (n=24)

Concomitant Drug	$C_{max,SS}$ *(Peak plasma concentration)*	$AUC_{SS}(0\text{-}12h)$ *(Extent of systemic exposure)*
Erythromycin (500 mg every 8 hrs)	+82%	+109%
Ketoconazole (400 mg once daily)	+135%	+164%

The mechanisms of these interactions are unknown, and the potential for interaction with other azole antifungal or macrolide agents has not been studied. These changes in plasma levels were within the range of plasma levels achieved in adequate and well-controlled clinical trials. Fexofenadine had no effect on the pharmacokinetics of erythromycin or ketoconazole.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility

The carcinogenic potential and reproductive toxicity of fexofenadine hydrochloride were assessed using terfenadine studies with adequate fexofenadine exposure (based on plasma area-under-the-curve [AUC] values). No evidence of carcinogenicity was observed when mice and rats were given daily oral doses of 50 and 150 mg/kg of terfenadine for 18 and 24 months, respectively; these doses resulted in plasma AUC values of fexofenadine that were up to four times the human therapeutic value (based on a 60-mg twice-daily fexofenadine hydrochloride dose).

In in-vitro (Bacterial Reverse Mutation, CHO/HGPRT Forward Mutation, and Rat Lymphocyte Chromosomal Aberration assays) and in-vivo (Mouse Bone Marrow Micronucleus assay) tests, fexofenadine hydrochloride revealed no evidence of mutagenicity.

In rat fertility studies, dose-related reductions in implants and increases in postimplantation losses were observed at oral doses equal to or greater than 150 mg/kg of terfenadine; these doses produced plasma AUC values of fexofenadine that were equal to or greater than three times the human therapeutic value (based on a 60-mg twice-daily fexofenadine hydrochloride dose).

Pregnancy

Teratogenic Effects: Category C. There was no evidence of teratogenicity in rats or rabbits at oral terfenadine doses up to 300 mg/kg; these doses produced fexofenadine plasma AUC values that were up to 4 and 37 times the human therapeutic value (based on a 60-mg twice-daily fexofenadine hydrochloride dose), respectively.

There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Fexofenadine hydrochloride should be used during pregnancy only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus.

Nonteratogenic Effects. Dose-related decreases in pup weight gain and survival were observed in rats exposed to oral doses equal to and greater than 150 mg/kg of terfenadine; at these doses the plasma AUC values of fexofenadine were equal to or greater than 3 times the human therapeutic values (based on a 60-mg twice-daily fexofenadine hydrochloride dose).

Nursing Mothers

There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in women during lactation. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, caution should be exercised when fexofenadine hydrochloride is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use

Safety and effectiveness of ALLEGRA™ in pediatric patients under the age of 12 years have not been established. Across well-controlled clinical trials in patients with seasonal allergic rhinitis, a total of 205 patients between the ages of 12 to 16 years received doses ranging from 20 mg to 240 mg twice daily for up to two weeks. Adverse events were similar in this group compared to patients above the age of 16 years.

Geriatric Use

In placebo-controlled trials, 42 patients, age 60 to 68 years, received doses of 20 mg to 240 mg of fexofenadine twice daily for up to two weeks. Adverse events were similar in this group to patients under age 60 years.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

In placebo-controlled clinical trials, which included 2461 patients receiving fexofenadine hydrochloride at doses of 20 mg to 240 mg twice daily, adverse events were similar in fexofenadine hydrochloride and placebo-treated patients. The incidence of adverse events, including drowsiness, was not dose related and was similar across subgroups defined by age, gender, and race. The percent of patients who withdrew prematurely because of adverse events was 2.2% with fexofenadine hydrochloride vs 3.3% with placebo. All adverse events that were reported by greater than 1% of patients who received the recommended daily dose of fexofenadine hydrochloride (60 mg twice-daily), and that were more common with fexofenadine than placebo, are listed in the following table.

Adverse Experiences Reported in Placebo-Controlled Seasonal Allergic Rhinitis Clinical Trials at Rates of Greater Than 1%

Adverse Experience	*Fexofenadine 60 mg Twice Daily (n=679)*	*Placebo Twice Daily (n=671)*
Viral Infection (cold, flu)	2.5%	1.5%
Nausea	1.6%	1.5%
Dysmenorrhea	1.5%	0.3%
Drowsiness	1.3%	0.9%
Dyspepsia	1.3%	0.6%
Fatigue	1.3%	0.9%

Adverse events occurring in greater than 1% of fexofenadine hydrochloride-treated patients (60 mg twice daily), but that were more common in the placebo-treated group, include headache and throat irritation.

The frequency and magnitude of laboratory abnormalities were similar in fexofenadine hydrochloride and placebo-treated patients.

Prescribing Information as of October 1996

Hoechst Marion Roussel, Inc.
Kansas City, MO 64137 USA

97171301/0907E7

US Patents 4,254,129; 5,375,693.

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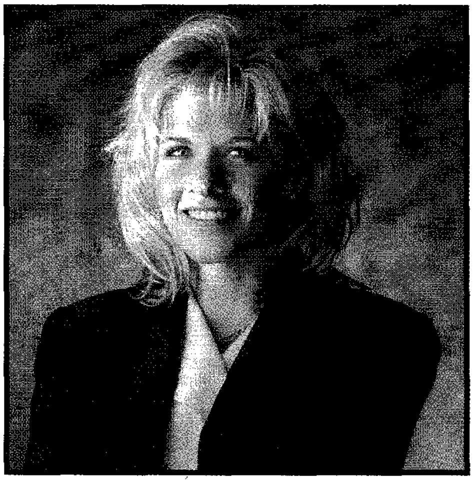
take charge of your personal health care

Whether you're in tip-top shape or coping with a chronic disease, you must remain proactive about your health. Your best bets: Encourage an active dialogue with your health care providers and educate yourself about what affects you, says Dr. James Dougherty, Deputy Physician-in-Chief at **Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center**. Specifically:

- Listen up. During your visit, take notes and ask questions if you need clarification. Ask your doctor to use illustrations or charts to make complex concepts more understandable.



- Come prepared. Jot down questions you may have before or in between doctor's visits. Ask your doctor if he or she has a preference for questions during or at the end of the visit. If you cope with a condition that requires more than the average check-up, bring another person with you—a spouse, friend, or a grown child.
- Be the captain of your team. While there is renewed emphasis on a family doctor, it's still unusual to have all your care delivered by one physician. Consider all your doctors and nurses as part of your team, and make sure your teammates know what's going on. Prescriptions, treatments, tests, and findings should be shared among players.
- Be honest. If you have any lifestyle habits that can influence your health, your doctor must know about them, including recreational drug use, alcohol consumption, and sexual history.
- Approach alternative medicine carefully. You don't really respect your Chinatown herbs' medicinal properties if you don't tell your doctor about them. That goes for vitamins, over-the-counter drugs, and all forms of complementary care. "If you decide to take alternative medicine therapy, it is important to discuss your plans with your physician, so he or she can take into account the potential impact on other ongoing therapy," says Dr. Dougherty.
- Research is your responsibility. Ask your doctor for brochures and book suggestions. The Internet is chock-full of medical information; any of the Web search engines can help you navigate what could easily be an endless stream of information. Check out, as well, Web sites for major medical centers, the National Institutes of Health, and national organizations. Your librarian, too, can direct you to variious print directories.
- Use support groups wisely. Whether you've joined a local breast cancer support group or subscribe to an e-mail list on lupus, such groups are often unmoderated forums where both excellent and unsubstantiated information gets traded. They offer ways to learn more about your disease and to feel less isolated in your quest for wellness. But remember: No patient presents with the same case history as you do.

nutrition news: a crash course in building better eating habits

Last year, it was eat lots of carbs and lay off the proteins. This year, it's eat lots of protein and lay off the carbs. Cut through the hype. The secret is—always has been—moderate and sensible eating. We're not going to give you a lot of fancy numbers to memorize (what exactly is a milligram anyway?). If you incorporate one, just one, of the following tips, you'll be doing your body a favor:

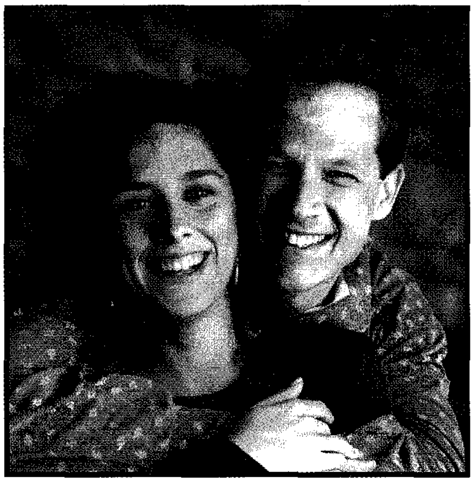
1. Drink eight over eight. That's eight servings of eight ounces of water a day—seltzer, bottled or New York City's finest (tap). Water helps clean out the system and eases digestion. "Most of us go through life dehydrated," says Natalie Barankewicz, M.S. R.D., a registered dietitian. You may discover that your headaches aren't from tension and your dry skin is not from age. Your body was just thirsty.

2. Up your fruits and veggies. After the umpteenth study that proved that more fruits and vegetables help prevent yet another condition (like cancer to heart disease), the American Heart Association released new recommendations for five daily servings of fruit and/or vegetables. Eat them cooked, raw, as juices, in a salad, or by themselves. Just eat them.

3. Eat more fiber. Whole grains, cereals and beans do as many good things for your body as fruits and vegetables. Actually fruits and vegetables count as fiber, too. Foods with fiber help your digestion, are rich in vitamins and minerals and they taste good, too. What more can you ask?

4. Cut back on salt. There's been a lot of back and forth on salt over the past few years. If you have sodium-sensitive conditions like high blood pressure you need to cut back. But, the truth is, we could all stand a little less salt. Try cooking with other herbs and spices, taste the dish before you salt it at the table, and especially read the labels on prepared, packaged foods, which rely on sodium for preservation. When you shop, try to opt for low-sodium choices.

5. Treat your bones to some calcium. Milk's goodness is not just for growing kids; it's also for those (especially women) who want to avoid osteoporosis. Studies indicate it may possibly lower blood pressure as well. With all the low-fat and calcium-fortified products on the market now, it's never been easier to increase calcium.



6. Lighten up on the fat. We won't tire you with the same old tirade about saturated fat and cholesterol. Suffice it to say, some fats are just not good for you. If you limit red meat and eggs, trim fat and skin before preparing any kind of meat, poultry or fish, bake or broil rather than fry, and increase lean meats such as turkey, chicken and low-fat fish, you'll be avoiding the fat that's not good for you. See, isn't that easy?

7. Decrease sugar consumption. With all the low-fat foods on the market, you may wonder why so many Americans are still battling the bulge. It's the sugar. Granted, sugar may not be the bad guy fat has proved to be, but calories are calories, and reduced-fat products rely on more sugar to make foods taste good. Try to use low-fat products as a treat and use sugar substitutes such as **NatraTaste®** in your hot or cold beverages or stove-top cooking. Your teeth will thank you, too.

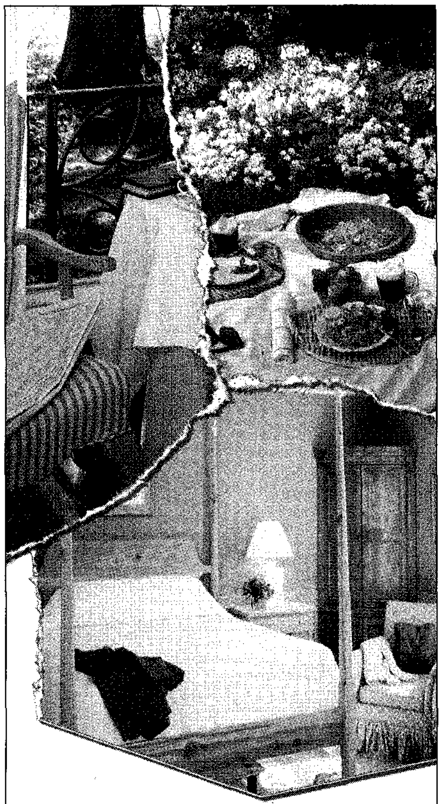
a low-fat smoothie

This Blueberry-Banana Yogurt Smoothie cuts back on sugar, is light on fat, and scores high with its complement of calcium and fruit. Now that's a sensible treat.

(four servings)
1 cup blueberries
1 banana
1/2 cup 1% low-fat milk
2 packets NatraTasta granulated sugar substitute
1 cup plain nonfat yogurt
1 cup ice (8 cubes)

In blender combine blueberries, banana, milk, NatraTaste and yogurt. Blend until smooth. Add ice cubes, one at a time, through opening in lid. Yogurt Smoothie will be velvety, thick, and frosty.

Per 8 oz. serving: 91 calories, 5 g protein, 1 g fat, 18 g carbohydrate, 3 mg cholesterol, 58 mg sodium. Diabetic exchanges are 1/2 milk and one fruit.



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stay in bed till noon,
play golf, play tennis,
eat light, eat hearty,
socialize, be alone,
exercise, don't move,
spa a lot, spa not—
do whatever you want,
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dramatic advances in modern heart care

There may be no one part of the body that captures our attention and our concern more than our hearts. And heart care affects everyone—of the 500,000 heart attack deaths that occur every year, more than 233,000 are women.

Eating smart, keeping fit, coping well with stress, and quitting bad habits (you know yours), go a long way in reducing our risk of heart disease. But for some, it's still not enough.

Thankfully, advances in cardiology continue to leap forward. "Years ago, we used to take pictures of clogged arteries and have surgeons operate on them," says Dr. Jeffrey W. Moses, Chief of Interventional Cardiology at **Lenox Hill Hospital.** "Now we don't just look, we intervene."

During the 1970s and until early in this decade, the major non-surgical intervention was balloon angioplasty. Doctors threaded a balloon into the narrowed coronary artery and inflated it. While balloon angioplasty usually worked in the short term, 40 percent of the cases experienced recurrence of the narrowing. A troubling four percent suffered serious complications during the procedure, sometimes leading to heart attack or emergency bypass surgery.

Heart care affects everyone. Luckily, advances in cardiology continue to leap forward at high speeds.

Within the last two years, a new technique has been developed and refined that vastly improves the odds of balloon angioplasty. Stents, stainless steel half-inch mesh sleeves that prop open blocked coronary arteries and keep them from reclosing, have rewritten the statistics:

"Ninety-five percent of the balloon angioplasty with stents are successful, the chances of emergency bypass surgery are almost negligible, and, most exciting of all, the recurrence rate has been cut by a third," says Dr. Moses. And stents aren't just a delaying tactic. "For many people, properly placed stents potentially stave off the need for surgery forever," says Dr. Moses.

Not bad for a procedure that continues to be done in a cardiac catheterization lab with a single overnight hospital stay. For more information, consult your cardiologist.

Fungus-free nails are a bare necessity.

Gorgeous feet have gorgeous nails. Healthy. Clear. Perfect.

Nail with advanced fungal infection

But if you've noticed your nails are turning colors (like white or yellow or brown) *and* they're getting thick or brittle or flaky, you've probably got what millions of people have: fungus-ridden nails.

So go for effective help from the *inside out* with oral Lamisil Tablets. Oral Lamisil works by attacking the fungus right where it lives: deep *inside*, under the nail at the base.

After taking oral Lamisil for 12 weeks, clearer, healthier toenails often grow in for many people. Because nails naturally grow slowly, it takes about 10 months for you to see totally new nails.

Prescription Lamisil may have some side effects for some people. In clinical studies, the most commonly reported were headache and gastrointestinal upset. In rare instances, adverse effects on the liver and serious skin reactions were reported, and therapy was discontinued. However, Lamisil is well tolerated by most people.

Call now to get your free, informative video, "Uncovering the Inside Story on Nail Fungus," plus a brochure on nail care and treatments.

1 800 803-9898

Lamisil® *Tablets*
(terbinafine HCl tablets) 250mg

The ultimate pedicure happens from the inside out

Please see patient information on the adjacent page.
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LMT-0796-B

PATIENT INFORMATION ABOUT LAMISIL® TABLETS

Generic name: terbinafine (tur-bin-uh-feen)

Please read this as well as any other information your doctor gives you about LAMISIL® (terbinafine HCl tablets) Tablets and fungal infections of the toenail or fingernail. Only a doctor or other qualified healthcare professional has the training necessary to determine if LAMISIL Tablets are right for you.

What are LAMISIL Tablets?

LAMISIL Tablets are a prescription medicine for the treatment of onychomycosis (on-ee-ko-mi-ko-sis).

What is onychomycosis?

Onychomycosis is a fungal infection of fingernails or toenails. Because the fungus infects the area underneath the nail and in the place where the nail forms, it can be very stubborn and difficult to cure. The infection may cause some or all of the following: the nail can turn colors like white, yellow or brown, and become thickened and brittle. Additionally, it may be painful for some people.

How do LAMISIL Tablets work?

When you take LAMISIL Tablets, the active ingredient, terbinafine, travels to the infected area under the toenail or fingernail. Because terbinafine accumulates and lingers in the area of the nail that is growing, it can continue to work for months even after your prescription is finished, allowing the nail to heal naturally over a period of time.

How to take LAMISIL Tablets

Patients take one 250 mg tablet per day (it may be taken with or without food). You should follow your doctor's advice on how to take LAMISIL Tablets. Be sure to take the complete course of your medicine. For toenail infections, treatment time is 12 weeks. For fingernail infections, treatment time is 6 weeks. It is important to note that the complete healing process often takes at least 10 to 12 months for toenails and 4 months for fingernails. This is due to the length of time it takes for the new nails to grow in.

Who should not take LAMISIL Tablets

LAMISIL Tablets should not be taken by anyone allergic to any of its ingredients.

You should be aware of these warnings and precautions when taking LAMISIL Tablets

- As with all medications, you should discuss any side effects you experience with your doctor or healthcare professional.
- Rare instances of serious liver problems or skin reactions have been reported in patients using LAMISIL Tablets. In such cases, treatment with LAMISIL should be discontinued. Your doctor may ask you to undergo tests before and during treatment with LAMISIL Tablets.
- In clinical studies, 0.9% of patients taking LAMISIL Tablets discontinued therapy because of a skin rash. In rare cases, these skin reactions could indicate a serious side effect. If you notice a rash, stop taking LAMISIL and call your doctor.
- Isolated cases of decreases in white blood cell count have been reported. In all of the reported cases to date, these have been reversible.
- Patients with liver disease or kidney problems should not take LAMISIL Tablets.
- If you have problems with your immune system, your doctor may need to monitor your white blood cell count carefully if you take LAMISIL Tablets for more than 6 weeks. In some cases, LAMISIL therapy may need to be discontinued.
- Changes in the retina and lens of the eye have been reported following the use of LAMISIL. The significance of these changes is not known. In clinical studies, 0.9% of patients discontinued taking LAMISIL because of visual disturbances.
- The tumor-causing potential of LAMISIL has been examined in numerous studies in mice, rats, dogs, and monkeys. Male rats, given a daily dosage approximately 13.8 times the maximum recommended human dose based on body weight, showed a marginal increase in the incidence of liver tumors. No increase in tumors was noted in a wide range of studies in mice, dogs, and monkeys. These tests suggest that this is a finding specific to rats.
- No studies with pregnant women have been done to evaluate the safety of LAMISIL Tablets. Because treatment of onychomycosis can be delayed until after pregnancy is completed, LAMISIL Tablets should not be taken by pregnant women.
- The active ingredient of LAMISIL Tablets, terbinafine, is present in the breast milk of nursing mothers. Therefore, LAMISIL Tablets should not be taken by nursing mothers.
- No studies have been done in children to evaluate the safety of LAMISIL Tablets.
- Talk to your doctor or healthcare professional before combining LAMISIL Tablets with any other medications. Certain medications, including Tagamet®,[*] Seldane®,[†] and rifampin may affect the rate at which LAMISIL is eliminated from the body. However, unlike some other antifungal medications, LAMISIL Tablets has been used safely with many commonly prescribed medications, such as Seldane®, Lanoxin®,[‡] or Coumadin®[§].

Possible side effects

Most patients tolerate treatment with LAMISIL Tablets very well. However, like all prescription drugs, LAMISIL Tablets may cause some side effects in some people. These side effects, as determined by three clinical studies, were mild and in general did not lead to discontinuation of treatment with LAMISIL Tablets. The most commonly reported side effects were headache, which occurred in 12.9% of patients, gastrointestinal symptoms, including diarrhea (5.6%), upset stomach (4.3%), taste disturbances (2.8%), nausea (2.6%), abdominal pain (2.4%), flatulence (2.2%), rash (5.6%), itching (2.8%), hives (1.1%), and abnormalities in laboratory tests of liver enzymes (3.3%). In some cases, these complaints were no more frequent than in patients taking placebo (sugar pill).

LAMISIL Tablets were prescribed only for you. Do not share LAMISIL Tablets with anyone else. Keep LAMISIL Tablets and all other medications away from children. For more information about LAMISIL Tablets and fingernail or toenail fungal infections, talk to your doctor or other healthcare professional.

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[*] Tagamet (cimetidine) is a registered trademark of SmithKline Beecham Pharmaceuticals.

[†] Seldane (terfenadine) is a registered trademark of Hoechst Marion Roussel, Inc.

[‡] Lanoxin (digoxin) is a registered trademark of Glaxo Wellcome Inc.

[§] Coumadin (warfarin) is a registered trademark of DuPont Pharma.

NOVARTIS

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April 1997

achoo! achoo! fight fall allergies

You sneezed your way through March and April and you called it hay fever. You sneezed your way through May and June and you called it hay fever. July was sneeze-free, but all of a sudden in August you're at it again. So, where exactly is the hay?

In the world of allergies, misnomers abound. In our area, tree pollen is the culprit of early spring, grass pollen of early summer. "Now you've got ragweed to thank for your suffering," says Dr. Myron Zitt, a Long Island allergist.

In early September, your symptoms—sneezing, throat irritation, and itchy, watery eyes—are at their peak. They'll subside soon, but may not disappear until the first frost.

Your allergic reactions are caused by a case of "mistaken identify" within your immune system, the defense system your body launches against outside invaders. For some reason, your body has misinterpreted harmless grains of pollen as serious threats, releasing a series of chemical weapons — called histamines. Histamines are the culprits that cause all the unpleasant symptoms.

minimize exposure

Untreated, allergies may get worse within the season and with each passing season. Allergic symptoms build on themselves—the more irritated your body gets, the more sensitive you become to the various allergens.

So what to do? You could stay inside, but that probably wouldn't be practical. You can minimize your exposure by leaving your air-conditioning on, especially at night to avoid the peak morning pollen drifting in through open windows. The best strategy, however, is medication.

If you are plagued by allergies—sneezing, itchy eyes, and a stuffy nose—don't despair any longer.

Antihistamines are oral medications that negate the histamines' effect. Such medication not only relieves symptoms, but acts to stop the misery from escalating.

Antihistamines have been around for some time and some types are available over-the-counter. These drugs are effective, but they have unpleasant side effects—drowsiness, fatigue and a tendency to dehydrate your body.

help is on the way

A brand-new antihistamine, called **Allegra**, is now available by prescription and does an excellent job of short-circuiting your symptoms but without the side effects. Taken as prescribed, Allegra will give you non-drowsy relief and not wear off as the day goes on. Ask your primary care physician about Allegra, or ask for a referral to an allergist. Life's too short and New York's autumn too lovely to lose a whole season to allergies.

allergy assistance:

for more information on living with allergies, call:

american lung association
(800) 586-4872

asthma and allergy foundation
(202) 466-7643

national jewish center for immunology and respiratory medicine
(800) 222-5864

national institute of allergy and infectious diseases
(301) 496-5717

immunizations are for adults, too!

Immunizations are just for babies? Not so; many adults can benefit from various vaccines to prevent disease both here and abroad.

You're probably familiar with the influenza virus vaccine, commonly called the "flu shot." "While the flu shot is officially recommended for people over the age of 65, those with chronic medical problems, or those who work in health care, more adults from the general population seem to be signing up each year," says Dr. William M. Lipsky, an infectious disease specialist at **The Parkway Hospital**. "Because we all have contact with older adults or someone with a chronic condition, it's not a bad idea for everyone to consider the vaccine," says Dr. Lipsky.

Each spring the Centers for Disease Control and other world health organizations evaluate the kinds of influenza strains they think are going to be most prevalent during the upcoming winter season. In other words, this year's shot is "fine-tuned" for what will most likely be 1998's major flu bugs.

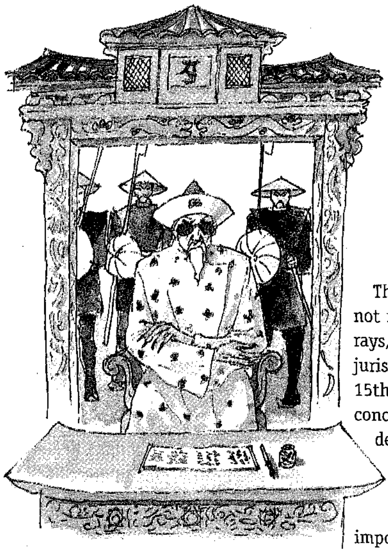
Since the vaccine is generally only effective six to eight months, timing is important. Dr. Lipsky recommends getting a flu shot in late October/early November to give your body time to build up the antibodies and ensure that they'll last the whole season. Side effects include some fever, mild malaise, and perhaps some soreness at the sight of the injection.

Other vaccines you may want to consider are these:

- **Tetanus.** We're supposed to get a booster every 10 years or when we're exposed to a wound. It's also a good idea to make sure you've had one in the last five years if you're traveling to a developing country. If you're a woman over the age of 60, double-check with your doctor about when you received your last tetanus shot. "Studies have found that men are more likely to be updated on their tetanus shot because they get injured more and, thus, get the shot automatically in an emergency room," says Dr. Eileen Hilton, Director of the **Travel Immunization Center at the Long Island Jewish Medical Center.**

- **Hepatitis B.** This shot is now routinely given to children, but is also recommended for adults who are at risk for the disease through blood and sexual transmissions.
- **Pneumococcal vaccine.** This shot prevents streptococcus pneumonia and is only recommended for those 65 years or older or those with chronic conditions.
- **Chicken pox.** The FDA recently approved the chicken pox vaccine, but there has been no formal recommendations for its use. However, if you never had chicken pox as a child or if you're not sure, consult with your doctor. Getting chicken pox as an adult is serious since the side effects for adults can be deadly, including severe pneumonia.
- **Vaccines for certain diseases if you plan on traveling abroad.** Polio, meningitis, hepatitis A, typhoid, cholera, rabies, encephalitis—it reads like a list of horrors. But these diseases and others are prevalent in other parts of the world, especially in developing countries. If you're traveling abroad you may be required or recommended to get certain vaccines. Call Long Island Jewish Travel Immunization Center (718-470-4415) for a specific list of what's needed for your destination.

Should I or shouldn't I get the shot? That's the question thousands of Americans face each year at flu season. Here's who should.

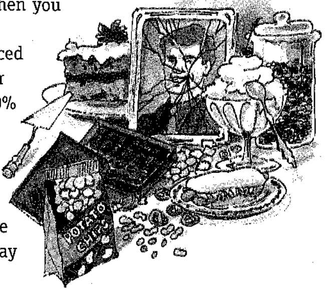


Sunglasses were first used for something other than protection from the sun. What was it?

The first use of tinted glasses was not for helping deal with the sun's rays, but rather for criminal jurisprudence. Chinese judges in the 15th century used tinted glasses to conceal their expressions from defendants, preferring to remain inscrutable until the trial's conclusion.

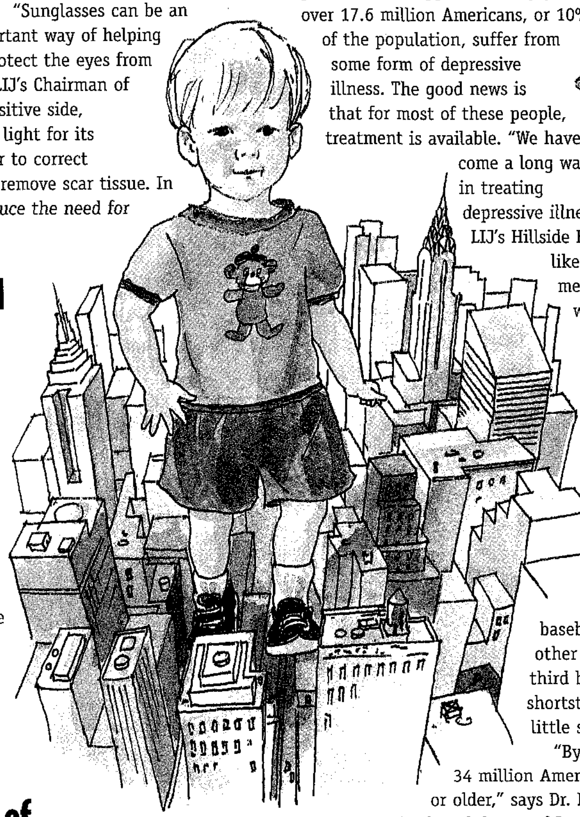
"Sunglasses can be an important way of helping to protect the eyes from potentially harmful UV radiation," says LIJ's Chairman of Ophthalmology, Dr. Ira Udell. "On the positive side, ophthalmologists are now harnessing UV light for its beneficial effects, using the excimer laser to correct nearsightedness and astigmatism and to remove scar tissue. In some patients, this may eliminate or reduce the need for glasses or contact lenses."

Which food is perfect for a broken heart?



Broken hearts mend over time, but you can actually help yourself feel a little better with chocolate. Studies have shown that chocolate contains *Phenylethylamine*, the same chemical produced by the brain when you fall in love.

While most of us have experienced periods of unhappiness, every year over 17.6 million Americans, or 10% of the population, suffer from some form of depressive illness. The good news is that for most of these people, treatment is available. "We have come a long way in treating depressive illness," says Dr. John Kane, Chairman of LIJ's Hillside Hospital. "Today, through treatments like psychotherapy and anti-depressant medication, the vast majority of people with depression can be helped."



What innovative surgical technique at LIJ helps kids grow?

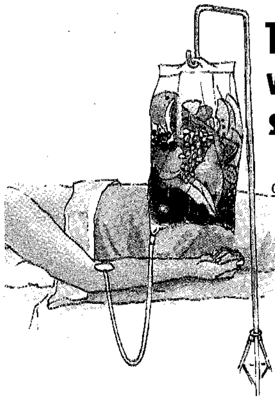
Most kids will tell you that they want to be "grown-up." But for some, growing can be a difficult, sometimes impossible dream. "We see kids whose bones are not doing the job they should be doing," says Dr. Thomas Palmieri, an LIJ community-based Hand Surgeon. "Sometimes their limbs are shortened or one limb is longer than the other." A new surgical technique at LIJ is changing all that. "We implant a special rod that screws into the bone. Then, with the help of parents or friends, the screw is turned 1/4 millimeter, 4 times a day. The result is growth...and some very happy children."

Which professional athletes have a lifespan that's longer than the general population's?

An intriguing study by a major insurance company shows that baseball players live longer than most other people, and among baseball players, third basemen seem to live longest, with shortstops and catchers coming up a little shorter.

"By the year 2000, 34 million Americans will be age 65 or older," says Dr. Howard O. Kerpen, an LIJ community-based doctor of Internal Medicine and Nephrology. "An important part of their health care will be the kind they can deliver to themselves. Through aerobic and resistance exercise, people over 65 can help prevent cardiovascular disease and muscle atrophy."

Since women live an average of 7 years longer than men, it would seem that if you were a woman and you played third base...



The juice of which fruit was used as a substitute for blood plasma?

During World War I on the island of Fiji, doctors discovered that in an emergency, the juice of a young coconut was a good substitute for blood plasma. Today, LIJ doctors are working on new ways of improving the flow of blood through the body. "We're able to help more and more people with vascular disease," says Dr. Glenn Faust of LIJ's Vascular Institute. "It's important to remember that vascular problems may not be heart problems. Vascular problems can threaten limbs. They can cause strokes, kidney failure, gangrene and abdominal aortic aneurysms. Fortunately, we've made great strides in their treatment and cure."

LIJ

You have lots of questions concerning your health. At Long Island Jewish Medical Center we have over 1,500 highly skilled physicians in a wide range of specialties to answer them. Choose from our full-time faculty or an LIJ physician right in your community.

Long Island Jewish Medical Center

For a doctor near you, call:

1-888-LIJ-DOCS

24 HOUR PHYSICIAN REFERRAL LINE

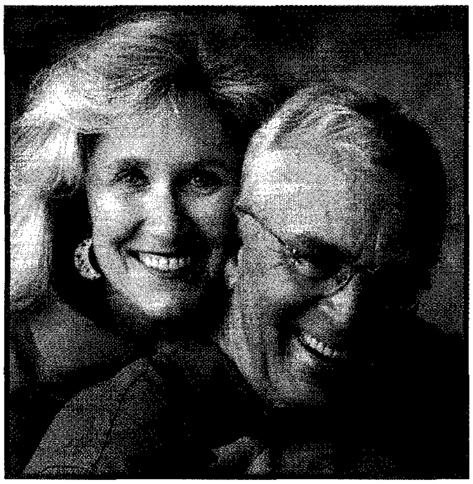
better to see you with, my dear better to hear you with, too

By age 65, about one-third of all adults experience some hearing loss. The most common of which is called presbycusis, or age-related hearing loss. A thorough exam will determine whether a hearing problem is simply a matter of wax buildup in the ear canal, an easily remedied situation. Vision, too, declines for most people during middle age, says Dr. Liviu Saimovici, of **Advanced Eye Care Associates**. More light is necessary to see well, and farsightedness becomes more problematic. Fortunately, the medical community has developed a range of high-tech aids to improve both the eyesight and hearing to astounding degrees.

technology to the rescue

Little Red Riding Hood's wolf may have had big eyes and big ears, but today's advances in vision and hearing are small, really small.

We're talking microscopic etching made by super-fine lasers that subtly change the shape of the eye and correct nearsightedness and astigmatism. We're talking micro-computerization that makes today's hearing aids discreet and more effective than ever before. Big can be better, but when it comes to eyes and ears, micro rules.



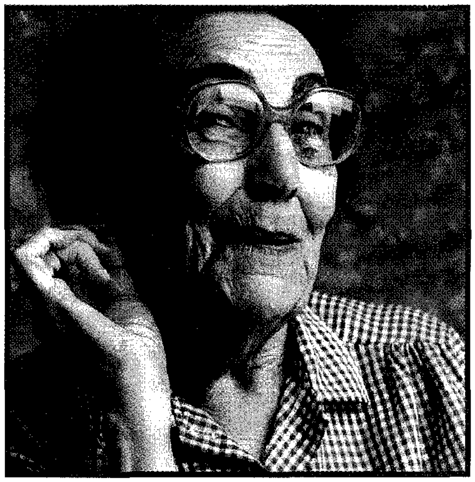
throw away your glasses

"If you're nearsighted or have an astigmatism, there's near-miraculous procedures being performed that can surgically correct such vision problems," says Dr. John Seedor, a surgeon at **New York Eye and Ear Infirmary**.

The newest miracle is called LASIK, laser assisted insitu keratomileusis. Surgeons use a blade to shave a tiny hinged cap off the surface of the cornea. When the cap is lifted, a laser treats the corneal bed and delicately fine-tunes its shape. The cap is just placed back on—without stitches of any kind—and patients walk out of the office (that's right, not hospital) with better vision. "Because there's not a big abrasion on the surface, LASIK is much less painful and heals more quickly than any other surgical procedure yet developed to reshape the eye," says Dr. Seedor.

listen up!

The whistling, bulky hearing aid your grandfather wore has been improved upon in a big, or should we say, tiny way. Elizabeth Davis, coordinator of the hearing aid dispensary at New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, credits micro-computerization with much of the advances. "Programmable hearing aids came to the market about eight years ago. Patients have the flexibility to change the program of their frequency by remote control to, say, adjust from a one-on-one conversation in a quiet room to discussion in a more noisy, crowded environment."

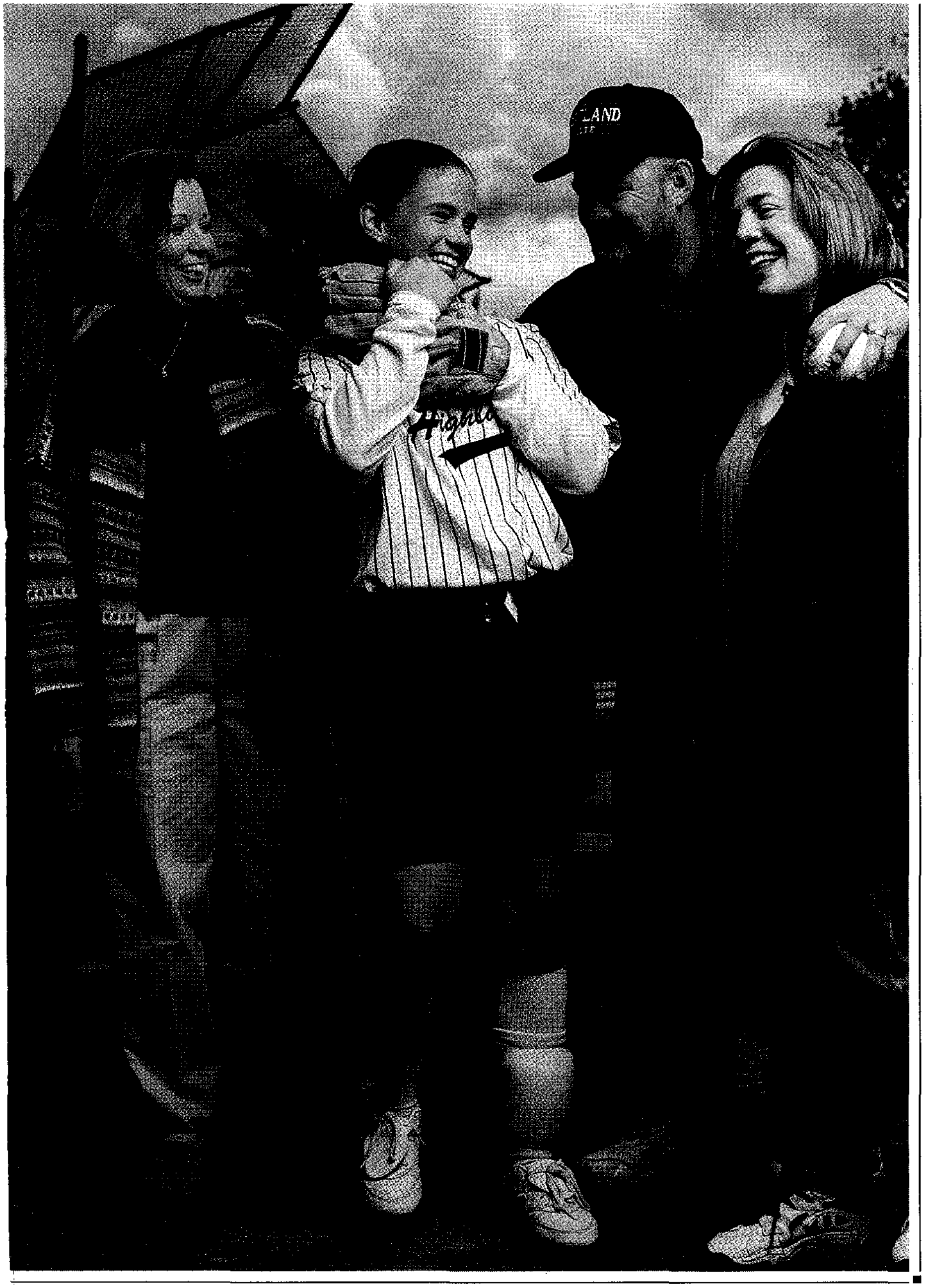


The very newest advance is a digital hearing aid, which automatically adjusts itself to the sound being heard. Patients are not required to flip a switch and the digital sound quality is very clear.

Even without such bells and whistles, today's no-frills hearing aid is still an improvement over Granddad's. It does a better job of amplifying and it's smaller and more cosmetically appealing.

By middle age, most Americans will experience problems with hearing and eyesight. New advances can help.

Because our cancer specialists made the right diagnosis, this husband and father is still in the picture.



The brain tumor diagnosis that Keith Monahan's local doctors made led them to a "wait and see" approach. An approach which could have ended up being as dangerous as the cancer itself. Fortunately, he got another opinion from the experts at Memorial Sloan-Kettering.

The 20 brain tumor specialists on our review board work together to develop a treatment plan in cases like Keith's. And each one of those specialists sees more cancer cases in a year than most doctors see in a lifetime.

That experience really paid off for Keith. Because our brain tumor team quickly determined that Keith's survival depended on starting radiation and chemotherapy immediately. We also used an innovative treatment to bolster his immune system, so that Keith could tolerate full doses of chemotherapy with minimal side effects.

That was back in 1990. Today, Keith is healthy, working and enjoying family life more than ever. Living proof that Memorial Sloan-Kettering is the first—and only—hospital to come to if you have cancer.

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Keith's doctors used a protein (GCSF) which the scientists at Memorial Sloan-Kettering discovered and helped develop for patient use. It enables patients to maintain healthy white blood counts to sustain the immune system during chemotherapy.

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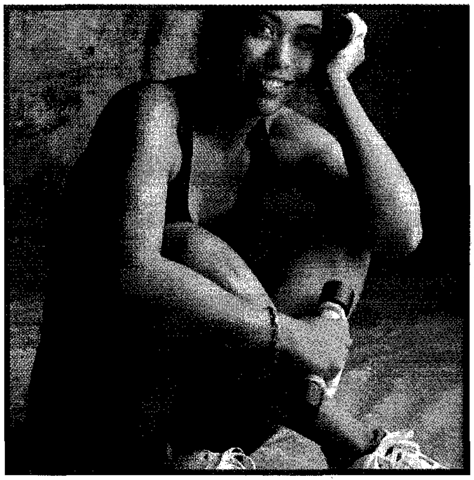
putting your best foot forward

As if bearing the entire weight of the body weren't stressful enough, your feet are especially vulnerable to the indignity of fungal infection. Foot fungus is more than ugly and irritating; it's easily spread and notoriously hard to get rid of. Fortunately, we now have more effective and safer ways to fight fungal infection than ever.



The same organism that causes athlete's foot, characterized by itchy cracks between the toes, is also responsible for thickening and discoloration of toenails, as well as the scaly patches on the body called ringworm.

"Fungal organisms are everywhere," says New York dermatologist **Jerome L. Shupack, M.D.** "We can't avoid being exposed to them, but we can take steps to lower susceptibility." A small break in the skin, or in the attachment of the nail plate to the nail bed—often caused by tight shoes—can create convenient entry for organisms.

Preventive measures include washing feet well and rinsing and drying thoroughly (traces of soap left between the toes can irritate and break down the skin). Wear shoes that fit and sprinkle anti-fungal powder in shoes, even if you aren't infected.

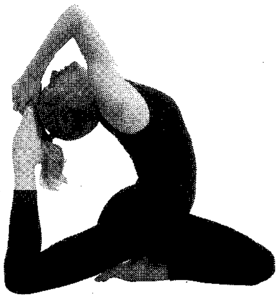
Fungus can travel from the feet to other warm, moist parts of the body such as groin, armpits, or underneath the breasts; one common route is via your bath towel. "It's important to take care of the feet for the sake of the entire body," Dr. Shupack points out.

If you notice signs of possible fungal infection—such as itching, scaling, cracks, thickening, blistering or other distortion of skin or nails—consult a dermatologist or podiatrist for a diagnosis. (These symptoms may also indicate psoriasis or another condition requiring a different treatment.)

"A mild fungal infection between the toes can usually be taken care of with a prescription cream called **Lamisil®**," says Dr. Shupack. "But if the infection is more severe—causing thick skin on the heel, for instance—oral medication may be necessary. And when the nail is involved, the only thing that will cure it is pills."

Unlike previously available oral medications—which could cause liver toxicity when taken long-term and interacted with a number of other drugs—oral Lamisil has an excellent cure rate without these side effects. Drug treatment typically lasts at least four months, so that the drug can bind to the nail plate and affect the nail as it grows out. However, Lamisil can be taken conveniently in "pulse form," for just one week each month.

Once the infection has been knocked out, topical Lamisil may be recommended for daily use. This preventive measure, along with anti-fungal powder and careful foot hygiene, is a good way to keep fungus from getting another toehold.



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healthy hands

For countless American workers who spend an exorbitant amount of their work time at a computer or performing other repetitive tasks, the risk of developing Carpal Tunnel Syndrome is greatly increased.

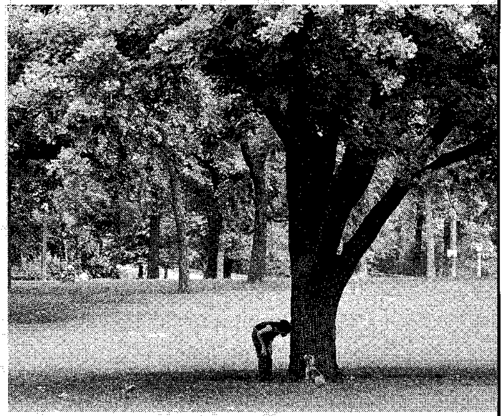
Carpal Tunnel Syndrome is a disorder that affects the hands and wrists. The carpal bones are small wrist bones that, along with a ligament just under the skin, form a tunnel. Through this tunnel passes the median nerve, which provides sensation to the first three or four fingers as well as muscle control to the thumb. When inflammation and swelling arise in the wrist joint, muscles, or nearby tendons, nerve communication to and from the hand can be impeded. The result is discomfort and pain in the hand, wrists, and sometimes the arm.

If you experience pain, tingling, or numbness in all the fingers except the pinkie, you may be at risk. Symptoms typically worsen at night and may even awaken you from sleep. In addition, your fingers may swell and you may also experience weakness in the hand and an inability to grasp objects without difficulty.

A physical or occupational therapist can help you learn how to reduce wrist stress with splints and exercise. You can also take frequent breaks at work, and make sure that your workstation is properly aligned so that you decrease stress to the hands. At the first signs of tingling and pain, consult your physician. In the most extreme cases, hand surgery may be a viable option.

WHAT FEELS LIKE ASTHMA COULD BE CYSTIC FIBROSIS. WHAT FEELS LIKE A SINUS PROBLEM COULD BE AN IMMUNE PROBLEM.

OR NOT.



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spa stress-relievers—not just a luxury anymore

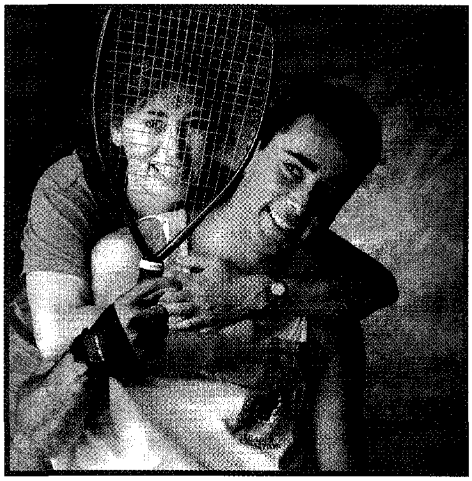
Massage, facials, personal trainers—the services of a good spa are not just perks for the rich and pampered. Thanks in part to the influence of holistic health care and a growing body of research that indicates our minds and bodies are really connected (you knew that all the time, didn't you?), more people, particularly in urban centers like New York, are turning to spa services as an important way to de-stress.

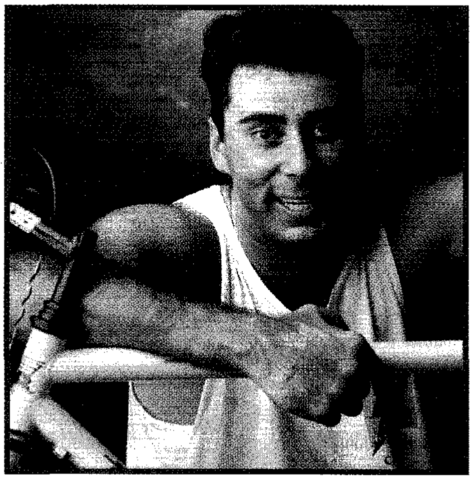
Marie Saunders, Spa Director of the **Norwich Inn & Spa**, a destination resort and day spa, has noticed the shift. "People come in today saying, 'I need this.'"

If you're not quite ready to set up weekly massages or commit to a daily fitness trainer (and lucky you, if you are), there are still effective ways to use the professional expertise of a spa experience. What follows are some of Saunders' suggestions on how to improve a home routine or for regular salon "tune-ups" of both body and mind.

real-world relaxation

- **Massage:** In an ideal world, you would get a massage every two weeks—and plenty of us do, particularly if we're prone to back and neckaches. However, even an occasional massage, say during or right after a very stressful period, can provide both immediate physical benefits, as well as time to focus on yourself. "We're constantly sending emergency messages to our body; we're shallow breathers and we're bombarded with stress signals," notes Saunders. Find it hard to relax on your own? Try daily meditation and deep breathing exercises, or head Downtown to **SoHo Sanctuary** for an expert massage.
- **Facials:** In this area of the country with its pollution and extreme seasons, it makes sense to get a professional facial whenever the weather changes (like now). After your facial, ask the expert how you can improve your daily skin-care routine.





- **Aromatherapy:** "The sense of smell is the most powerful entrance to the body's central nervous system," says Saunders. At home, fill your world with soothing potpourri, scented candles and essential oils. A professional aromatherapy session can teach you about scents and touchpoints on your body.

Massage, facials, personal trainers—the services of a spa—are not just for the rich and pampered.

formula for fitness

- **Personal fitness trainer:** If you're not fit, you need to be; good health demands it. There's no better jump-start to an exercise program than a consultation with a fitness trainer who can tailor an at-home program. If you are fit, checking with a professional twice a year or more can ensure that your program is adapting to your improving strength and flexibility. To get the most out of an at-home workout, consult the pros at **Omni Fitness**. These exercise physiologists and fitness experts will demonstrate the most state-of-the-art equipment currently available for home use.
- **Low-stress workouts:** Yoga, **Callanetics**, and other low-stress workouts are an excellent way to keep fit while improving overall flexibility. An added bonus is the level of serenity and relaxation that follow. The Asians, who have practiced Tai Chi for centuries, can attest to the overall benefits of these exercises. Many people underestimate the value of low-stress workouts, but studies have shown that these workouts are no joke.

exercise your options

The American Heart Association says that "even modest amounts of exercise can be helpful, if done regularly and long-term." This means that you don't have to kill yourself in your quest to stay fit. In fact, if you engage in 30 minutes or more of moderate activity, such as brisk walking, jogging, or biking (3 to 4 miles per hour), at least 5 days per week, this is enough to provide substantial cardiovascular and fitness benefits.

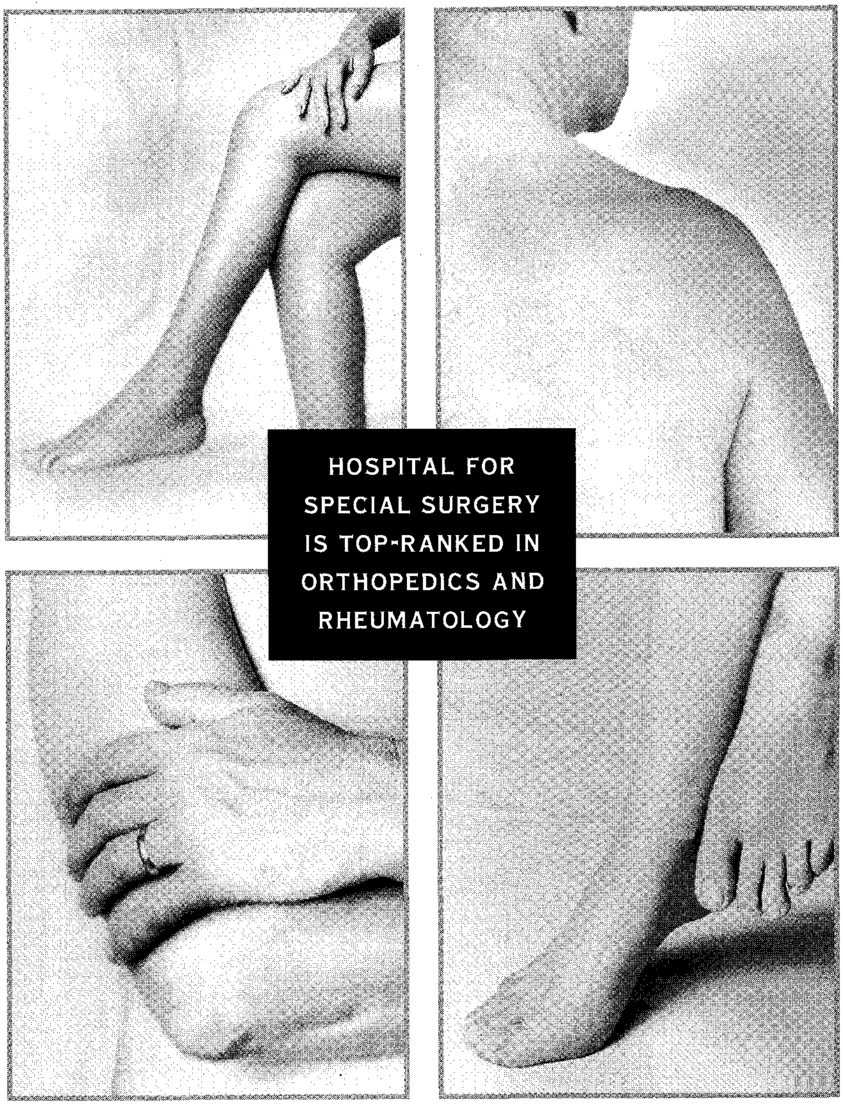
Most regular aerobic exercise—regardless of degree of exertion—helps fight stress and fatigue by strengthening heart, lowering blood pressure, improving circulation, increasing muscle strength, and boosting lung capacity.

The payoff is huge. Exercise makes the body leaner, the bones stronger, the joints more flexible, the digestion and elimination more efficient, and sleep deeper. In addition, exercise touts a slew of mental health benefits, among them the ability to fight of bouts of depression, an increase in self-esteem, and even improved overall concentration.

Most exercise—walking, jogging, in-line skating—requires very little in terms of start-up expenses. In the long-run, however, just about any form of exercise will provide immeasurable returns in terms of your physical health and mental wellness.

If you've been putting off exercise due to an injury or accident, the specialists at the **Hospital for Special Surgery** can help put you back in the game. After all, if they can help the Mets and the Giants, they can help you, too.

MOVEMENT CAN BE PAINLESS AGAIN



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latest trends in cosmetic surgery

You probably have some idea what liposuction is, a technique to remove unwanted fat deposits from specific areas of the body. Chances are you're also familiar with rhinoplasty, surgery to reshape the nose. Maybe you have even considered such procedures or have already benefited from their enhancing effects.

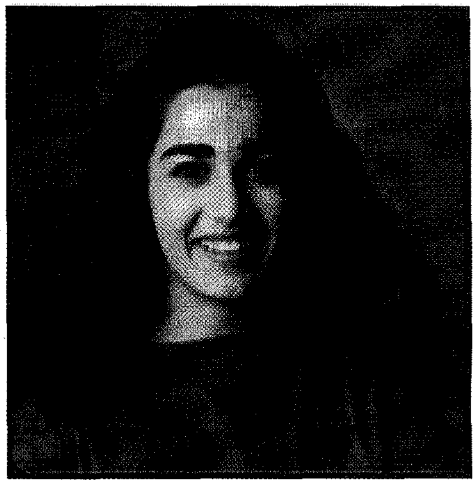
But the world of aesthetic surgery, like the rest of health care, is constantly changing says the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons. If you're shopping for a surgeon, you should be aware how these developments might help you:

- **Morphing**, the process of seamlessly shifting one image to another using computer simulation, was made famous by movies such as "Terminator 2." Plastic surgeons are using the technique to show prospective patients possible results of various procedures. Morphing is not a guaranteed preview of how you will look after surgery, but for many people, it may serve as a provocative indicator of the results.
- **Endoscopic plastic surgery** can reduce scarring, pain, and recovery time. The endoscope—a tubular probe fitted with a tiny camera and inserted through small slits in the skin—is used in a rapidly growing number of plastic surgery procedures. The endoscope allows surgeons to insert breast implants through the naval or armpit, to inspect breast implants for leakage, to harvest tissue to repair damage elsewhere, perform forehead lifts, face-lifts, and abdominoplasties (tummy tucks), as well as provide relief from carpal tunnel syndrome.

- **Laser surgery** can provide an alternative to the more invasive scalpel. In the past decade, laser technology has revolutionized several areas of plastic surgery. Lasers are used to remove or diminish imperfections with a minimum of scarring, and can be used to remove tattoos, birthmarks, age marks, warts, etc.

There are also less-invasive procedures to improve the skin:

- **Retinoic Acid.** Commonly known as Retin-A, this vitamin A derivative is available by prescription only. Originally used to treat acne, Retin-A was found to be an effective means for exfoliating the top layer of skin, revealing a smoother, pinker layer underneath. Since this skin has not yet been exposed to the sun's rays, it has fewer lines or age spots. It takes approximately three to four months to see any real changes, and during this time the skin may appear red, irritated, and flaky. One caveat: after treatment, Retin-A makes the skin extremely sensitive to the sun, therefore, you must use a sunscreen religiously in order to protect new skin.
- **Collagen Injections** are used to replace the body's natural collagen, which provides a support for the skin. The injections (of bovine collagen) are used to plump up the skin up from underneath, filling in wrinkles and creases around the nose, mouth, eyes, and forehead. The deeper the creases and wrinkles, the more collagen is required to achieve desired results. These injections are generally considered safe, although they have shown to produce allergic reactions in some people. To be safe, ask your dermatologist to test the injections on a small patch of skin before proceeding. Unfortunately, injected collagen is gradually absorbed by the body and must be repeated every six to 18 months in order to sustain results.



Cosmetic surgery has entered the high-tech age, using new advances to make procedures easier, more accessible, and less expensive.

hair and nail care

The hair and nails are two of the most visible parts of your body. That's why it's important to maintain their health through good grooming.

For women, hair loss is an embarrassing problem. While proper nutrition is important for normal hair growth, there is no evidence that food supplements, vitamins, or other products can actually grow hair. There are, however, professional hair replacement salons, such as **LeMetric** and **Sequence**, that provide extremely successful hair replacement options.

Hair loss is often accompanied by lines and pitting on the nails. Experts explain that the nails frequently mirror a range of physical and emotional ills. Severe infections, stress, or long-term insomnia, for instance, may show up as lines and ridges on the nails. Thick, yellow nails can signal certain thyroid, lymph, and respiratory diseases. Blue nails can signal circulatory problems, and white nails can indicate cirrhosis of the liver. The nails can also be damaged by daily tasks, such as cleaning with harsh detergents and frequent use of nail polish remover, nail acrylics, or glues.

On the flip side, there's the problem of too much hair. For this, electrolysis is the only permanent solution currently available. Your best bet is to go with pros like **Allana of New York** and **Tipaz Electrolysis** where the facilities are sparkling clean, the technicians are expertly skilled, and the equipment is state of the art.

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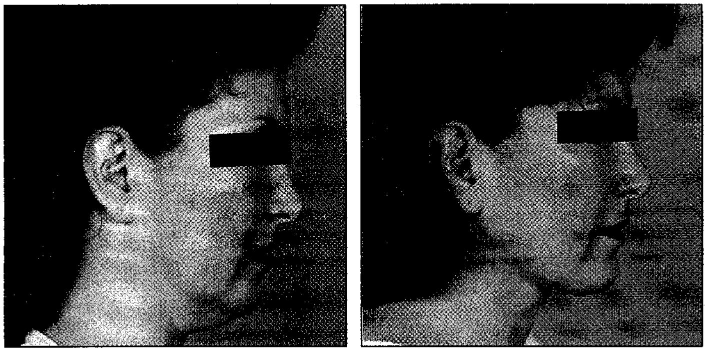

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"I'm very proud that we received such a high grade from the Joint Commission," said Alan P. Zeitlin, M.D., F.A.C.S., president of the Board of Directors at Parkway. He added that the marks are a public recognition of what this community hospital has strived for and achieved. "It is no surprise that our patients receive the best possible care and our resources are being managed efficiently and effectively."

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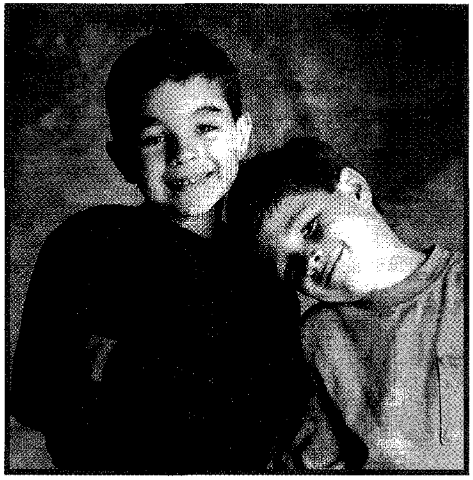

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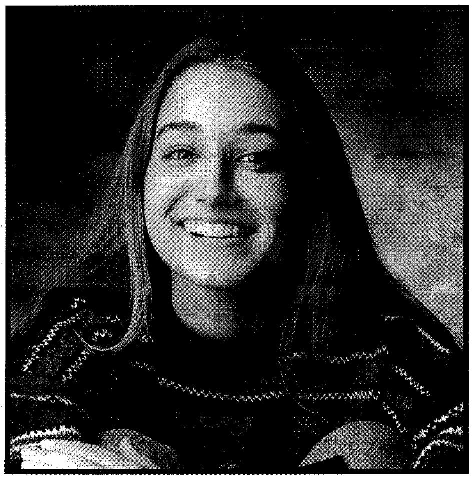

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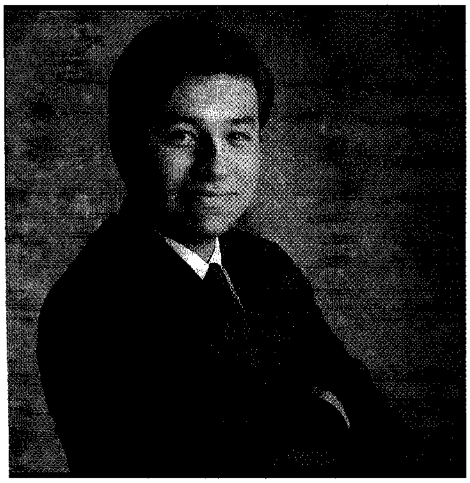

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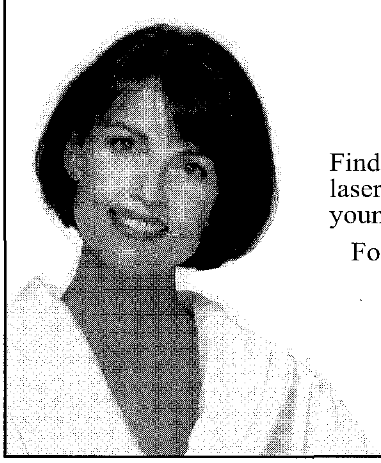

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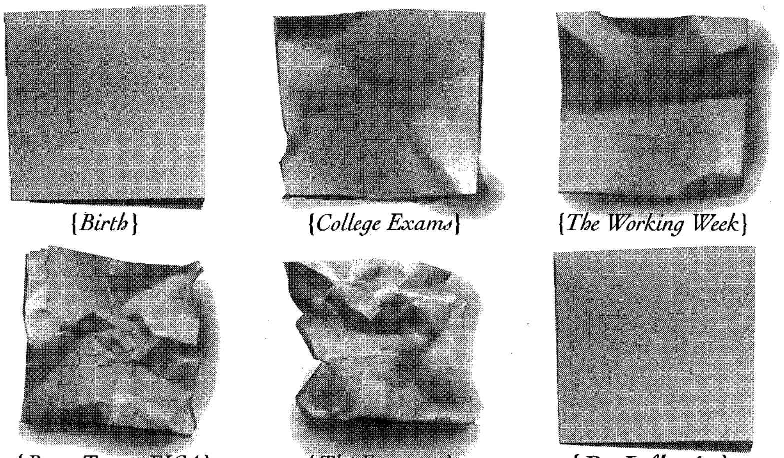
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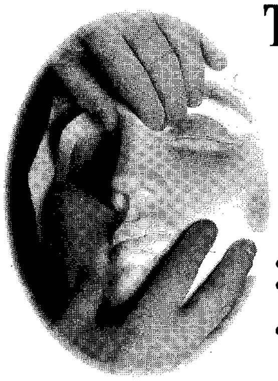
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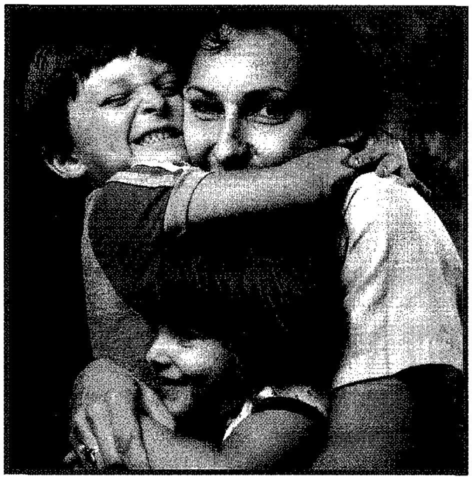

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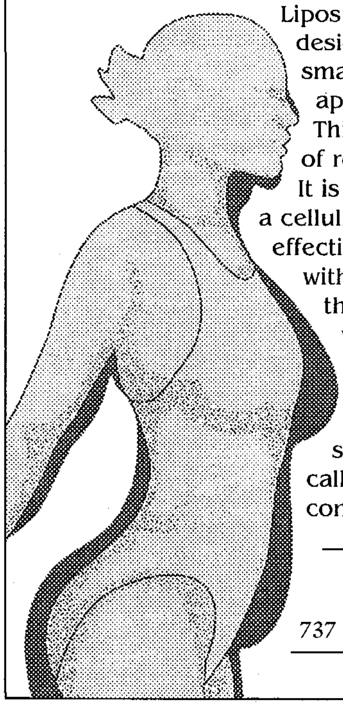

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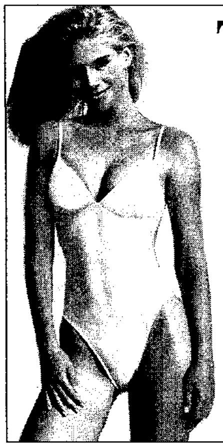

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Denby *continued from page 54*

to prove that Brackett is straight, he mugs and struts like a lumberjack. In his best moment, he breaks into a paroxysm of disco dancing, the movements just bursting out of him in uncontrollable spasms. It's as good a metaphor for orgasm as we are ever likely to see in movies, and it may make Kevin Kline a movie star at last.

Tom Selleck has finally found his way in movies, too. His TV reporter is a second-rate journalist but an honest man, and Selleck, relieved, perhaps, not to be playing an action hero, revels in good-natured candor. Joan Cusack, in an enormous, billowing wedding dress, has one of those abandoned-at-the-altar scenes that could be nothing but a cliché, but she drives the moment so wildly and operatically over the top that she triumphs, too. The laughs arrive in volleys, though many of them are cheaply earned. Rudnick's surface-is-all dramaturgy links his work to classic farce; it also links his work, at its most facile, to television, and far too often *In & Out* feels like a slightly giddy sitcom, with overbright lighting and huggable moments for every character.

Rudnick and Oz and producer Scott Rudin have made this sexual-identity comedy as American as Indiana corn. Their desire for acceptance of gays is inseparable from their desire for the acceptance of their picture as a commercial comedy. The emotional ending to *In & Out*, which turns into a gay rally, may be as melodramatic and silly as anything in the putative *To Serve and Protect*. Still, there's that kiss between Selleck and Kline. People looking for boldness will seize on that kiss. The rest of us will have to live with it in every Oscar-night collage of Hollywood's most romantic moments.

The Game, A GRIMLY SPORTIVE NEW THRILLER directed by David Fincher (*Seven*), has the look and feel of postindustrial paranoia. Michael Douglas's San Francisco tycoon, Nicholas Van Orton, lives in a world of steel-gray corporate corridors; he drives a black BMW down darkened streets and resides in a vast, lugubrious mansion with innumerable empty rooms. The colors and the constricted, shadowed look are meant, of course, to suggest the deathly spiritual condition of the hero, a man who might as well be spending his life in a bank vault. Michael Douglas plays this proud, cold, isolated American with freezing corporate curtness and an expression of haughty distaste. In the course of the movie, Van Orton will be frustrated, humiliated, dumped into garbage, terrified, shot at, and nearly drowned (everything but forced to listen to Billy Joel's latest album). The whole movie plays off the enjoyment the audience feels in seeing Michael Douglas repeatedly getting his hair mussed.

Nicholas Van Orton is never quite clear as to what's going on, and neither are we. Nicholas's scapegrace kid brother (Sean Penn) pays for Nicholas's membership in some kind of outrageous recreational club, and from that moment on, odd things begin happening. Nicholas's life is invaded, his house is bugged, his TV speaks to him. His briefcase won't open just when he's about to remove from it a severance agreement for a fired employee; people fall down ill on the street in front of him. He's suddenly living in a kind of hostile counter-reality in which his lack of sympathy, his complacency, his talent for control is challenged and overturned.

Luis Buñuel once made a brilliant surreal comedy (*The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*) about a group of nasty rich people whose attempts to sit down and eat dinner were interrupted again and again—by talkative visitors, by ghosts, by the intrusion of the fantastic into the most commonplace of realities. Buñuel's tone was suave and dry, his daring itself a kind of subversion. Fincher is working with somewhat similar material—a wealthy man maddeningly frustrated in all his desires—but he operates within the framework of a big American commercial thriller; he directs for action and spills and physical tension. In many ways, *The Game* is just a slightly strange conventional big action movie; you can feel such hokey old TV shows as *The Prisoner* (with Patrick McGoohan) and *The Twilight Zone* behind the mysterious atmosphere. The action is not always convincing at any level of reality—the invisible game players, whoever they are, seem to have nearly supernatural powers and manage never to repeat their tricks.

Nevertheless, we're held by the picture. Michael Douglas, anxiety creeping into baleful eyes, makes this nasty man's attempt to retain his power a primal desire to hold on to rationality itself—something we can all identify with—and his exasperation becomes increasingly sympathetic. And David Fincher has an unmistakable talent for mood. Fincher's last movie, *Seven*, was made in a spirit of somber sensationalism; it pretended to be shocked and disgusted by the horrors it was titillating us with. In *The Game*, Fincher has cleaned up his act without losing his command of the sinister. Nicholas enters a dark place and something is wrong, some piece of information is being withheld from him, his life is endangered by ignorance.

The awful thing is that after the enormous buildup of mystery, the explanation, when it comes, explains nothing and means nothing. In the end, it is the audience, not Nicholas, who is cheated by *The Game*. For all its skill, the picture turns out to be solemnly self-important about its own inconsequence. ■

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Hold the Tequila

Nothing's wrong with Maya's margaritas, but its authentic Mexican cuisine is so good, you won't need one; Asian-inspired Union Pacific is on the right track.

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WERE AS MANY MEXICAN restaurants in New York as Ruth Messinger has good jokes. And then along came Caramba! And then Caramba!! And next, Caramba!!! Soon, streets in every neighborhood crackled with the sound of crunching tortilla chips. Judy Garland never had as many imitators. Was Caramba's food that enticing? Giggle, snort . . . None of them, not !, !!, or !!!, ever served a meal that didn't look and taste like spit-up baby food. But their frozen margaritas could get you plowed faster than Greg Rusedski's serve. Frankly, the drink and the food were a perfect match. You practically have to be pie-eyed just to look at a plate of huevos rancheros or chimichangas. And anyone claiming either as simply delicious has got to be blasted. If it hadn't been for the city's two-fisted embrace of the big, icy mint-green drink, Mexican food might still be something most of us sample on our first trip to Acapulco.

The ruse, however, is that what your margarita washes down is rarely the real thing, anyway. That's usually Tex-Mex you're eating, gringo, an American hybridization co-opting Mexicana the way pizza was extracted from Italiana, and chop suey from chinoiserie. Luckily, tequilaphilia persuaded Zarela Martinez and Josefina Howard to open Zarela and Rosa Mexicano, respectively. If not for them, as well as the folks at Mi Cocina, locals might never experience the vibrancy, invention, and surprise that our southern neighbor has to offer.

And now there are four. **Maya** has a fresh margarita that can run rings around Caramba!'s original—two of them will ensure that you can run rings around nothing—as well as a killer triumvirate of shooters featuring tequila, spiced fresh tomato juice, and fresh lemon juice that widen every pore in your body. But that's not why this place is so good. This is Mexican cuisine as it is rarely presented: with respect—in a setting that is spacious but cozy and lit in a way that makes you look like you do after a good facial; with charm—by a staff so familiar with the menu that every question doesn't seem like a test of their short-term memory; and with care—presentation that plays to your sense of discovery without ever resorting to foolish theatricality.

Chef-owner Richard Sandoval, of Savann, and his staff have a knack for turning the ordinary into something surprising. Take their chiles rellenos: The seafood and manchego cheese tumble out of the roasted poblano pepper to meet a black-bean purée and become something sweeter and lighter and more exhilarating than what you're used to. Who hasn't OD'd on fried calamari? But try theirs (an occasional special), Frisbee-light and bathed in a piquant plantain sauce that makes you stop to appreciate a finger food. Trio de sopes are little platters of unexpectedness. The chicken and snapper tortillas blend beautifully with the onions, cilantro, salsa, and crema fresca, and the one topped by rajas is sublime. Corn soup is brinily bewitched by both a huitlacoche (corn fungus, but forget I said that) dumpling and a vinaigrette. I'm not a guacamole or tamale fan, but both are fine, hearty renditions of familiar fare. The seviche, served two ways, however, is something new. The spicy tomato sauce enhances the lime-marinated mahimahi but bludgeons the shrimp. Quesadillas are worthy of face-stuffing, though, bursting open with zucchini blossoms and rajas, velvety oaxaca and cortija cheese. A salsa-watercress salad is paired with grilled cactus leaves studded with shrimp, scallops, and calamari, and then all are showered by a vinaigrette of serrano chili and apple, leaving both you and the salad happily refreshed.

If you're dying for burritos and fajitas, I'm sure Mary Ann's has a table with your name on it. At Maya, you'll have to make do with a grilled pork tenderloin in a

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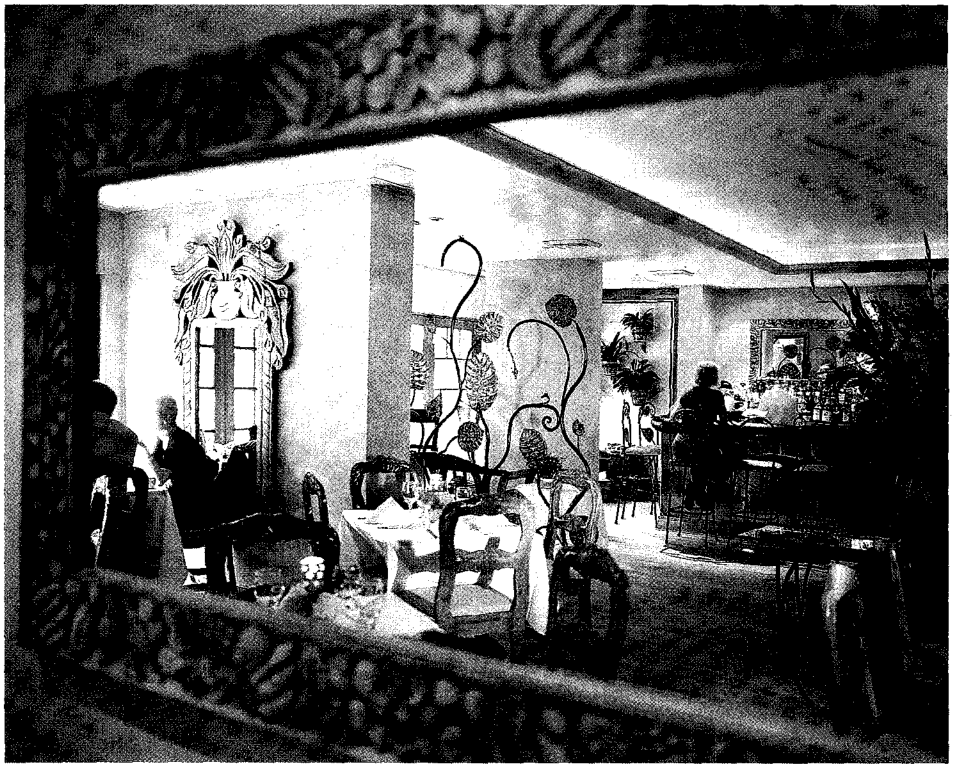

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

“Hello laser, goodbye razor.”

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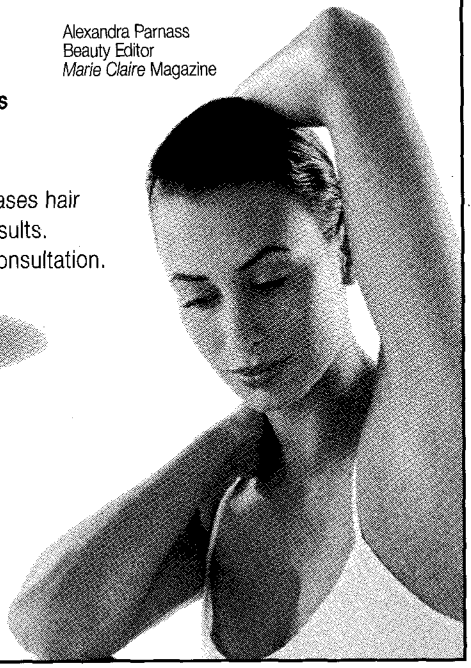

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tamarind vinaigrette with a pumpkin-seed sauce and corn purée; grilled shrimp floating atop a goat-cheese-stuffed anaheim chili in a pepper-and-tomato broth; or a napoleon of grilled hanger steak in a black-bean purée and chili sauce, each one as appealing as it is original. Think you can manage? In that case, you'll probably also appreciate a butterflied filet mignon—bizarrely pale gray, but close your eyes and enjoy its smothering goat cheese—or a clumsy-looking but expansive red snapper in anchiote paste with red-cabbage-and-tomato salad and sweet chipotle sauce. The only entrées that needed another margarita to help them along were a chicken mole poblano and peppers stuffed with ground beef and raisins in a peanut sauce, both of which were fine but not nearly as clever as the other options. The trio de tacos, however, is an uninspired mishmash, overrun with a lawn of coriander and watercress.

Dessert is a bit of a letdown. The flan is perfectly swell, but the vanilla custard is as dull as an Anne Murray song, the apple tart is merely okay, and the cinnamon ice cream wears out its welcome as quickly as an oversolicitous date. Taste the remaining two desserts: crêpes de cajeta with caramelized goat milk and roasted walnuts, and the plátanos flameados (why does flaming bananas sound so funny?), and know what it is to eat the equivalent of a *Barney*-marathon weekend. Bring on the Angostura bitters.

Disappointed Maya doesn't have a great finale? Well, then, there's only one thing to do. Drown your sorrows in another mango margarita. And toast another outpost that handsomely honors the land of Cantinflas, Alfredo Garcia, and the hat dance. Try not to smash glasses. In fact, if it's your third, just raise them; it's safer.

Maya, 1191 First Avenue, near 64th Street (585-1818). Sunday through Thursday 5:30–11 P.M. *Friday and Saturday till midnight. Appetizers are $6.95–$9; entrées are $15.95–$21.95. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.*

“CAN I FETCH YOU ANOTHER DIET COKE?” the waiter asks with a penny-bright smile and a small bow backwards. I nod sheepishly, eyes downcast, hoping he doesn't catch them rolling. “As you wish,” he replies and scurries away. *Fetch? As you wish?* I realize that **Union Pacific** is supposed to have an Asian bent, but I'm beginning to hallucinate that I'm Somerset Maugham in Indochina.

Granted, at a time when restaurants are infested with waiters who begin “Kinahgetchsumpintadrink?” and then vanish, it might sound like carping to complain about such footmanship. Or that you really can't fetch me a Coke, as I never left one anywhere for you to retrieve it. Nevertheless, such earnest overreaching affects much of this new restaurant. Water falls to form a captivating crystal curtain at the door. Behind it, the walls rise in broken curves to form a soaring vault ribbed with railroad ties. The mottled hand-blown glass dividing the kitchen and the dining room turns the cooks' activity into moving sculpture. But there's Japanese-inspired lattice all over, and too many metal screens with colored lights. The room is still softly glowing and handsome; it just could have been so stirring, had it been a bit less busy.

The menu follows suit. Rocco DiSpirito is a chef to watch. Carefully. For if he ever achieves balance as often as he gratifies his ingenuity, he's going to ring as many bells as the carillon at Riverside Church. When he does, dishes like roulade of veal with fennel, seared foie gras with green papaya and pistachio, yellowtail embraced by a pool of celery root and chives, and virtually airborne lettuce carrying whiffs of toasted papaya-seed vinaigrette stop all conversation. They are ravishing. But the kumamoto oysters, fresh as an open window on a lake, don't really catch the prickly Thai-basil jelly. The crispy sardines are too salty to bring along the watercress. A goat-cheese-and-leek terrine is too intense to stand on its own; it needs a companion to show a contrast and spread its power.

A halibut comes with a young ginger sauce that would simply ignite a stronger fish. I could have eaten a bowl of the tomato-and-truffle fondue. The veal it accompanied, however, was as pale as Judy Davis. Lacquered squab wanted to be more, and a salmon in a shimeji-mushroom-and-Manila-clam hot pot, while stunningly picturesque, was drunk with sake. A plain organic chicken au jus with beans, and a sea bass roasted with black figs and sunflower seeds were lick-the-plate scrumptious. Ironically, where other chefs lose their cool, DiSpirito gains his. Chicory parfait with a chocolate sorbet is the best new chocolate dessert I've tasted in an eerily long time. Usually the sight of the word *charlotte* makes me go *hush, hush.* This strawberry one with nougatine is devouringly good. Clafouti with red plums is elegant, and the warm chocolate cake has a spiced syrup to keep you from thinking you've been here. Only the watermelon soup is too preciously intricate to be satisfying.

Union Pacific is newer than the current government in Hong Kong. Unlike the former crown colony, it can look forward to a future with more harmony than tumult. All DiSpirito and company have to do is stop worrying about what we wish and decide what they want. Then they're sure to succeed, fetchingly.

Union Pacific, 111 East 22nd Street (995-8500). Monday through Saturday 5:30–10:30 P.M. (expecting to be open for lunch in the fall). Appetizers are $9–$17; entrées, $19–$29. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

cue

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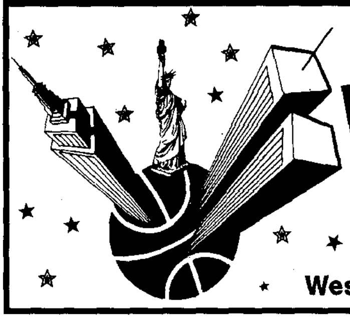

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The Heat Is On

Among a slew of new police dramas, Steven Bochco's 'Brooklyn South' pushes the form ever further, throwing issues of class and power into high relief.

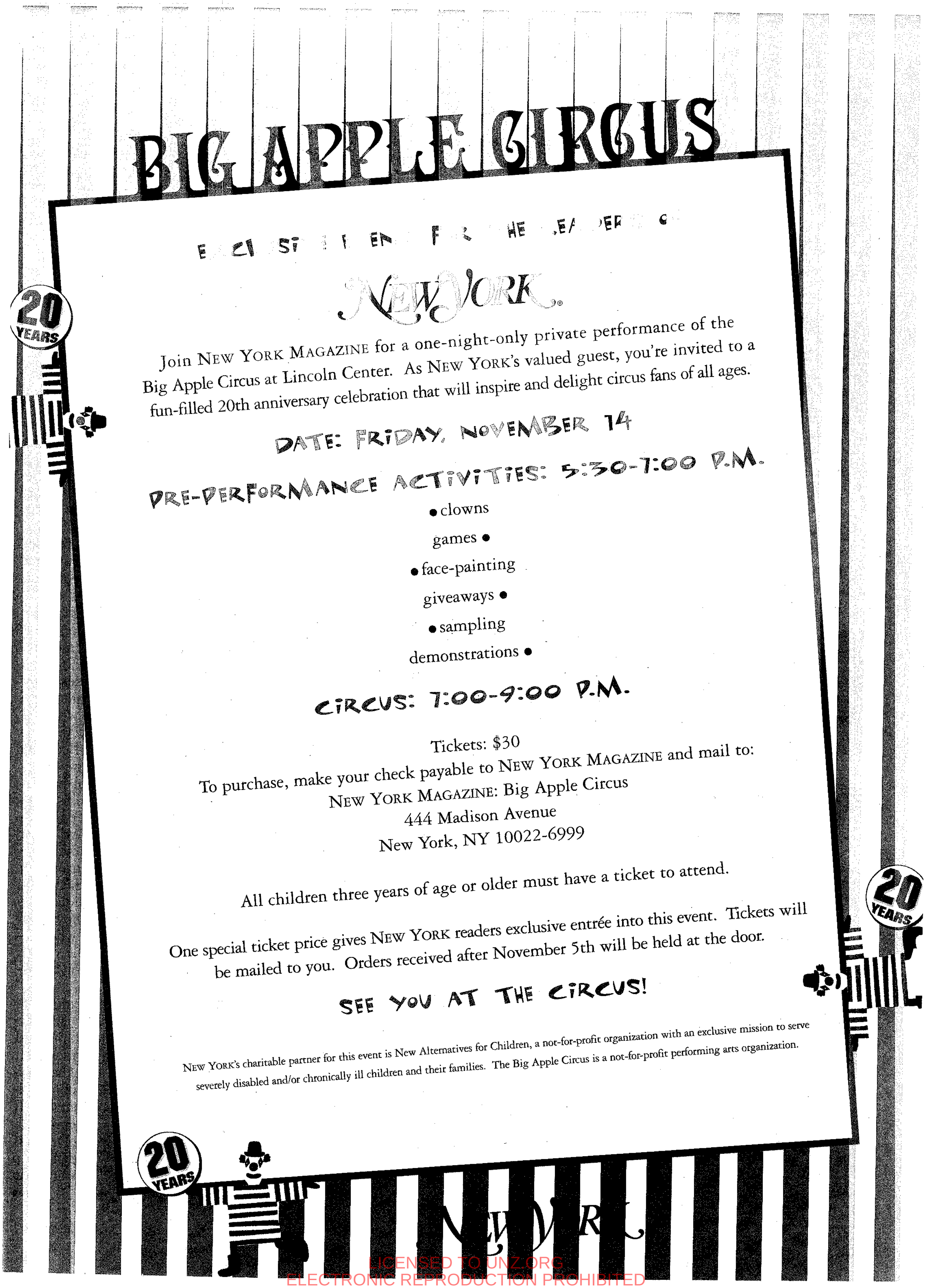
Shield law: Cops Mark Kiely (left) and Jon Tenney in Bochco's *Brooklyn South*.

JUST SUPPOSE THAT JODIE FOSTER, INSTEAD OF PICKing up blips on her radio telescope from the Vega star system and decoding Carl Sagan's hard science into New Age Twinkies for a Cheez Doodle of a movie like *Contact,* were an alien astronomer at the other end of the intergalactic wormhole. And the frantic signals she received were from our mothering Earth itself in the first week of the new network TV season. Are there signs of intelligent life? Or does all this wounded-whale music add up to a big picture of paranoia and chaos theory, testosterone seizure and adrenaline overdose, secret societies, fevered cults, guardians of public order besieged in their very own bunkers, and fearful civilian populations held captive behind razor-wired walls and security cameras in suburban enclaves, inside triple-locked and computer-coded home-entertainment centers and lost in lurid mediascapes of abduction and dismemberment?

Bochco is back with another cop show, **Brooklyn South** (Mondays, starting September 22; 10 to 11 P.M.; CBS), compared with which *NYPD Blue* seems almost sedate. Jon Tenney as Patrol Sergeant Francis X. Donovan and Gary Basaraba as Sergeant Richard Santoro, those embodiments of the Crisis of Liberalism obligatory in every Bochco essay on what the mean streets have come to, have a lot to feel bad about before the first commercial. Their men are gunned down by a lunatic sniper in front of the station house. And then the wounded perp himself mysteriously expires inside the precinct, all over the bloody linoleum. Jimmy Doyle (Dylan Walsh) didn't do it. He is angry enough, but also a role model and a heartthrob. Besides, his sister Kathleen (A. J. Langer) guest-stars, and his younger brother Terry (Patrick McGaw) just made it into the police academy. Nor is Anne-Marie Kersey (Yancy Butler) capable of such overreacting; she's the hard-body beautiful of the rotten borough. In her, blue steel meets erotic fantasy. And no one else is talking: not Phil Roussakoff (Michael DeLuise), Clement Johnson (Richard T. Jones), Jake Lowery (Titus Welliver), Nona Valentine (Klea Scott), or Hector Villanueva (Adam Rodriguez). Except that one of them is undercover for Internal Affairs, reporting directly to Lieutenant Stan Jonas (James B. Sikking, a Bochco favorite since *Hill Street Blues*).

I am on record as believing that the last thing network television needs is yet another cop show—that I'd personally prefer a weekly series in which social problems were solved through creative nonviolence after a Quaker meeting by a collective of vegetarian carpenters. But before we get to *Nothing Sacred,* I have to grant that (1) cop shows are what networks do best; (2) Bochco and his cohorts David Milch and William M. Finkelstein know better than anyone else except maybe Tom Fontana how to use the thin blue line to draw circles around and point arrows at issues of class and race and corrupted authority and exhausted civility; and (3) police brutality in the metropolitan region is not exactly a figment of the prime-time imagination. In *Brooklyn South,* we get not only another hypodermic (or cattle-prod or stun-gun) hour to shock us into the nightly news but another meditation, too, on the centurions at the gates, among whom

Photograph by Abbot Genser/CBS.



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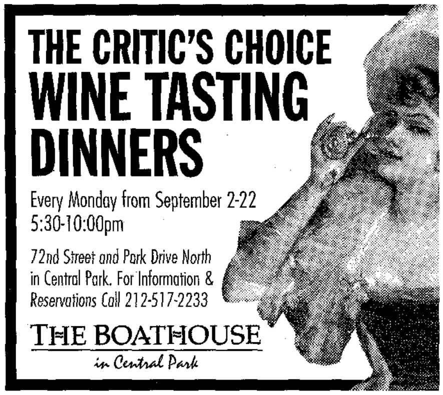
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there may already be barbarians.

This is not the place for a digression on cop resentment of both the IAB, which keeps them marginally honest, and the snitch, without whom most crimes would go unpunished. But it does sometimes seem as if Internal Affairs were hated as much on the street beat as the private eyes, the fat-ass brass, the politically ambitious prosecutors, the grandstanding mayors, the FBI, the DEA, the CIA, diplomatic immunities, witness-protection programs, and, of course, the vampire media. Which brings us to **Michael Hayes** (Tuesdays; 9 to 10 P.M.; CBS), where David Caruso, as a federal prosecutor who used to be a cop and now finds himself exposing police corruption in a kickback scheme that goes all the way up to the man who almost successfully raised him as a son-of-a-gun, hopes we will forgive him for bailing out on *NYPD Blue* after a single shining season in order to make lousy movies. If we are inclined to do so, it's more because he's as sensitive as St. Francis of Assisi than because he's as virtuous as John Calvin. Not only must Caruso's Hayes accept all the suffering of the fallen world on his narrow shoulders, but he also drinks decaf.

What *Michael Hayes* has going for it is executive producers who can also write, like John Romano, Nicholas Pileggi, Paul Haggis, and Thomas Carter; who have been here before with *Class of '96*, *GoodFellas*, and *EZ Streets*; who actually have something to say between the car bombs and the suicides. Perhaps luckier than he deserves, Caruso seizes this second chance and seems chastened by his big-screen experience: There is about his prosecutor a nostalgia for the streets—but also some Robespierre, some Parsifal, and some Quixote. He might even have been reading John Rawls on theories of justice. And he's not afraid to be alone in a room with himself.

Whereas being alone in a room with himself would seem to be Robert Pastorelli's worst fear in **Cracker** (Thursdays, starting September 18; 9 to 10 P.M.; ABC), an Americanization of the British TV series that starred Robbie Coltrane as "Fitz," an overweight, compulsive-gambling, chain-smoking, alcoholic police psychologist. Pastorelli, formerly the house-painting nanny on *Murphy Brown*, is as self-destructive as Coltrane was, bouncing off the walls of his dysfunctional marriage to Carolyn McCormick, his late-night radio show, his exhibitionist gig as a college psych professor, and his disorderly investigations of L.A. homicides. His great gift is that he has only to look in a mirror to know the worst about the species. Because Fitz can personally imagine almost any monstrous behavior, he is superb at Jane Tennison/Vulcan-mind-meld interrogations. Like a Samson out of Freud, he stands in the rubble of his own intelligence.

Into the first two Thursdays of this transplanted *Cracker,* they have crammed enough plot for a mini-series. In order to attract Fitz as a father/lover, a disturbed med student (the astonishing Gretchen Egolf) embarks upon the serial seduction and murder of horny college boys, with handcuffs, Scotch tape, extension cords, and an electrical outlet. There is, of course, a Ross Macdonald sort of family secret, which Fitz decrypts by therapeutic blackmail—just in time to save his son's life. Next week's wrap-up, exploiting the logics of lunacy, is genuinely terrifying.

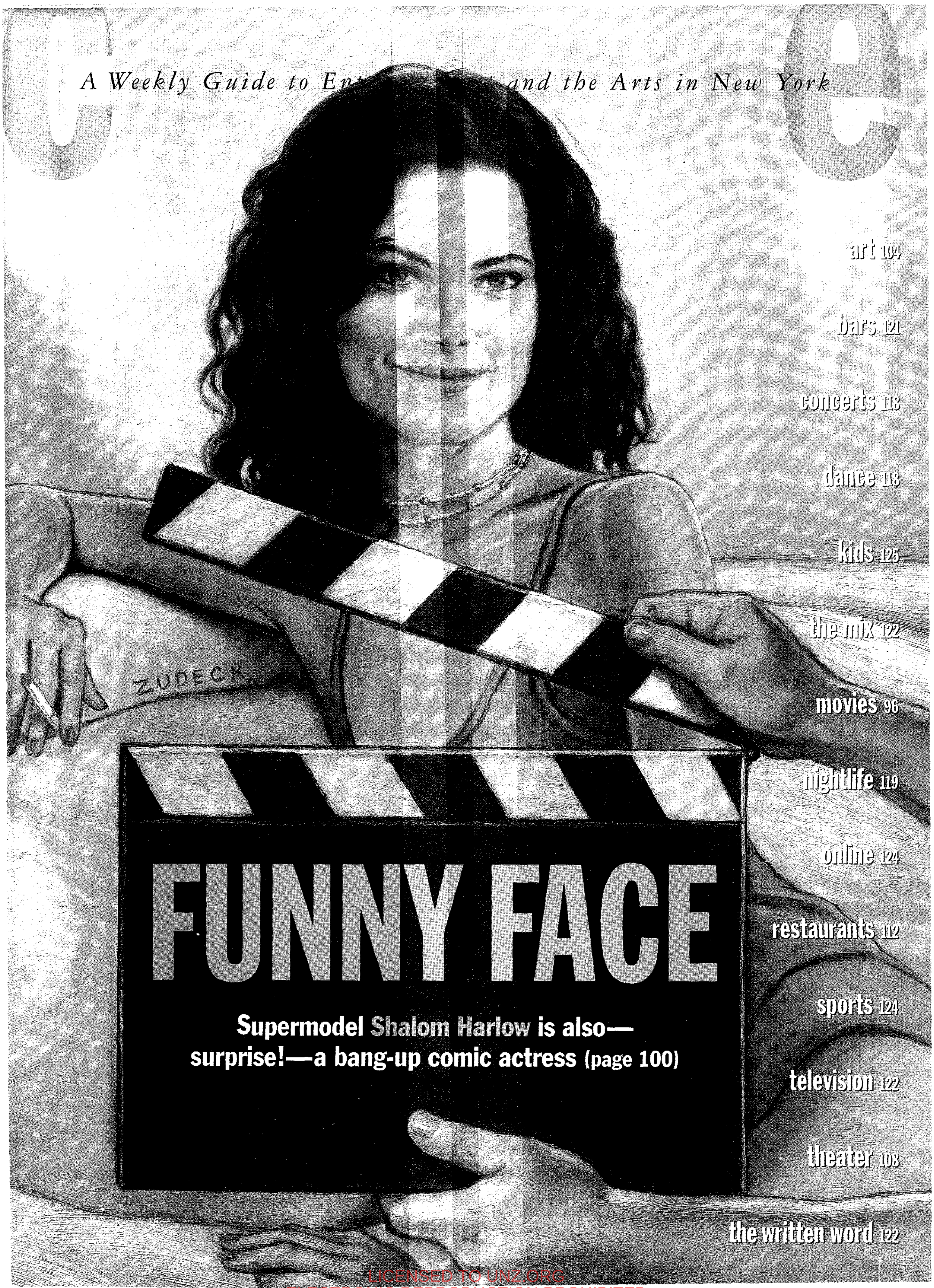
AND I WON'T EVEN GET TO THE NEW PRIVATE eyes (*Total Security*, *Dellaventura*) and the new FBIs (*Players*, *C-16*) till next week. Are there any alternatives, except the sitcoms, to this bad-news virtual reality? Well, there's **Nothing Sacred** (Thursdays, starting September 18; 8 to 9 P.M.; ABC), in which Kevin Anderson as a young and troubled priest looks for an evasive God in the broken hearts of his inner-city parishioners and tries to use doubt as an energizing principle. This series seems determined to think out loud not only about sex and faith but also about poverty and abortion and maybe even loneliness. I can't imagine how doubt ever got on the prime-time schedule. To up the impious ante, let me suggest that if Anderson, so sorely tempted in the pilot episode, ever really does abandon his vows of chastity, he should give a call to Ally McBeal.

Ally McBeal (Mondays; 9 to 10 P.M.; Fox) stars Calista Flockhart as a fledgling lawyer in glossy Boston, suing a partner in her own law firm for sexual harassment, defending a skin mag against censorship, fantasizing about bigger breasts and cappuccino sex. The gimmick of the show is that we see these fantasies—they're like Harvey the invisible rabbit or Casper the Friendly Ghost—which also include selling out her high ideals to work right next door to the ex-boyfriend (Gil Bellows) who quit Harvard when Ally made the *Law Review* and he didn't, and inexplicably dumped her for Courtney Thorne-Smith.

This is David E. Kelley at his most unbuttoned. While *The Practice* is righteous, *Ally McBeal* will be, if tentative and troubled, also funny and affectionate. It will not surprise you that Flockhart resembles Michelle Pfeiffer, to whom Kelley in real life happens to be married. It does surprise me that I am reminded, happily, of Blair Brown as Molly Dodd. If I were a radio astronomer who picked up her signal in my telescope, I'd hop the first wormhole to wherever. ■

c e

A Weekly Guide to En[illegible] and the Arts in New York



FUNNY FACE

Supermodel Shalom Harlow is also—surprise!—a bang-up comic actress (page 100)

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movies

L.A. Confidential...A Thousand Acres

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

New Films

Air Force One—Wolfgang Petersen's *Air Force One* is exciting, well made, and utterly preposterous—a 14-year-old boy's fantasy of being president of the United States. When a group of crazed neo-Soviet nationalists takes over Air Force One, President James Marshall (Harrison Ford) has the chance to parachute to safety in an escape pod. But the prez has just made a bold speech in Moscow insisting that the United States will never negotiate with terrorists; now he has to prove it. Whoopee! It's *Independence Day* all over again. In the White House, Vice-President Kathryn Bennett (Glenn Close) talks tough to the hijacking slimebags on the telephone and fends off a Haig-ish secretary of defense (Dean Stockwell), who wants to take command in the president's absence. Some of the actors are at the top of their form, especially Gary Oldman as the head of the hijackers, an angry and contemptuous man who frankly hates the new Russian freedoms. The film certainly holds our attention, and a few of us, easily manipulated, may brush away a tear when some awed soldiers salute their action-hero president with obvious pride. But *Air Force One* is utterly square. (Denby; 8/4/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights; Kingsway; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Bayside.*

Bandwagon—The humorous and hardscrabble story of a Chapel Hill garage band taking to the road to try to make it big. With Kevin Corrigan and Doug MacMillan of the Connells. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Village East; Sutton.*

The Birth of Love—Two Frenchmen experience restless midlife crises concurrently, but differently, against the backdrop of the Gulf War. Directed by Philippe Garrel. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Anthology Film Archives.*

Capitaine Conan—In this World War I epic, the head of a French guerrilla unit leads his men to rebel against commanders who insist they remain soldiers—even after the fighting has ended. Winner of two 1996 César Awards. Directed by Bertrand Tavernier. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) *Anthology Film Archives.*

★Career Girls—Katrin Cartlidge is Hannah, a student in London looking for a roommate, and when tiny Annie (Lynda Steadman) appears, Hannah both accepts her and makes fun of her. In temperament and appearance, Hannah and Annie are very different women, but they share a sense of humor and a friendship is struck for life. When the movie opens, both are 30 and well established professionally yet unsettled in their personal lives. Working in the business world, the women have learned to smooth out the rougher edges and hide their discontent. But if we see the ways they have changed, we also see the ways they haven't—and can't. For all its jokes and its spirit of female solidarity, the movie has an overall melancholy. It's part of director Mike Leigh's complexity of mind that he makes us see that they've been hurt without reducing the hopes that we have for them in the future. (Denby; 8/11/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Regency; Brooklyn Heights.*

Opening
Réalité Bites

The French blockbuster 'My Sex Life . . . Or How I Got Into an Argument' tells the very wordy, immensely witty tale of an educated Parisian slacker (César winner Mathieu Amalric, above, with Jeanne Balibar) who can't seem to reach the end of either his Ph.D. thesis or his worn-out, long-term relationship. Opens Wednesday at the Walter Reade Theater. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Conspiracy Theory—In the first half of *Conspiracy Theory*, Mel Gibson, playing a thoroughly fortified paranoid—he keeps his tapioca and his coffee beans sealed with a combination lock—races through nut-brain fantasies with a stumbling panache. Gibson is at his loose-limbed and loose-tongued best, starting and stopping sentences, adding sane little quips to impossibly mad rants—and all without losing the beat. His New York taxi driver is physically hyperactive yet flummoxed. The guy's head has been messed with, yet he still has the memory of sanity, so he mixes real events with dreams, horrifying memories with sheer fantasy. For the first time, Richard Donner, director of the numskull *Lethal Weapon* series with Gibson, comes close to breaking into the clear and becoming a true film creator. Maybe next time. (Denby; 8/25/97) (2 hr. 15 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

Cop Land—This New York–area movie written and directed by the young filmmaker James Mangold and starring Sylvester Stallone, Harvey Keitel, Robert De Niro, and Ray Liotta, suffers from an unusual fault. *Cop Land* is actually too complicated. At night, the cops in question cross the George Washington Bridge to Jersey, where they live with their families in a tiny paradise—"Garrison." A young cop named Babitch (Michael Rapaport) gets into trouble on the bridge, killing two black teenagers after a misunderstanding; his older police friends instantly arrange his disappearance and then hide him in Garrison. The cops are so brazen that they allow Babitch to expose himself to the gaze of Garrison's sheriff, Freddy Heflin (Sylvester Stallone). Freddy is not going to turn Babitch in; he's too passive, too dumb. Robert De Niro shows up as a former cop buddy of Keitel's who has gone over to Internal Affairs. Janeane Garofalo, of all people, is part of Freddy's police force in Garrison. Ray Liotta plays a cop who is part of Keitel's group but feels betrayed and shut out. Liotta makes the most of his scenes, but he can't fight his way into the center of the movie. That place, I'm afraid, is left to Stallone. The performance goes

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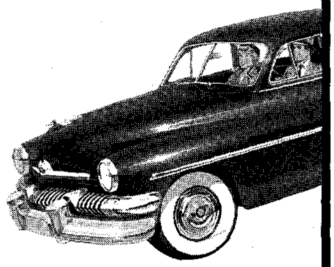

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nowhere for a long time and then lurches forward into rage. Freddy redeems himself, and, all of a sudden, Mangold abandons his idiosyncratic setting and theme and turns his hero into the lone sheriff in an old Western. The picture comes to a climax in a slow-mo shootout that is one of the saddest admissions of defeat in years. (Denby; 8/25/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Coronet; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; The Movies at Bayside.*

Delinquent—A troubled 15-year-old boy runs away and sets up home alone in an empty summer house, ultimately crossing paths with the teenage daughter of the home's owner. By first-time director Peter Hall. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) *Embassy 2–4.*

Different for Girls—Two British school buddies meet again after fifteen years, only now one of them is female, and their friendship becomes a love story. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Disappearance of Garcia Lorca—Andy Garcia plays the famous Spanish writer, whose unsolved 1936 murder during Franco's reign is Esai Morales's obsession—sixteen years later. (1 hr. 54 mins. ; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

The End of Violence—Bill Pullman, Andie MacDowell, and Gabriel Byrne star in Wim Wenders's latest sweeping story. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Square.*

Excess Baggage—Alicia Silverstone stars as a teenager who tries to get Daddy's attention by pretending to be kidnapped—and then finds she's on the lam for real. With Benicio Del Toro and Christopher Walken. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Gemini; Kingsway; The Movies at Bayside.*

Fire Down Below—Steven Seagal plays an EPA agent who lights out to Appalachia to avenge his coworker's death and expose the dirty dealings of a local tycoon, played by Kris Kristofferson. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and convinces them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Coronet; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre.*

G.I. Jane—Demi Moore plays Lieutenant Jordan O'Neil, an ambitious woman who undergoes the most grueling military training in the world and embraces pain, death, and mastery. Her ambitions cause her to become the unconscious tool of a wily lady senator from Texas (Anne Bancroft), who gets Jordan accepted into the training program for the Navy SEALS. After the first day, Jordan complains to the Master Chief (Viggo Mortensen)—a dominating drill-instructor type—that she's getting preferential treatment. Her training, it seems, isn't tough enough: she wants it tougher. A myth is born: G.I. Jane. Is enduring torture really part of the training for the SEALS, and if so, is it necessary? In any case, you can see where Demi Moore's ambitions have landed us. In the real world, women in the military are fighting against hazing and sexual abuse. But Demi Moore, who has to get into everyone's face in order to exist as an actress, tells us that women haven't been hazed enough. Movie-star megalomania and incomprehension have rarely gone much further than this. (Denby; 9/1/97) (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside.*

The Game—See Denby, pg. 54. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas.*

George of the Jungle—Brendan Fraser stars as the titular hero, who finds himself in trouble when he falls in love with a city girl. Directed by Sam Weisman. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) *Guild 50th Street; Manhattan Twin; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Bayside.*

Going All the Way—Two young men return to Indianapolis after serving in the Korean War and develop a bond as they adjust to adulthood. Based on the novel by Dan Wakefield; starring Jeremy Davies, Ben Affleck, Jill Clayburgh, and Lesley Ann Warren. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Gravesend—Four teenage guys spend a frantic evening in Gravesend, Brooklyn, trying to get rid of an escalating toll of bodies in this debut effort by 22-year-old Salvatore Stabile. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Village East; Sutton.*

Guantanamera—A Cuban comedic social commentary about a former university teacher who takes a cross-island trip and finds her true self. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Hercules**—The animated *Hercules* takes off right at the beginning, when the muses painted on some shapely Greek vase come to life and metamorphose into five gospel singers with interesting hair. They narrate the story, in high-powered, hip-jamming song (written as usual by Alan Menken), and the movie enters a plane of gratifying silliness. The whole movie dances. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; G) *Guild 50th Street; Manhattan Twin; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Bayside.*

Hoodlum—Laurence Fishburne plays a numbers-racket king in thirties Harlem who triggers a gangster war when he allies himself with Lucky Luciano. Also starring Tim Roth, Andy Garcia, Vanessa Williams, and Cicely Tyson. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

In the Company of Men—At the beginning of *In the Company of Men*, Chad (Aaron Eckhart) and Howard (Matt Malloy) are flying to a six-week assignment in a branch office of their company. It's a lousy assignment, and they complain sourly about work and about the women back home—girlfriends—who have done them dirt. In the airport, Chad proposes, and Howard agrees, that they should claim some revenge. During their six weeks in purgatory, they will take turns attracting a defenseless woman ("a corn-fed bitch") and then dumping her. The two men get down to work and take turns flirting with the perfect victim—a secretary, Christine (Stacy Edwards), who is a lovely person, with a beautiful figure and dark hair and eyes. She is also stone-deaf, and Chad makes fun of her slightly hooty voice while tenderly seducing her; Howard, meanwhile, actually falls in love. Eckhart has a laughing charm, but Malloy, as crawling-on-his-belly Howard, is really too sad to bear watching. The film, which was written and directed by the 34-year-old playwright Neil LaBute (it's his first film), is a didactic fable of how the dog-eat-dog ethos turns working stiffs into predators, shiv artists, and weaklings. It's the season's conversation piece, no doubt, but far from a work of art. (Denby; 8/18/97) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Intimate Relations—A black comedy about a fifties British family, their lodger, and his affair with the lady of the house. Based on a true story. Starring Julie Walters and Rupert Graves. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

The Keeper—Tragedy results when a Brooklyn jail guard befriends a charming inmate, assists in his release, and offers him shelter. Written and directed by Joe Brewster. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Kiss Me, Guido—A 24-year-old aspiring actor from the Bronx discovers that his new roommate is gay. Written and directed by Tony Vitale. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Lincoln Square.*

L.A. Confidential—Kevin Spacey is a cop in fifties Los Angeles who, along with tabloid editor Danny DeVito and two fellow detectives (Russell Crowe and Guy Pearce), becomes involved in a multiple-murder investigation. Kim Basinger plays a call girl. Based on James Ellroy's neo-*noir* novel; directed by Curtis Hanson. (2 hrs. 17 mins. ; R) .

Latin Boys Go to Hell—A Mexican photo-assistant in Brooklyn is pulled out of his lingering postadolescence into the drama of adulthood when his worldly cousin comes to visit. (1 hr. 30 mins; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Love Serenade—Australian writer-director Shirley Barrett's first feature film is a black comedy about two sisters smitten with the local D.J., and the lengths they'll go to to catch him. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *59th Street East.*

★**Men in Black**—In this inventive and sometimes hilarious spectacle, Tommy Lee Jones plays a government agent—devoted to monitoring aliens in the United States—who recruits Will Smith from the NYPD as a new agent. Everything in *Men in Black* is a bit off, and most of the surprises have a charge of strangeness. Vincent D'Onofrio, playing a back-country primitive, gets swallowed by a visitor (a giant cockroach), which then takes over D'Onofrio's skin; the trouble is, the alien doesn't quite fit inside. By the middle of the picture, Will Smith, doing his street-smart thing, has pulled even with Jones. Arching his elegant eyebrows (they play off the Dumbo ears; Smith's face is a visual joke in itself), Smith gets to engage in sexy badinage with Linda Fiorentino's mortician, who has a thing

Opening
Reel Estate

In 'A Thousand Acres,' adapted from Jane Smiley's best-selling novel of a farm and family divided, a mess of bad feelings and rivalries are unearthed among three sisters (Jessica Lange and Michelle Pfeiffer, below, and Jennifer Jason Leigh) who find themselves fighting over more than mere acreage. Opens Friday.

Photograph by Ron Batzdorff/Touchstone Pictures.

for dead bodies with strangely alien insides. *Men in Black* is a successful absurdist fiction. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; 84th Street.*

Mimic—In *Mimic,* directed by Guillermo del Toro, two little boys like to sell the strange insects that they find in New York to the "bug lady"—an entomologist (Mira Sorvino) who once genetically engineered a special cockroach in order to fight some other disease-carrying roaches. The trouble is, Sorvino's creatures have now evolved, very rapidly, into predators. At full height, the bugs stand in caped and courtly black, their claws brought together in what appears to be the two halves of a human face. They are, you see, mimicking their most serious predators—us. Hence the movie's title. *Mimic* gets the job done, I suppose, yet despite the A-level cast and technical crew (Rob Bottin did the crawlers), there isn't a touch of poetry, and as far as this bug-hater is concerned, a horror film without beauty is like a horse race without Thoroughbreds. (Denby; 9/1/97) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre.*

Money Talks—Comedian Chris Tucker plays a con artist whose fate is in the hands of a TV newscaster (Charlie Sheen). Co-starring Heather Locklear and Paul Sorvino. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Plaza Twin.*

Mouth to Mouth (Boca a Boca)—A Spanish comedy about a struggling actor whose extraordinary talent as a phone-sex operator leads him into a passionate—and chaotic—affair with an alluring caller. Directed by Manuel Gómez Pereira. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Screening Room; 62nd and Broadway.*

★**Mrs. Brown**—Director John Madden (who also adapted *Ethan Frome* for the movies) successfully captures the immense weight of the imperial state as it awkwardly follows in the wake of Victoria's sorrow. At his wit's end, the queen's secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby (the baleful Geoffrey Palmer), hits on the idea of calling back into royal service Prince Albert's groom, John Brown (Billy Connolly), a Highlands Scot whom the prince had been fond of. Brown shows up and tells the queen, to the court's shocked dismay, that she looks awful. He treats her as a friend who can be brought out of her funk with affectionate raillery, summoning her to life by treating her as an ordinary person. The queen suffers Brown's impertinence, and they become friends, at which point the London scandal sheets begin referring to her as "Mrs. Brown." *Mrs. Brown,* with its misty highlands and severely luxurious royal rooms, is very handsome, but the dim light of rectitude rules the court, and I was highly grateful for the presence of Antony Sher, who plays Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli. Sher's Disraeli is a dandy delight and the only one shrewd enough to know that Brown, Victoria's half-mad imaginary lover, is the man to bring Victoria back into the public's eye, which is finally the only place she belongs. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Waverly; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

My Best Friend's Wedding—Julia Roberts plays a New York restaurant critic, Julianne—or Jules as everyone calls her—who is stunned when her old lover, Michael (Dermot Mulroney), a sports journalist in Chicago, tells her that in a few days he is going to marry a rich young woman (Cameron Diaz). Determined to break up the wedding, Jules rushes to Chicago and for four days, she plays one low, stupid trick after another. Rupert Everett makes a triumphant appearance as Jules's gay editor, George, who understands her better than she understands herself. At a certain point, the filmmakers throw up their hands and let Rupert Everett take over the movie. We're not entirely ungrateful. Everett, at least, knows what he's doing. Directed by P. J. Hogan. (Denby; 7/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

My Mother's Courage—The latest effort from director Michael Verhoeven (*The Nasty Girl*) is a comedic and nightmarish true story about a Jewish woman whose optimism in 1944 Budapest is somehow

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rewarded. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Myth of Fingerprints—A New England family comes together but doesn't connect during the Thanksgiving holiday. Starring Noah Wyle, Julianne Moore, Blythe Danner, Roy Scheider, and Hope Davis. Written and directed by Bart Freundlich. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

★**Picture Perfect**—In *Picture Perfect,* Jennifer Aniston, as an advertising-world striver looking for a guy, jumps in and out of clothes, pouts, suffers, and shakes her hot little body with amusing impatience. When Aniston looks at a man, you can believe she wants something from him. In this contemporary screwball comedy, directed by Glenn Gordon Caron, Aniston hits the right notes of sexual candor and straightforward ambition. She's intensely likable, and the movie succeeds as romantic comedy, which is not something one can say about a certain recent monster hit that ended with the heroine in the arms of a homosexual. Aniston, bucking for promotion at her appearance-conscious firm, pretends to be engaged to a stranger played by blond Jay Mohr (from *Jerry Maguire*), a state of unavailability that immediately attracts the irresistible office cad, Kevin Bacon. The nice thing about Bacon's character is that you find him increasingly more intelligent and sympathetic as the movie goes along, without your thinking for a moment that he's the right guy for Jennifer Aniston. As our girl's eventually authentic lover, Jay Mohr is a little indecisive (Mohr always looks like he's about to say something other than what he does say). But he'll do. (Denby; 8/18/97) (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

The Pillow Book—Peter Greenaway's erotic fable about a young Japanese woman with a wonderfully bizarre penchant for calligraphy. Starring Vivian Wu and Ewan McGregor. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; NR) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

A Self-Made Hero—In this well-told story, a young Frenchman—having reached the last days of WWII without actually fighting—inserts himself into the resistance movement and becomes a powerful phony war hero. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Shall We Dance?**—Hollywood's virtual abandonment of dancing has been one of the industry's greatest follies of the past twenty years. To our chagrin, it is now up to other countries to put dance into the movies. The Japanese, perhaps, are not ready to make a full-scale dance musical, but in the gravely charming *Shall We Dance?* they have made a shy and tender pass at one. Ballroom dancing, we learn, is a secret passion in Japan. The hero, Shohei Suhiyama (Koji Yakusho), a fortyish accountant with a wife and daughter tucked away in a suburban house, sneaks off to a dancing school as if indulging a hidden vice. There he meets the other guilty men, all of whom, overcoming hideous shyness, stumble through beginner's agonies in the waltz, tango, and rumba. The teachers, accomplished woman dancers, do what they can with this recalcitrant material, and Shohei falls in love with one of them, Mai (Tamiyo Kusakari), a tall, lovely girl who has her own guilty secret. At times, the movie (written and directed by Masayuki Suo) comes close to embarrassment: For us, all this exquisite Japanese tact seems so nuttily beside the point. Yet it's hard not to be touched when the men speak of their pleasure in movement, and when Shohei, though not a natural, dons a beautiful tux and achieves a proud competency in a ballroom competition. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

She's So Lovely—Sean Penn and Robin Wright Penn play heavy-drinking lovebirds in this John Cassavetes story directed by his son, Nick. With John Travolta. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Texas Chainsaw Massacre: The Next Generation—Renee Zellweger and Matthew McConaughey star in this low-budget sequel written and directed by the original screenwriter, Kim Henkel. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

A Thousand Acres—Jason Robards is the family patriarch who distributes his farm among three daughters (played by Jessica Lange, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Jennifer Jason Leigh), dividing his family in the process. Also starring Colin Firth and Keith Carradine. Based on the book by Jane Smiley; directed by Jocelyn Moorhouse. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

The Toilers and the Wayfarers—The coming-of-age story of two young boys growing up gay in small-town Minnesota. In black and white. Directed by Keith Froelich. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Cinema Village.*

Wishmaster—When a genie is awakened from his 1,000-year sleep, horror ensues. Directed by Robert Kurtzman; presented by Wes Craven. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Career Girls; Different for Girls; The Disappearance of Garcia Lorca; The Full Monty; In the Company of Men; Shall We Dance?.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Event Horizon; Face/Off; History of Salsa.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *My Mother's Courage; Sunday.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *A Life Apart; Fire; The Keeper; Latin Boys Go to Hell; A Self-Made Hero. 9/19: The Long Way Home.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Mouth to Mouth (Boca a Boca).* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Bandwagon; The End of Violence; G.I. Jane; Gravesend; Mimic; She's So Lovely; The Game.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Cop Land; Fire Down Below; Men in Black; Money Talks.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Hoodlum; Mrs. Brown.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Full Monty; Hoodlum; Mimic; Money Talks; The Game.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Cop Land; Hoodlum; She's So Lovely.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Cop Land; Different for Girls; Kiss Me, Guido; Men in Black; She's So Lovely.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614)

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Hands up
for

It's her voice that makes her real. Over the phone, the feathery tones of supermodel Shalom Harlow are as soothing as a glass of sweet tea, even though she's Canadian, not southern, and pronounces the title of her first feature film, *In & Out* (see David Denby's review on page 54), as "In and *Ooot.*" But her onscreen squawk as Sonya, the Afghan-hound-like supermodel wrapped around Matt Dillon (above), is convincingly piercing. "Obviously, I don't speak like that," she says. "We played with her voice and got it as obnoxious as we could get it." Like many mannequins before her—Paulina Porizkova, Andie MacDowell, and, most recently, Elle Macpherson—Harlow, 23, is going Hollywood. Like Elle, Harlow, by playing small parts, may actually pull it off. In *In & Out,* she displays a real screen presence and commendable comic timing—a far cry from her much-snickered-at debut on *MTV House of Style,* co-hosted with friend and fellow model Amber Valletta. "I took a summer workshop for a month and a few private classes," she says sweetly. "I actually went on the audition for *In & Out* not really expecting anything, but going to practice my skills and techniques, because I hadn't actually been doing it that long at that point." As Sonya, Harlow maintains the serpentine charm fashionistas know and love, playing the stereotypical model with an eating disorder, a mommy-stand-in agent, and a cigarette in hand. ("I quit this summer," Harlow says. "It's tough. I sneak one every once in a while.") The performance has garnered interest and auditions. "I look forward to getting into a serious, meaty role," she says with mock sincerity, "and shedding tears onscreen." Her new credibility isn't affecting her friendship with the currently non-acting Valletta, at least not yet. "Amber," she says, "is going to come to the premiere. She's really excited."

PATRICIA FALVO

Photograph by Andy Schwartz/Paramount Pictures.

Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane.

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Air Force One; G.I. Jane; The Game.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Love Serenade.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Game.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Different for Girls; Mrs. Brown.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *In the Company of Men; Mrs. Brown; She's So Lovely.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Cop Land; The Full Monty.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Fire Down Below; Men in Black; Money Talks; Texas Chainsaw Massacre: The Next Generation.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *G.I. Jane.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Career Girls.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *She's So Lovely.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Delinquent; G.I. Jane; History of Salsa.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *George of the Jungle; Hercules; A Thousand Acres.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Kull; Leave It to Beaver.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Lawrence of Arabia.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Event Horizon; Hoodlum; Mimic.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Bandwagon; Gravesend.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Austin Powers; Batman & Robin; Chasing Amy; The Lost World; The Pillow Book; Speed 2: Cruise Control.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Cop Land.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Shall We Dance?.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Kull the Conqueror; Cop Land.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *G.I. Jane; Mimic.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Closed for renovations.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Contact; Hoodlum; Mimic; My Best Friend's Wedding; Picture Perfect; The Game.* Opening 9/17: *The Myth of Fingerprints.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Air Force One; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Conspiracy Theory; Face/Off.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Money Talks; She's So Lovely; The Game.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Full Monty.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Mouth to Mouth (Boca a Boca).*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Cop Land; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Men in Black; Money Talks.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Full Monty; Guantanamera; In the Company of Men; A Self-Made Hero; Shall We Dance?.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Contact; The Disappearance of Garcia Lorca; The End of Violence; Fire Down Below; Kiss Me, Guido; Mimic; My Best Friend's Wedding; Picture Perfect; She's So Lovely; The Game.*

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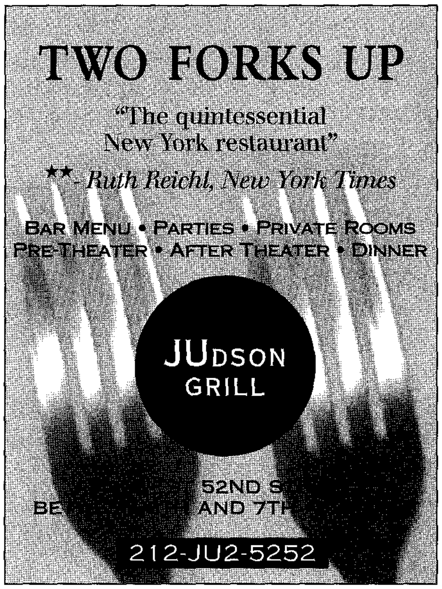
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Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Hoodlum; The Game.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Hercules; History of Salsa; Hoodlum.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Fire Down Below; History of Salsa; Hoodlum.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Cop Land; Fire Down Below.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Career Girls.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Air Force One; Cop Land; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Hoodlum; Men in Black; Mimic; Money Talks; The Game.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Fire Down Below; George of the Jungle; Hercules; History of Salsa; Hoodlum; Mimic; Money Talks; Spawn; The Game.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Kull; Air Force One; Cop Land; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Hercules; History of Salsa; Hoodlum; Mimic; Money Talks; Spawn; The Game.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Air Force One; Event Horizon; Fire Down Below; The Full Monty; George of the Jungle; Hercules; She's So Lovely; The Game.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Air Force One; Career Girls; Conspiracy Theory.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; The Game.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *The Full Monty; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Hoodlum; The Game.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *G.I. Jane; History of Salsa; Hoodlum; Mimic; Money Talks.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Fire Down Below; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Hoodlum; Money Talks.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; The Game.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *George of the Jungle; Hercules; Hoodlum; How to Be a Player; Leave It To Beaver; Men in Black; Money Talks.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Air Force One; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Mimic; The Game.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Conspiracy Theory; Fire Down Below; Gravesend; Mimic; The Game.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Fire Down Below; The Full Monty; G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Mimic; She's So Lovely; The Game.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Hoodlum; Money Talks.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Fire Down Below; History of Salsa; Hoodlum; The Game.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Cop Land; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; The Full Monty; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Money Talks; The Game.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Air Force One; Cop Land; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Money Talks; The Game.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Conspiracy Theory; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Mimic; She's So Lovely; The Game.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; The Game.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Cop Land; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Leave It To Beaver; Mimic; Money Talks.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Air Force One; The Full Monty; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Hoodlum; She's So Lovely.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Conspiracy Theory; Mimic; The Game.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Conspiracy Theory; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Kull; Air Force One; Excess Baggage; G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Mimic; Money Talks; The Game.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Air Force One; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Money Talks.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Kull; Cop Land; Excess Baggage.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Event Horizon; Excess Baggage; The Full Monty; G.I. Jane; She's So Lovely; The Game.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Fire Down Below; History of Salsa; The Game.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *A Life Apart; Air Force One; Fire Down Below; The Game.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Cop Land; Excess Baggage; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Mimic; The Game.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *A Life Apart; Career Girls.*

Plaza —103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Fire Down Below; History of Salsa.*

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Fire Down Below; Hoodlum;*

Documentary

After the Camps

Holocaust victims often faced a second horror following the war: Many freed Jews, sick and alone, weren't welcome in their hometowns, and shelter found in Allied refugee camps was sometimes shared with Nazi sympathizers. *The Long Way Home,* narrated by Morgan Freeman, explores the trials of this time before the establishment of a Jewish homeland. Opens Friday at the Quad.

CANNOT
FREEDOM WITHOUT
JEWISH FREEDOM

Photographs: top, Beth Hatefutsoth; bottom, U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum.

Opening

California Scheming

In 'L.A. Confidential,' an ensemble cast is drawn into a neo-noir murder investigation—most notably, a self-promoting cop (played by Kevin Spacey, above right) who hunts lawbreaking celebrities with a shifty tabloid editor (Danny DeVito, left). Opens Friday.

Money Talks; The Game.

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Air Force One; Cop Land; Excess Baggage; George of the Jungle; Hercules.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *G.I. Jane.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Air Bud; Air Force One; Cop Land; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Hoodlum; The Game.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Air Bud; Cop Land; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; The Game.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Cop Land; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; The Full Monty; G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Hoodlum; Mimic; Money Talks; She's So Lovely; The Game.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Jim Jarmusch: A Sad and Beautiful World." 9/21: *Down By Law* (1986) and *The Devil, Probably* (1977). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $8; ages 5–18, $4.

Anthology Film Archives—9/10–9/25: *Capitaine Conan* (1996). 9/19–9/23: *A Single Girl* (1993). "Essential Cinema: Alexandr Dovzhenko." 9/19: *Zvenigora* (1928). 9/20: *Arsenal* (1928). 9/21: *Zemlya* (1929–30). "Reviewing the Sixties." 9/19–9/21: *Jerovi* (1965) and *Lupe* (1966). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Crossing Borders: From Algerian to Buer Cinema." 9/20: *Cheb* (1991). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 members, students, and senior citizens.

Casa La Femme—9/21: *Trouble in Paradise* (1932). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

Cinema Village 12th St—9/12–9/18: *Riding the Rails* (1997) and *Wild Boys of the Road* (1933). 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

Different Light—9/21: *The Letter* (1940). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—9/12–9/18: *Jour de Fete* (1949). 9/19–10/2: *Repulsion* (1965). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"New York Film Festival Reprise." 9/17–9/26: *My Sex Life . . . or How I Got Into An Argument* (1996). "Movies for Kids." 9/21: *Atlantis* (1991). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.

Museum of Modern Art—"Cavalcade: From British Stage to Screen." 9/16: *Gaslight* (1940). 9/16–9/18: *Loyalties* (1934) and *Love From a Stranger* (1936). 9/18 and 9/21: *The Browning Version* (1951). 9/19: *Loot* (1970), *The Devils* (1970), and *The Madness of King George* (1995). 9/20: *The Admirable Crichton* (1957), *Edward II* (1991), and *A Man for All Seasons* (1966). 9/21 and 9/23: *A Taste of Honey* (1961) and *The Entertainer* (1960). 9/22: *The Holly and the Ivy* (1952) and *Blithe Spirit* (1945). W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Hitchcock by Hitchcock—Anticipating *Psycho*." 9/11–9/21: *One More Mile to Go* (1957), *Banquo's Chair* (1959), and *Arthur* (1959). Also, through Sept.: *The Rat Pack Captured* (1965). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

Screening Room—Midnight showing: *Swingers* (1996). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 9/20–9/21: *The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice* (1952). 610 Lexington Ave. (735-9717); $6.

Photograph by Merrick Morton/Warner Bros.

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Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Betsy Friedman—Abstract paintings on panel that depict dense compositions of undulating, cartoonlike forms; through 10/18. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Judy Glantzman—New paintings that depict psychological self-portraits; through 10/11. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Wilhelm Lehmbruck/Joseph Beuys—Sculpture and works on paper by these two German artists that show the influence of Lehmbruck (1881–1919) on Beuys (1921–1986). Through 10/18. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Mary Jo Vath—Small-scale paintings of flowers and commonplace objects; through 10/18. Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. (327-2526).

Andy Warhol—Portraits of transvestites from the 1975 series of paintings "Ladies and Gentlemen"; through 10/11. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

57th Street Area

Marcel Broodthaers/Joseph Bartscherer—A selection of the Belgian artist's enigmatic sculptural objects/Narrow, vertical photographs of the Nevada landscape from a project begun in 1994; through 11/1. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Cora Cohen—Recent abstract paintings; through 11/1. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Rainer Gross—Recent large-scale abstract paintings; through 10/8. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Philip Guston—Gouache and ink drawings from the early forties that depict men preparing for WWII and foreshadow the artist's forlorn hooded figures from the seventies; through 10/4. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Roberto Juarez—Paintings of flowers and classical figures made while the artist was in residence at the American Academy in Rome; through 10/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Cynthia Knott—Paintings of seascapes; through 10/4. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Ruth Marten—Paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures on the theme of hair; through 10/4. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

James McGarrell—Recent multi-panel paintings of Arcadian scenes; through 10/14. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

Robert Natkin—Lyrical abstract paintings based on the Stations of the Cross; through 10/30. Reece, 24 W. 57th St. (333-5830).

Robert Rauschenberg—"Arcadian Retreats," a series of frescoes from 1996 that depict landscapes, street scenes, figures, animals, and architecture; through 10/18. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Sean Scully—Paintings of vertical stripes on aluminum boxes from the series "Floating Paintings," begun in 1994, and photographs taken during the artist's travels in Mexico, Italy, Scotland, and Morocco, at Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470), through 11/1; recent paintings that depict vertically striated fields and are inset with panels of perpendicular orientation or contrasting color, at Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929), through 10/18.

Bob Thompson/Alfonso Ossorio—A survey of paintings made between 1958 and 1966 that show the artist (1937–1966) moving from his muted figurative compositions of the late fifties to his vividly colored allegorical landscapes of the sixties/A group of assemblages made by the artist in 1962 and 1963 that are known as the "Shingle Figures" and feature shells, bones, shards of mirror, and other found objects mounted on wood shingles. Through 11/8. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Steve Wheeler—Early paintings and works on paper made between 1938 and 1942 by this artist who developed a style that was a synthesis of Cubism, ethnographic art, and European modernism; through 10/25. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Jack Youngerman—New sculptures of twisted, laminated wood, installed to be walked through or circled like a grove of trees; 9/17–10/25. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Amy Adler—Photographs of the artist at 19, taken by an older woman; through 10/4. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Arakawa—Drawings and paintings made between 1960 and 1963; through 10/11. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Martha Benzing—Paintings that muse on art as commodity by employing "pigments" derived from M&M candy shells and Kool-Aid; through 10/18. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Steven Brower—Objects and paintings that integrate the artist's artistic vision and his job as a prop- and model-maker; through 10/11. Lombard/Fried, 470 Broome St. (334-5060).

Dinos and Jake Chapman—An installation of a mass graveyard overlooked by the artists' zygotic sculptural figures; through 10/11. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Devon Dikeou—A group of 60 panels that mimic gallery-building announcement boards and offer details of every group show the artist has participated in since 1991, and a sound installation incorporating the recorded celebrity announcements in New York taxicabs; through 10/11. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Sam Durant/Allyson Strafella—Sculptures of chrome-plated steel tubing whose dimensions are based on furniture forms/Works on paper and a wall drawing; through 10/11. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Lynne Golub Gelfman—Recent small-scale abstract paintings; through 10/18. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Vanessa Haney—Recent paintings on shaped canvases; through 10/4. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Richard Jackson—Three large-scale kinetic works, two of which generate "paintings," the other "prints"; through 10/18. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

James Nares—Paintings that depict the artist's characteristic serpentine brushstroke; through 10/4. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Senga Nengudi—A new installation that uses domestic materials and African traditions of ceremonial space; through 10/11. Erben, 476 Broome St. (966-5283).

Lezley Saar—Mixed-media constructions that deal with questions of memory, race, and the human experience; through 10/11. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

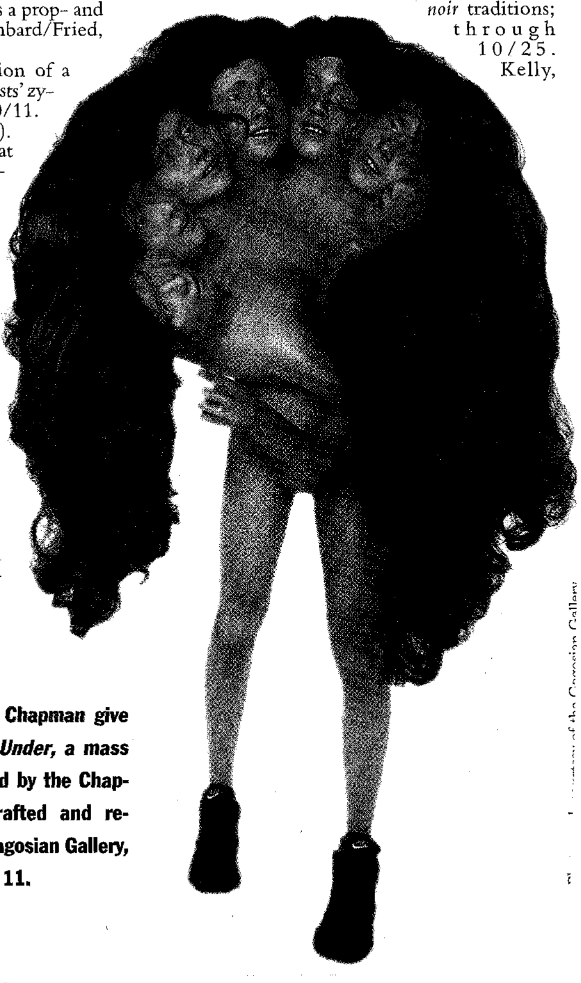
Werner Schmidt—Abstract paintings inspired by the German artist's childhood memories of the Black Forest; through 10/4. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Geneviève Seillé—Drawings in ink, crayon, and pastel on rough paper in which large built-up panels of writing and numbers are combined with repetitive, often architectural imagery and biomorphic shapes; through 11/1. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Lorna Simpson—A recent video installation that depicts the goings-on in a public park in Columbus, Ohio, and alludes to and mimics TV lighting, commercial film, and Hollywood *film noir* traditions; through 10/25. Kelly,

Installation
Dead Heads

The British brothers Dinos and Jake Chapman give New Yorkers a fright with *Six Feet Under,* a mass grave of skulls and bones surrounded by the Chapmans' ghastly monster figures—grafted and reworked mannequins of children. At Gagosian Gallery, 136 Wooster Street; through October 11.



of the Gagosian Gallery

43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Julia Wachtel—Paintings in which cartoon figures mutely stand witness to the products of cultural activity from the beginning of civilization to the present; through 10/11. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Yukinori Yanagi—Large-scale works on paper in which the artist has tracked every movement of an ant with a red crayon, and an installation of a map of the United States assembled from shards of broken glass found by the artist at Alcatraz prison; through 10/29. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Chelsea

Aziz + Cucher—An installation of photographs and related sculptures; through 10/11. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Jennifer Bartlett—Prints and drawings from the seventies to the present; through 10/19. Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872).

Serena Bocchino—Abstract paintings that use color, line, and texture to evoke music; through 10/18. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (674-1024).

Richmond Burton—Recent abstract paintings that take their structures from plants, underwater seascapes, and crystals; through 10/11. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Jeanne Dunning—Large-format photographs, a video work in which a woman's head is methodically covered in icing, and a temporary sculpture composed of a seven-foot-high mound of meringue; through 10/11. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Roni Horn—A two-part glass floor piece and a set of seven color photographs that depict the surface of the ocean off the coast of Iceland in varying degrees of magnification; through 11/8. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Karen Kilimnik—Recent paintings that mix imagery drawn from ballet, fashion, film, art history, and other sources, and a changing installation work; through 10/25. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Martin Kippenberger—Recent paintings by the late artist and a sculpture of a transportable subway entrance from his "Metro Net" project, a world-wide subway system that comprises simulated subway exits, entrances, and ventilation shafts; through 10/11. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Jutta Koether—Paintings that continue the artist's tradition of working between abstraction and figuration; through 10/13. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Zoe Leonard—Recent photographs and sculptures of a bandaged tree and sewn fruit skins that muse on the acculturation of nature and our desire to preserve what is lost or missing; through 10/11. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Marc Mulders/Guido Geelen—Paintings of flowers and wild game in the tradition of Dutch vanitas/ Bronze and ceramic sculptures of accumulations of everyday objects. Through 10/11. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (362-1600).

Tam Ochiai—Small-scale paintings of waifs that incorporate names of famous films, actors, directors, fashion designers, and musicians; photograph and fabric combines; and a video; through 11/1. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (279-9219).

Rosemarie Trockel—Three new video projects exhibited as a network of individual monitors, a system that orchestrates sounds and images as a multisensorial tapestry; through 10/15. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Group Shows

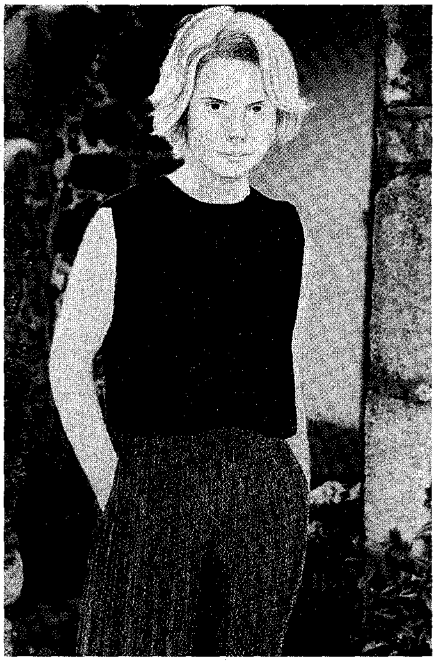
Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). "Power and Virtue: The Horse in Chinese Art," a survey chronicling the symbolic resonance of the horse in Chinese art, history, and philosophy from the Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) to the Qing (1644–1911) dynasties; through 12/13.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Invitational show of works by Aschheim, Evans, Hutchison, Judge; through 10/4.

Stone—113 E. 90th St. (988-6870). "Talent 1997," with works by emerging artists; through 10/18.

Talent **Like her previous works, Amy Adler's latest series, "Once in Love With Amy," is as much about performance as it is about image. This time, the basis for her eerie photos of drawings of photos is a group of portraits "of the artist at 19 taken by an older woman." At Casey Kaplan, 48 Greene Street; through October 4.**



57th Street Area

ACA—41 E. 57th St. (644-8300). "Obsessed by Magic," with works by Anderson, Abra, McCoy; through 10/4.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. at 51st St. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Furniture of the American South: Masterworks From Colonial Williamsburg," an exhibition of more than 50 works dating from the late seventeenth to the early nineteenth centuries from the museum collections of Colonial Williamsburg; through 10/31.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). "Invited," with works by seven emerging woman artists from New York, Los Angeles, and London; through 10/25.

Zabriskie—41 E. 57th St. (752-1223). "The Hansa Gallery (1952–59) Revisited: Works by Jean Follet, Wolf Kahn, Allan Kaprow, Jan Müller, and Richard Stankiewicz," an exhibition of works by several founding members of the Hansa Gallery, one of New York's first 10th Street cooperative galleries; through 11/1.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Basilico Fine Arts—26 Wooster St. (966-1831). "Project Painting," a two-gallery exhibition with Lehmann Maupin (39 Greene Street) that looks at the state of contemporary painting through the works of sixteen artists, among them Cain, Dunham, Owens, Ritchie, Sikander, Tyson, Weinstein, Yuskavage; through 10/11.

Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). Works that reflect on life, by Byars, Burden, Gonzalez-Torres, Kaczynski, Messner, Ladda, O'Halloran, others; through 10/18.

Lehmann Maupin—39 Greene St. (965-0753). "Project Painting," a two-gallery exhibition with Basilico Fine Arts (26 Wooster Street) that looks at the state of contemporary painting through the works of 16 artists, among them Antezzo, Close, Currin, Gallagher, Kuitca, Pittman, Schumann, Williams; through 10/11.

P.P.O.W.—476 Broome St. (941-8642). Works by Attie, Coe, Lawler, Spero, Weems; paintings by Keith Sklar; through 10/11.

Rosen—130 Prince St. (941-0203). Works by Beck, DeFrank, Frampton, Hanson, Harrison, Just; 9/17–27.

Silverstein—476 Broome St. (226-0640). "Prosthetic Garden," with works by Beattie & Davidson, Jolicoeur, Harrison, Risley, Wray, others; through 10/11.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). Sculpture by Anselmo, Boetti, Laib, Merz, Nauman, Paolini, Pistoletto, Vtal, Zorio; through 10/18.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "The Ascent of Western Civilization, American Independent Music 1976–91," an exhibition of photographs, fliers, posters, original artwork, video, music, and ephemera documenting the evolution of American indie rock; through 11/1.

TZ'Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). Works by Armando, Beuys, Findlay, Horn, Jones & Ginzel, Quinn, Zakrzewski; a flowchart by Peter Halley on the gallery's "Testwall" facing Wooster Street; 9/16–10/18.

Wimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). "Drawn and Quartered," with drawings by Cervera, Frank, Schneeman, Szymanski; through 10/11.

Wooster Gardens—558 Broadway (941-6210). Drawings and paintings by Berkenblit, Craven, Heilmann, Sillman, others; vintage photographs by Aaron Siskind; through10/11.

Chelsea

Cristinerose—529 W. 20th St. (206-0297). Works that incorporate thread or sewing by Amer, Davenport, Gerber, Hamilton, Messager, Semmes, others; through 10/4.

Debs—529 W. 20th St. (995-5003). "Very Large Array," with works that explore the relationship between scientific and artistic inquiry, by Green, Holliday, Joelson, Knudsvig, Potterat, Rockman, Woodruff, others; through 9/27.

Kirkland—504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930). "Word to Word," with works that incorporate words, by Anastasi, El Hanani, Gissler, Kruger, Lieberman, others; through 10/18.

Marlborough Chelsea—211 W. 19th St. (463-8634). Large-scale sculpture by Abakanowicz, Bourgeois, Caro; 9/19–10/25.

Weber—529 W. 20th St. (691-5711). "Land Marks," with works by artists who have made direct contact with the landscape, among them Ashkin, Aycock, Fulton, Goldsworthy, Hamish, Hayes, Mori, Smithson, Stuart, Weiner; through 10/11.

Other

Trans Hudson—416 W. 13th St. (242-3232). "Variations of Structure," with works by Apfelbaum, Biggs, Harris, Hyde, Peck, Whitten; through 10/11.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Killing Time," with works by Asbury, Buell, Goldman, Gunning, Murphy, Smith; through 10/10.

Photography

Erica Baum—Photographs of library card catalogues that use framing to isolate random, pithy word combinations; through 10/18. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Lisa Bowman—Collage works in which black-and-white cheesecake photographs from the fifties have been re-photographed and affixed with colored stick-on images of internal organs, skeletal structure, and musculature taken from medical textbooks; through 10/25. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Tseng Kwong Chi—Photographs of New York's down-

Ground Rules:
In summer galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of the Casey Kaplan Gallery.

town club and art scene of the eighties; through 10/25. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Stephane Couturier—Large-scale color photographs of construction sites in Berlin and Paris; through 10/18. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The American Century: Photographs and Visions, Part 1," a survey of American photography covering the years 1900 to 1935, including works by Cunningham, Curtis, Stieglitz, Strand, White, others; through 10/25.

Charles Gatewood—A 30-year retrospective of photographs documenting America's sexual underground; through 10/13. Williamsburg Art and Historical Center, 135 Broadway, Brooklyn (718-372-5159), Sat., Sun., Mon. 12–6.

ICP Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas, at 43rd St. (768-4682); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4; $2.50 seniors and students. "Eye of the Beholder: Photographs From the Avon Collection." Ninety photographs from the Avon Collection by woman photographers; through 11/13.

International Center of Photography—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Brett Weston in New York." Photographs of New York taken between 1943 and 1945, when Weston was stationed on Long Island in the United States Army Signal Corps; 9/19–11/30. . . . "Soul of the Game: Images and Voices of Street Basketball." Black-and-white images of the game being played at Harlem's Rucker Park, Nat King Cole Park in Chicago, and other famed courts by sports photographer John Huet; 9/19–11/19.

Koichiro Kurita—Recent black-and-white photographs of landscapes in France; through 10/18. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Jacques Lowe—Photographs documenting the Kennedy years, many of which have never been previously exhibited; through 10/25. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Ann Mandelbaum—Close-up photographs of portions of the human body whose ambiguity is heightened by solarization and other darkroom manipulations; through 10/25. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Michael Martone—A survey of mixed-media photographic works from the past 30 years by this photographer known for his 1973 monograph, *Dark Light*; through 10/4. Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. (780-0071).

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). A two-part survey of "Paparazzo" photographs taken between 1954 and 1997; through 10/4.

Hirimitsu Morimoto—Photographs of male and female nudes and classical sculptures; through 10/12. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Robert Rauschenberg—A selection of the artist's black-and-white photographs taken since the late forties; through 10/25. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Aaron Siskind—Photographs from the late forties through the eighties that depict letters and words from deteriorating signage and marks and glyphs that suggest an abstracted language; through 10/18. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Jan Staller—Color photographs of random arrangements of materials at military and industrial sites; through 11/1. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Louis Stettner—A survey of photographs of everyday scenes in New York and Paris taken between 1950 and 1997 by this photographer who has been a resident of both cities for most of his life; through 10/18. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Robert Stivers—Images of men, women, and animals spotlit and surrounded by darkness; through 10/11. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through 11/2. . . . "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection"; through 11/2. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs"; through 9/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25. . . . "The Hands of Rodin: A Tribute to B. Gerald Cantor." More than 50 bronze sculptures of hands by Auguste Rodin (1840–1917), produced over a period of four decades; through 9/28. . . . "Process on Paper: Recent Acquisitions—Prints, Drawings, and Photographs"; through 9/28. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors"; through 10/19. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"The Dahesh Salon: Art, Patronage, and Presentation in America, Part II." A selection of late nineteenth-century paintings by Adolphe-William Bouguereau, Jules LeFebvre, Hans Makart, and others, displayed to recreate a nineteenth-century American salon in a private home, including works from the museum's permanent collection and on loan from private collections; 9/16–11/29. 601 Fifth Ave. at 49th St. (759-0606); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Fashion Institute of Technology—"Driving Fashion: Automobile Fabrics of the 1950s"; through 10/4. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642); Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Frick Collection—"Franklin and Condorcet: Two Portraits From the American Philosophical Society." An exhibition documenting the relations between the American statesman and the French mathematician, philosopher, and revolutionary through letters, manuscripts, and eighteenth-century publications on loan from the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the Maryland Historical Society; and a portrait of Benjamin Franklin painted by Jean-Baptiste Greuze in 1777 and a marble bust of Condorcet executed by Jean-Antoine Houdon in 1785, on loan from the American Philosophical Society; through 11/16. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery and Study Center—"Nahum B. Zenil: Witness to the Self." A retrospective of paintings by the Mexican artist whose collages, mixed-media works on paper, and paintings invoke the history of Mexican art while confronting current social issues; through 11/2. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780); Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; free.

Guggenheim Museum—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." The first full career retrospective of the artist's work since 1976, including paintings, drawings, prints, sculpture, and prints; 9/19–1/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $7 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum at Ace Gallery—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." *The 1/4 Mile or 2 Furlong Piece,* an ongoing project begun in 1981 that comprises 189 paintings and sculptures; 9/19–11/9. 275 Hudson St. below Spring St. (255-5599); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; free.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." The first full career retrospective of the artist's work since 1976, including paintings, sculpture, prints, drawings, and performance and technology-based pieces; 9/19–1/4. 575 Broadway at Prince St. (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11/6, Sat. 11–8; $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Facing the New World: Jewish Portraits in Colonial and Federal America." The first comprehensive survey of rare, early American Jewish portraits, by Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and other artists, dating from 1700 through the 1830s; 9/21–1/11. . . . "Camille Pissaro in the Caribbean, 1850–1855: Drawings From the Collection at Olana." Drawings, oil sketches, and watercolors by the Impressionist of scenes in St. Thomas, where he was born, and on other Caribbean islands, that were originally thought to be have been the work of the Danish painter Fritz Melbye; through 11/16. . . . "Anna Ruth Henriques: The Book of Mechtilde." A series of drawings that explore the beliefs and superstitions of the artist's native Jamaica and her Jewish heritage; through 10/13. . . . "Letters From Cairo: Jews and Muslims 800–1500." An exhibition celebrating the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the Cairo Geniza, the greatest cache of medieval manuscripts ever found; through 10/12. . . . "Revealing an Ancient Message: A Synagogue Mosaic From Sepphoris." The first United States exhibition of a recently excavated mosaic floor from a fifth-century synagogue in Israel; through 10/12. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Master Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yoruba Sculptors." Masks, freestanding figures, containers, and architectural posts by male and female Yoruba masters who were active from the mid-nineteenth through the first half of the twentieth century; through 3/1. . . . "Picasso the Engraver—Selections From the Musée Picasso, Paris." Approximately 150 engravings, etchings, and woodcuts made by the artist between 1900 and 1942; 9/18–12/21. . . . "Wordrobe." Words, letters, and numbers in art and clothing; through 11/16. . . . "Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz." An exhibition that reconstructs and expands on the museum's 1978 exhibition of Stieglitz's portraits of O'Keeffe through the inclusion of an additional 30 images; through 10/5. . . . "The Human Figure in Transition, 1900–1945: American Sculpture From the Museum's Collection"; through 9/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Medieval Bestseller: The Book of Hours." 100 Books of Hours from the library's collection; 9/17–1/4. . . . "Romanticism to Realism: Nineteenth-Century German Drawings." A survey of the library's collection of nineteenth-century German drawings; through 1/4. . . . "Cultural Curios: Literary and Historical Witnesses." A selection of objects owned by famous literary figures from the library's permanent collection; through 1/4. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Old-Time Favorites, New-Time Fashions: Quilt Revival, 1910–1950"; through 9/28. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"New Concepts in Printmaking 1: Peter Halley." Artworks created by Halley as digital files on computer disk, comprising wallpaper and rub-down flowcharts that are fabricated by professional printers whenever a site-specific installation is planned; 9/18–2/8. . . . "Object and Abstraction: Contemporary Photographs." A selection of photographs from the eighties and nineties that are at once literal and abstract; through 10/7. . . . "From Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec to Andy Warhol: Exploring Techniques." An exhibition focusing on various printmaking techniques, featuring more than 70 works from the museum's collection; 9/18–2/8. . . . "A Decade of Collecting: Recent Acquisitions in Contemporary Drawing." Installation-scale drawings collected by the museum over the past decade; 9/17–1/13. . . . "Photographs From S-21: 1975–1979." Black-and-white photographs of Cambodians who were held captive in the secret prison S-21 between 1975 and 1979, printed by the Photo Archive Group; through 9/30. . . . "Toward the New Museum of Modern Art: Sketchbooks by Ten Architects"; through 10/7. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Beyond the Grave: Cultures of Queens Cemeteries." Photographs of cemeteries in Queens taken by Dr. Ilana Harlow; 9/27–3/8. . . . "A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . . "Creative Lives: New York Paintings and Photographs by Maurice and Lee Sievan." Paintings by Maurice Sievan (1898–1981) and photographs by his wife, Lee Sievan (1907–1990), made from the late thirties through the fifties; through 11/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum & School of the Fine Arts—"The Tenth Street Studio Building: Artist-Entrepreneurs From the Hudson River School to the American Impressionists." Photographs, paintings, manuscripts, and memorabilia documenting the history of New York's first studio building; through 11/16. . . . "A National Collection: Paintings From the Collection of the National Academy Museum." More than 50 masterpieces from the Academy's collection; through 9/28. . . . "Winslow Homer Wood Engravings From the Permanent Collection." The first exhibition of a collection of works presented to the Academy by Seymour Pearlstein in 1994; through 9/28. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New York Public Library—"Dry Drunk: The Culture of Tobacco in 17th- and 18th-Century Europe." An exhibition covering the history of tobacco in Europe through the library's own materials; 9/20–1/3. . . . "The George Arents Tobacco Collection: Works on Paper"; 9/20–1/3. . . . "Maiden Voyages." An exhibition of writers' first books (in the library's Berg gallery, which is closed on Mon.); through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"To Hell With Reform: The Race to Become Mayor of Greater New York." An exhibition of illustrations and other materials from the 1897 campaign in which New Yorkers elected the first mayor of Greater New York; 9/17–1/4. . . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 10/5. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 11/30. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Queens Museum—"Cai Guo-Qiang: *Cultural Melting Bath*." An installation by the Chinese artist on the theme of social healing; through 10/26. . . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mojo Hand: Recent Work by Richard Yarde"; through 9/28. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1996–1997." Works by June Clark, Gregory Coates, and Vladimir Sybil; through 9/28. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Keith Haring: Retrospective." The first full-scale retrospective of works by the artist (1958–90) best known for his signature images of babies, barking dogs, and antic Everyman figures; through 9/21. . . . "The Tate Gallery Selects: American Realities." The museum's third "Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art" exhibition, curated by Nicholas Serota, director of the Tate Gallery, and Adam D. Weinberg, curator of the Whitney's Permanent Collection; through 10/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Rockwell Kent by Night." Paintings by this American artist (1882–1971) noted for his keen observations of the night sky and his interest in the metaphorical meanings of darkness; through 9/28. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Tunnel Visions." Large-scale photographs of Grand Central Terminal by Accra Shepp; through 10/10. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 9/17 at 10: "Japanese Works of Art." On view from 9/13. 9/18 at 10: "The Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Pincus Collection of Classical Chinese Furniture." On view from 9/4. 9/18 at 11:30: "The Jingguantang Collection, Part III." On view from 9/13. 9/18 at 2:30: "Fine Chinese Ceramics and Works of Art." On view from 9/13. 9/19 at 10: "Fine Chinese Paintings and Calligraphy." On view from 9/13. 9/19 at 2 and 9/20 at 10 and 2: "Finest and Rarest Wines."

Christie's East —219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 9/20 at 10 and 2: "Sports Memorabilia." On view from 9/13.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 9/17 and 9/18 at 10: "Jewelry, Silverware, and Coins." On view from 9/13. 9/17 at 5: "Important Estate Jewelry." On view from 9/13.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 9/20 at 10:30: "Town & Country: Furniture, Decorative Objects, Silver, Objects of Vertu, and Russian Works of Art." On view from 9/17.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 9/22 at 10:15: "Chinese Paintings." On view from 9/18.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 9/18 at 10:30: "Art & Architecture Books." On view from 9/13.

Photography

Darkness Visible

Fans of his photographs include such household names as Robert Frank, Ralph Gibson, Duane Michals, and Larry Clark. His prints and books have been acquired by MOMA, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the New York Public Library's Wallach Division of Art, Prints and Photographs. His work has been championed by the critic A. D. Coleman since 1969. Hardbound copies of his 1973 monograph *Dark Light*, originally priced at $12.95, now sell for upwards of $100—when they can be found. And he's been included in museum exhibitions in the United States and abroad. Why, then, has it taken Michael Martone, a 55-year-old lifelong New Yorker, 28 years to have his second solo show in a commercial gallery? "I would take my work to galleries," says Martone, "and their directors would tell me the same three things: It isn't in the marketplace; we already have a stable of artists; it is neither photography nor painting." His current show at the Ricco/Maresca Gallery (152 Wooster Street; through October 4)—featuring recent photographic assemblages and vintage prints from *Dark Light*—is largely the outcome of the efforts of two friends, Cookie Vazquez and Gilbert Wallace, who introduced his work to the gallery's photography director, W. M. Hunt. "It's remarkable to look at work and think, Oh, my God, I've never seen this before," says Hunt.

Martone began taking and developing pictures when he was 12 and later attended the High School of Performing Arts. The images of *Dark Light* take their bleak mood from what was an unhappy adolescence. Martone's father, a WPA painter, suffered from a degenerative mental illness; Martone himself had a nervous breakdown when he was 19 and was hospitalized on and off until he was 21. His assemblages, though less autobiographical, are obsessively made, each series often featuring one photographic image (he makes only four or five negatives a year, he says, and has been making unique prints from the same negatives for the past 40 years). The prints are subjected to different developing processes, some sitting in trays for up to four days—a technique that increases the risk that the emulsion will separate from the paper. "I use materials that will eradicate the surface, and then I'll use solutions that bring it back," says Martone. He then applies paint and sometimes affixes tinfoil, feathers, nylon stockings, and other evocative materials to the prints. The resulting works, one gathers, are Martone's reinventions of what came before—in his art *and* his life. "A lot of my work is about psychiatric distortion," says Martone. "Very often, the effects of disintegration become the first generation of a finished piece." EDITH NEWHALL

Photograph courtesy of the Ricco/Maresca Gallery.

theater

O'Neill...Theater for Human Rights...Kyle

Broadway

Now Playing

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. $40–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Marilu Henner and Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring David Alan Grier as Pseudolus. $60–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre,.246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grease!— A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Lucy Lawless plays Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom,* in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St.(307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

Previews

The Deadman Cometh

The New York Theater Workshop has not, in its fine eighteen-year history, been known to favor the works of canonized playwrights. Nor has it been known, since moving to its new theater on East 4th Street, to select works with more than one syllable in their titles. (Consider: 'Rent,' 'Traps,' 'Quills,' 'Slavs!') This year, though, the company is twice breaking precedent by choosing Eugene O'Neill's 'More Stately Mansions.' Naturally, there's a caveat: O'Neill never intended the play for publication—three years after he died, it was dredged up, unfinished, from a box at Yale—and the company has imported an avant-garde Dutch director to mount the production. Previews begin Sept. 20.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Atwater: Fixin' to Die—The late Lee Atwater, a Republican strategist with an affection for Bo Diddley and a genius for mud warfare (remember Willie Horton?) died at the tender age of 40 in 1991. But Atwater still made his mark—not only because he played blues guitar at a 1988 innaugural ball but also because his ruthless, nihilistic approach to campaigning transformed dirty politics into an art form. In this one-man show, Bruce McIntosh plays the Southern-fried legend, starting with Atwater's college years—when politics barely mattered to him—and ending with his dying days, when Atwater was riddled with not only cancer but the fear that he may have lived an ignoble life. $20–$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 9/14. Through 10/26. *28th Street Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. (591-0019) or (307-4100).*

Edward the Second—The story of the murdered homosexual monarch, as originally told by Christopher Marlowe in his 1592 *Edward II* but set in twentieth-century New York. $25. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Opened 9/14. Through 10/17. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way!—A modern, irreverent, and (no doubt) lovingly told Gaelic history by Frank McCourt, Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *Angela's Ashes*. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 9/21 for a 10/2 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

More Stately Mansions—The New York Theatre Workshop *(Rent)* innaugurates the new season with this 1939 Eugene O'Neill play, which the playwright never intended for publication. ("Unfinished work," said the note attached to the drama. "This script to be destroyed in case of my death.") The company is using the version completed by Karl Ragnar Gierow of the Swedish Royal Dramatic Theater. $10–$28. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 1 and 7. Previews begin 9/20 for a 10/7 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Only You—After a successful revival at the Trilogy Theatre, Timothy Mason's send-up of romantic mores moves to Off Broadway. $30. Tues.–Fri. 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/5. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (307-4100).*

Plunge—Christopher Kyle, who specializes in the angst of the postgraduate searching class, comes up with an age-appropriate *Big Chill*. Presented by Playwrights Horizons; directed by Ron Lagomarsino *(The Last Night of Ballyhoo)*. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 9/28 opening at 7. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Certainly there are few if any musicals in which so large a cast of characters achieves, down to its least members, individual profile and personal savor. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it—its blocking and pacing nowhere to be faulted, and here and there a deliciously new detail. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97). $65; kids 17 and younger pay half price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 11/9. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Skyscraper—A romantic comedy, perched on the rooftop of a historic building slated for demolition. Written by David Auburn; starring John Wylie. $12–$25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 9/28 opening. *Greenwich House Theater, 27 Barrow St. (279-4200).*

three-for-all—A confection from the founding members of Tricicle, an immensely popular Barcelona troupe that counts Jacques Tati, Charlie Chaplin, and the brothers Marx among its influences. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 9/16 for a 10/13 opening. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100 or 505-0700).*

Tibet Does Not Exist—A Yale economics professor and a Tibetan monk square off in a debate of hemispheric values. The usual suspects—Richard Gere, Alice Walker, A. M. Rosenthal, and Uma Thurman's religion professor dad—have lent their support in getting this, the very first production from the Theater for Human Rights, off the ground. Written by Don Thompson; directed by Brian Clay Luedloff. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 2. Previews begin 9/18 for a 9/21 opening. Through 10/26. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center at BMCC, 199 Chambers St. (279-4200) or (346-8510).*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Previews

Picking Up the Slack

Christopher Kyle, a 32-year-old who writes with both wit and confidence about his peers, might—and this is just a free, friendly scrap of advice—want to consider shaving his goatee, weaning himself from flannel shirts, and abstaining from Snapple during interviews. There's simply no point in looking like Ethan Hawke if you've got more depth. But Kyle says he feels neither burdened nor trivialized by any associations the public may make between him and the term *Generation X*. "I can see how it might be confining," he says, "but so far I've got no complaints." Indeed, why would he? His last play, *The Monogamist*, left most critics reeling in admiration; his newest, *Plunge*, could soon be unreeling at local movie theaters: It's one of just fourteen plays commissioned by Amblin-DreamWorks, the mighty production arm of Steven Spielberg. "Film has certainly been a very big influence on how I see story structure," says Kyle. And that, he adds, probably *is* a generational difference between himself and other playwrights. He fiddles with flashbacks, for example. He shuffles sets around as if time and space weren't considerations. ("I just had to write a monologue in order to cover a costume change," he confesses. "I didn't allow the actors enough time.") As in movies, Kyle makes unblushing use of sex; characters are seen in bed, in the buff, in homemade porn videos. And he borrows from the tabloids: *The Monogamist*, the story of a stifled marriage, was inspired by the indiscretions of Joey Buttafuoco. "I completely confess to lowbrow tastes," Kyle reports. "*People* magazine, *Jerry Springer* . . ." Yet all his life, he says, he has gotten along better with his elders than his contemporaries. He embraced the responsibilities of adulthood relatively early (married at 26, a second child now on the way). His wife is a *lawyer*. But yes, he admits: Conventional labels enhance a man's market value. "If someone can say, 'He's the Generation-X playwright,' it makes my work easier to sell," says Kyle. Now, if that attitude isn't unique to his generation, what is?

JENNIFER SENIOR

Opening

Buddhaful People

The first offering from the Theater for Human Rights, 'Tibet Does Not Exist,' is not only a play but an event; the opening night cast party will be held at Robert De Niro's Tribeca Grill, and Richard Gere, Alice Walker, A. M. Rosenthal, Edward Albee, Archbishop Desmond Tutu, a Beastie Boy, Uma Thurman's religion-professor father, and a dozen or so other celebrity sympathizers have lent their support to the project. Don Thompson's dialectical drama pits three Yale professors against an exiled Tibetan monk in a debate over hemispheric values. Performances begin Sept. 21.

Now Playing

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Country giant Barbara Mandrell, *Dallas* bombshell Charlene Tilton, and former Miss America Phyllis George have been singing the praises of this production for weeks. Whether these endorsements—or a Nashville-imported musical—can charm New Yorkers, though, remains to be seen. The show does have its selling points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty-song score, and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewife. Off Broadway newcomer Tori Lynn Palazola stars. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened 6/24/97. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

As Bees in Honey Drown—Now on an open-ended run, after a spectacularly successful four-week engagement at the Greenwich House Theatre. Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane (*To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*); alertly directed by Drama Desk Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 5/11/97. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

The Evil Spell of the Butterfly—Cockroaches, beetles, and a swarm of more attractive arthropods make up the world of this Federico García Lorca allegory of pre–Civil War Spain. The Spanish-language production features actors from leading theaters in Spain, Brazil, Colombia, Venezuela, and Puerto Rico; English narration is provided. $20. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. Through 9/28. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hard Times—The Pearl Theatre Company brings to life the lost souls of Dickens's Coketown. $18–$30. Tues. at 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opens 9/8. Through Oct. 5. *Pearl Theatre, 80 Saint Marks Place (598-9802).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel acknowledges her debt to Nabokov's *Lolita*. She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Jayne Atkinson and Bruce Davison. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, passed away last June, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/29. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Misalliance—This is not one of Shaw's best plays, but even at his second-best, GBS fascinates, entertains, and exercises the intellect, though this last seems to be the least of the concerns of David Warren, the director. The play consists of artfully orchestrated conversations—duets, trios, quartets leading up to the occasional tutti—bespeaking the man of music that Shaw also was. Gradually, Shaw's ideas on the education of children crystallize, as do his

Photograph by Corky Lee.

views on marriage and the family, socialism, worldly success, the joys of literacy, and whatnot—a great deal of whatnot. The performances, for the most part, do their bit. With pleasant design by Derek McLane, Catherine Zuber, and Kenneth Posner, the play keeps the audience both amused and agog. It may even be that, amid the relaxed guffaws, some of the subversive ideas manage to strike home. (Simon: 8/18/97). Starring Brian Murray, Elizabeth Marvel, and Patricia Conolly. $45. Opened 8/7. Through 10/12. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat at 7:30, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels-Roundabout, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. $25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

The American Chestnut—A new commentary on domesticity, delivered in typical Karen Finley fashion—she vacuums wearing a backwards wedding dress, harangues against the dysfunctionality of Pooh Corner, and drizzles a velvet canvas with her breast milk ("I'm a lactating Jackson Pollock!" she exclaims). $20–$25. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 9/28. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Barrio Babies—An original Latino showbiz comedy starring Lisa Lisa, onetime idol of the bubble-gum set. Presented by AMAS Musical Theatre. Free. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opens 9/18. Through 9/27. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-4324).*

Cab Legs—Elevator Repair Service presents a semi-improvisational comedy combining Colombian dance music, antique furniture and shades of Betty Boop. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 9/28. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Church of Billy—A collapsing church makes a last-ditch effort to reach out to its parishioners. God is optional; online spiritual participation is welcome. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Previews begin 9/18 for a 9/21 opening. Through 10/11. *St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. (245-2708).*

Down Under Darling—A rogue liberates a ship of convicts enroute to Australia. Mayhem, art, and love ensue, etc., etc., etc. $17.50 Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3:30. Through 10/11. *Wings Theatre Company, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961).*

Find Me a Voice—A new play that combines drama, poetry, music, and dance to tell the story of a young man's search for meaning in his grandfather's death at Auschwitz. Presented by the Rabbit in the Moon Theatre. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 9/28. *The Producers Club II, 616 Ninth Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th. (352-4336).*

I Make Me a Promise—A semi-original musical by the children of formerly homeless men and women living with AIDS and HIV. Most of the tunes have been pulled from *Blocks*, a children's musical by late *Rent* composer Jonathan Larson and Hal Hackady *(Snoopy, Minnie's Boys)*. $15. Tues. at 7, Thurs.–Sat. at 7, matinees on Wed. at 11 and Sun. at 3. Through 9/27. *McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at W. 76th St. (239-6200).*

Kamchik: The Singing Cowboy and His Invisible Backup Singers—Kamchik, the Israeli version of a Texas cowpoke (and a castaway from MTV's *Oddville*), entertains with an evening of song and confessions. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 9/28. *Pulse Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (253-1160).*

Miracle Mile—Clark Middleton's one-man show about his struggle with a devastating childhood disease. $12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Performances begin 9/7. Through 9/28. *Theater Row Theater, 424 W. 42nd. St. (358-5041).*

Sister—Mario Fratti's new play about promiscuity and parental naïveté. $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. Through 9/21. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave. bet. 9th and 10th St. (254-1109).*

Strictly Dishonorable—Though best known as the original Hollywood screwball, Preston Sturges also wrote this boisterous stage play about Prohibition-era social mores. The 1929 production, directed by Antoinette Perry (for whom the Tony awards are named), was one of Broadway's longest-running shows, drawing full houses and black-market ticket prices even after Wall Street crashed. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 9/20. *Vineyard's Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Tracers—Long before *Platoon, Full Metal Jacket*, and *Born on the Fourth of July*, there was this cannily restrained memory play by John DiFusco and eight Vietnam veterans. The 29th Street Rep now presents a revival, with company member and Vietnam vet Leo Farley directing. "What I really like about the play is that it doesn't offer any morality stuff," he says. "It's just these guys and their stories." $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. In previews for a 9/18 opening. *29th Street Rep., 212 W. 29th St. (465-0575).*

Uncle Tom's Cabin—The Mint Theater Company presents the 1852 dramatization of Harriet Beecher Stowe's classic. $15. Thurs. at 7, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. Through 9/28. *Mint Theatre, 311 W. 43rd St. (315-9434).*

Previews

Three for Three?

The Greenwich House theater, which successively launched two of last season's most engaging Off Broadway plays (*Gross Indecency, As Bees in Honey Drown*), is now home to *Skyscraper*, a David Auburn comedy about memory, sex, and architecture. Currently in previews; opening night is Sept. 28.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Lippert

continued from page 24

legs akimbo. Another scene, less comic and more actively wrenching, depicts anguished workers crowding into the doors of an already packed bus. On the side of the bus is an enormous pink poster: It's Blondie again, this time showing her emaciated frame as she promotes the "Brand O Diet—There's no limit to how thin you can get."

Although Diesel spokespeople maintain that the company certainly had no competitor in mind and that the campaign, if anything, makes fun of Diesel itself, the ads would appear to be a direct jab at Benetton, another Italian clothing-maker invading the world with its politically charged, racially aware, cooler-than-thou non-advertising advertising. (You might remember Benetton's controversial "social awareness" campaign featuring news photos of a man dying of AIDS and of a mob of Albanian refugees scrambling aboard a ship.) As with Diesel, the feeling behind the Benetton work is to open up advertising beyond its narrow (i.e., American, formulaic) boundaries. And to some degree, just as fashion is about provocation, all jeans and young-fashion companies are interested in edgy, non-mainstream, anti-fashion non-ads. But talk about dissonance: The trouble with using social-issue-oriented advertising to show any fashion company's iconoclasm, after all, is that in the end, the messages are still intended to sell sweaters to indulged kids in suburban malls.

Is Diesel's staged, ironic version just as disingenuous as Benetton's? The company's current North Korea–themed campaign includes a TV spot (running on Time Warner Cable) in which a Diesel-denim-clad Asian boy and his girlfriend, with a sort of Comrade Pippi Longstocking look, are denied admission to a club because of his jeans. He bolts to jump off a bridge. She shows up—in her denim separates—to jump with him, but first he takes a minute to fall on his knees and worship at her button fly. And then they leap together—happening to land on a passing poultry truck. Diesel's aim isn't to draw attention to North Korea's squalid living conditions. Nor do they necessarily pitch the freedom to wear labels versus totalitarian sameness. Diesel just wants to be outrageous.

The ads succeed. They get attention. But here's the final irony: Recognizing how hard a market America is to invade with expensive jeans and Alanis Morissette–wear, Diesel is now looking for a new ad agency. Maybe one with a more disciplined marketing approach. Maybe one that will even provide some straightforward advertising. ■

restaurants

Lust for Life...Garage Sale...Coffee Talk

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

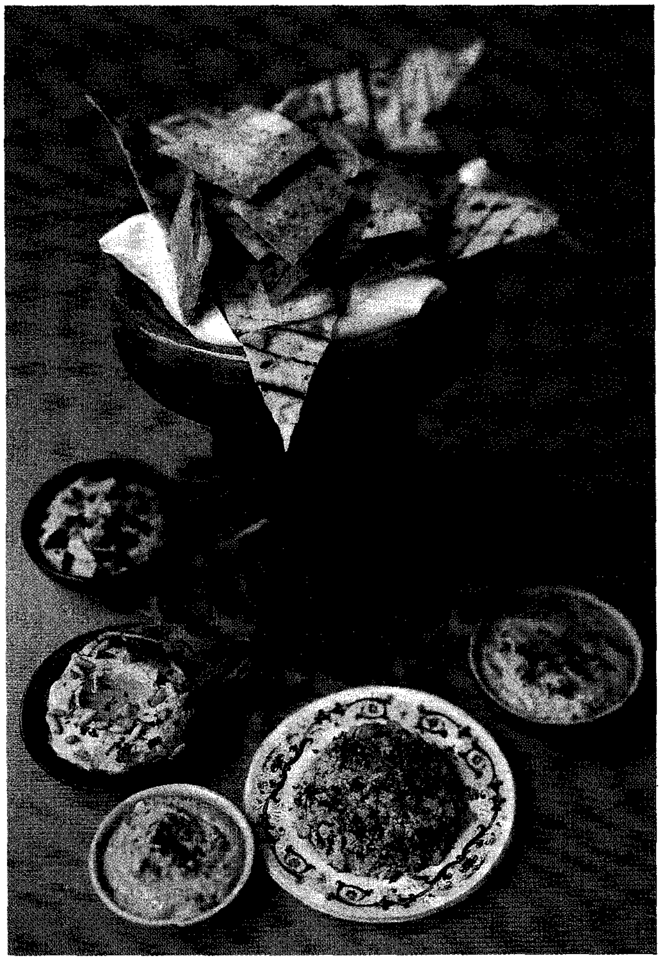
Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak.



Takeout
Lip Service

For public-radio listeners who have considered suicide when pledge week is enough: From September 19 to 26, you can support WNYC by simply eating. All three Gourmet Garage locations are selling a prepackaged takeout dish from a different renowned kitchen each day—including Jo Jo's tuna roll with pickled ginger and soybean coulis, below, and Layla's assorted meze with flatbread, left—and donating all proceeds to the cause. (From $3 for meze to $12 for entrées.)

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

Object of Desire

Garden Variety

Vegetables will never be riper nor their numbers greater than they are right now. Avoid indecision: Dip your peasant bread into one of the early-harvest soups by Johannes Sanzin, whose Souperman is a welcome addition to the burgeoning broth brigade. (77 Pearl Street.)

Peter Kaminsky

88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—This duplex restaurant, under the same ownership as Match uptown and down, offers a similarly clubby, cigar-friendly environment on the second floor, while the ground floor, done up in bordello red and gilt mirrors, is given over to a sophisticated modern Creole menu. Try the crayfish-and-white-bean salad or the jerk-crusted pork chop. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of single-malt scotches and tequilas. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Stock & Tankard—Those looking to unwind after a hard day at the office can find comfort in this low-key bar, which serves over fifty microbrewed beers, twenty wines by the glass, diverse martinis, and frozen drinks. The steakhouse menu includes alligator and other offbeat options. *587 Third Ave., nr. 38th St. (661-3181). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

hotographs by Robert Wright.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the house quaff (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with smoked bacon, corn chowder and pommes Anna. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

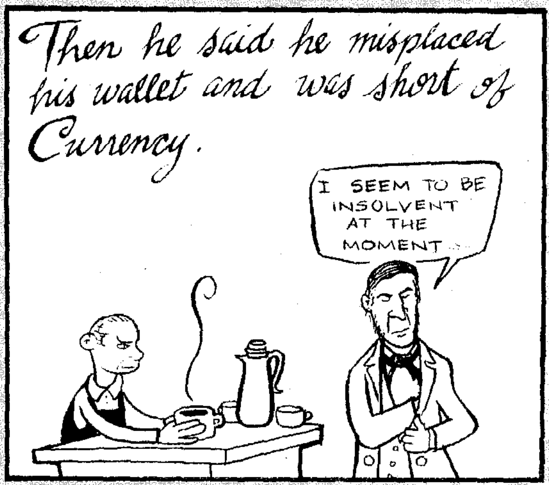
Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

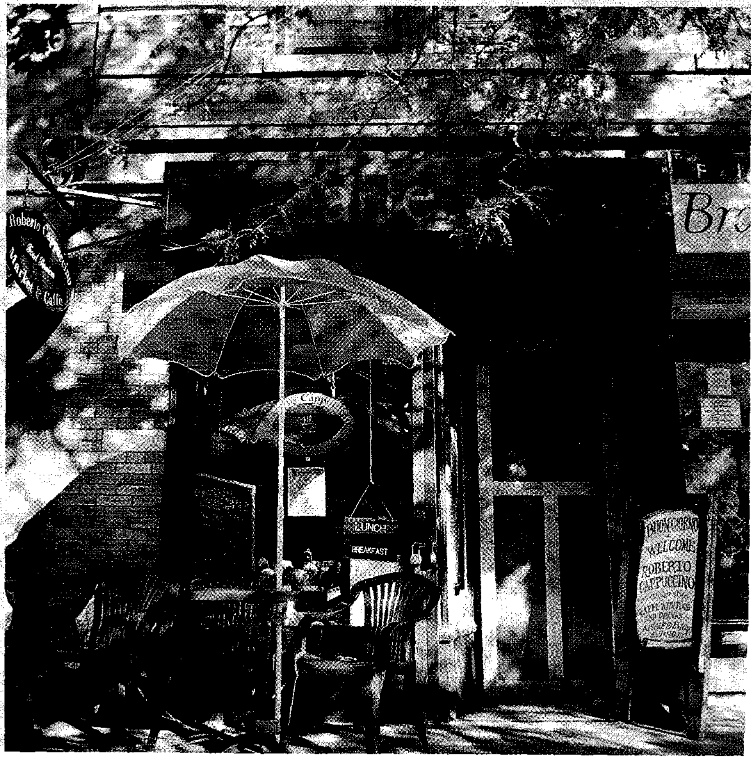
Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for

On View
Strip Joint

Unlike comic-strip demigod Ben Katchor, who took to hanging his infamous 'Julius Knipl, Real Estate Photographer' strip in public places, 31-year-old architect Fran Leadon picked a specific location—the coffee shop in his Brooklyn building—upon which to base the story line of his own Caffè Strip. Alternately chronicling the curious comings and goings at Roberto Cappuccino, a contemporary café in Cobble Hill, and its 1836 incarnation as Nathaniel Rustoleum, the strip gives weekly updates on the caffeinated travails of Leadon's alter ego—the "crazed anarchist" upstairs—and a cast of characters including an infantilized stock trader, a pair of Algonquin Indians, and, in an inspired cameo, a freeloading Ralph Waldo Emerson. (221 Court Street, near Warren Street.)


Then he said he misplaced his wallet and was short of Currency.
I SEEM TO BE INSOLVENT AT THE MOMENT...



Photograph by Robert Wright

Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place to kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick-and-stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Regency—This Chinese-Japanese hybrid is located conveniently in midtown's hotel nexus. Try any of the noodle dishes or a sampling from the sushi bar. Private-party facilities are upstairs. *850 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (247-6440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from the meat loaf platter to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

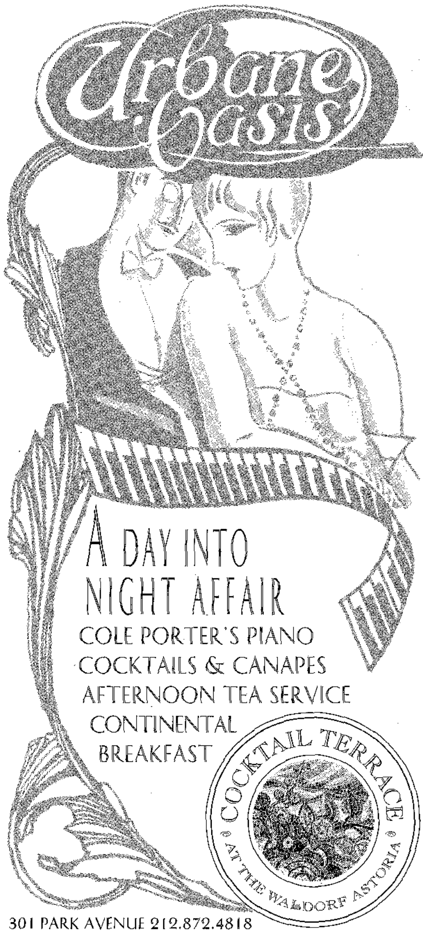
Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mike's American Bar & Grill—A cozy Hell's Kitchen joint with a fun atmosphere, a theatrical crowd, and honest American food. Try the pork chops or the spicy chili. *650 Tenth Ave., near 46th St. (246-4115). (I–M) AE, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*



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Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

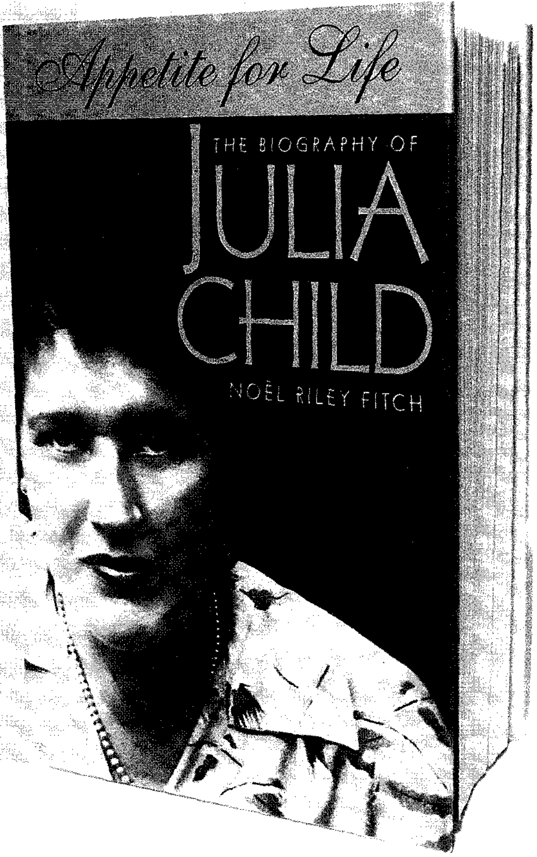
Bella Donna—Creative pastas and thin-crust pizzas at extremely affordable prices keep this cheerful Upper East Side trattoria full of budget diners, first dates, and neighborhood regu-

In Print

This Is Julia Child

Before becoming public television's "French Chef" and subsequently a national treasure, Julia Child had been a Foreign Service wife, a critical member of an espionage unit in Ceylon and China during World War II, a not particularly studious Smith undergraduate, and a vivacious, reckless Southern California tomboy. This history might come as something of a surprise. After all, she'd sprung fully formed into her midlife persona as the author of the landmark book *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* just before her 50th birthday. For anyone who has ever been curious about the person behind the apron and the affable, often-clumsy façade, the new biography *Appetite for Life*, by Noël Riley Fitch (Doubleday; $25.95), provides a fascinating account of the woman preceding the legend. We meet the young Julia, who'd never had any particular interest in food—other than satisfying an always-ravenous appetite—before her revelatory move to Paris with her husband after the war. At 37, she enrolled at the Cordon Bleu in a course for GIs and threw herself passionately into the vocation that would ultimately become a cottage industry. Granted full access to Child's personal letters and journals and to her closest confidants, Fitch commendably reports the occasional attacks endured and enemies encountered along the way to culinary sainthood: cooking rivals who challenged Child's sobriquet, arguing that she was neither French nor, professionally, a chef; animal-rights activists who protested her cheerful carnivorousness; right-to-lifers enraged by her fervent support of Planned Parenthood; feminists agitating to escape the domestic role they believed Child advocated; and, later, the pleasure-killing, fat-phobic "health police." Now, at the age of 85, Child is a long-lived testament to the value of moderation in all things except, perhaps, one: her marriage to Paul Child, who died three years ago. Child's tender relationship with her husband, with whom she lived, traveled, and worked, was crucial to her development. But instead of spinning a reductionist tale of a woman who tried to please her man and in so doing became a hero of the home, Fitch uncovers a pioneering modern marriage of genuine partnership and mutual respect. The biggest surprise for readers may be that Julia Child's passion for food was only her second great love.

ROBIN RAISFELD



lars. *307 E. 77th St. (535-2866). (I–M) ($).*

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat, or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has its fans, including the telegenic likes of Dan Rather and Tom Brokaw, who partake of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Ici—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed, contemporary French fare—like grilled scallops with asparagus, and Cajun red snapper—and a fashionably chic clientele. *19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. *519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

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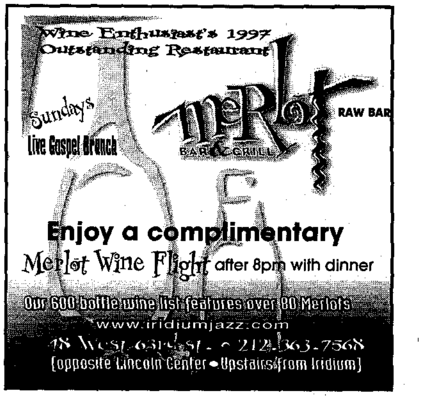

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Classical Music

Tuesday, September 16

Bargemusic—Trio performances of Vivaldi and Telemann. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 6:30; $23.*

Choir of King's College, Cambridge—Performs Handel, Rachmaninoff, and Gabrieli; Stephen Cleobury, director. *St. Thomas, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. (757-7013), at 7:30; $20–$50.*

Wednesday, September 17

New York Philharmonic—Performs Prokofiev, Mozart, Strauss, and Brahms, with Renee Fleming, soprano; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7575), at 8; $35–$95.*

North and South: Indian Vocal Music—Shobha Gurtu, the "Queen of Thumri," and Carnatic's Unni Krishnan perform traditional music. *Asia Society, 725 Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-ASIA), at 8; $35–$50.*

Webbed Feats—Dance, theater, improv, and music about the world of cyberspace, with on-line collaboration from thousands of guests. *Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. and 42nd St. (922-9393), noon–7; free.*

Thursday, September 18

New York Philharmonic—Performs Beethoven and Brahms, with Maxim Vengerov, violin; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7000), at 8; $20–$75.*

Bargemusic—Trio performances of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 6:30; $23.*

Noonday Concert—The male a cappella group Reverb performs sacred and secular traditional music. *Trinity Church, 74 Trinity Pl., at Broadway (602-0873), at 1 p.m.; free.*

Friday, September 19

DROP—A psychedelic rock opera by Puak Mascotta and Hank Wagner. *NADA's House of Candles, 99 Stanton St. (420-1466), midnight; free.*

New York Philharmonic—See 9/18.

Saturday, September 20

ZOOM: Composers Close Up—Nicholas Brooke, Kenji Bunch, and Eliyahu Shoot compose works for percussion, performed by Daniel Druckman. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 E. 67th St. (501-3330), at 9; $8.50.*

Made in America—Dick Hyman, piano; Max Roach, percussion; and the Janus Ensemble perform Americana, including Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" and Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag." *92nd St. Y at Madison Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $35.*

New York Philharmonic—See 9/18.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Sunday, September 21

Bargemusic—See 9/11, at 4.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Their season begins with Bizet's *Carmen*, featuring Denyce Graves and Plácido Domingo, 9/22 at 6:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $75–$2,000.*

New York City Opera—Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri*, 9/17 at 7:30; Verdi's *Macbeth*, 9/18 at 7:30; Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, 9/19 at 8 and 9/20 at 1:30; Verdi's *La Traviata*, 9/20 at 8; and Verdi's *Macbeth*, 9/21 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$85.*

Amato Opera—The smallest opera house in the world begins its fiftieth season with a bilingual version of Verdi's *Falstaff;* Anthony Amato, conductor. 9/20 at 7:30 and 9/21 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Hell's Kitchen Opera—Performs *American Lit: The Hawthorne/Melville Correspondence*, as part of the Downtown Arts Festival, 9/18 at 8, 9/20 at 4, and 9/21 at 3:30. *American Opera Projects, 463 Broome St. (489-7938); free.*

Dance

Forever Tango—The Argentine form interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Twilight at the Tip—Dancer/choreographer Mary Abrams leads the audience through lower New York, encountering dancers, musicians, and even a parade on the way, 9/18, 9/20 and 9/22 at 7. *Meet at the Vietnam War Memorial, Coenties Slip and Water St. (642-8256); $10.*

S.O.A.P.—The German dance theater troupe performs Rui Horta's *Object Constant;* 8/16–8/20 at 8, 8/21 at 7:30, and 8/22 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (242-0800); $28.*

Yangtze Repertory—Performs *Variations in a Foreign Land*, 9/19–9/21 at 8. *Pace Downtown Theater, 3 Spruce St. (346-1715); $12.*

James Hall—Performs *Operation Bliss*, 9/18–9/21 at 8:30. *St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-8194); $15.*

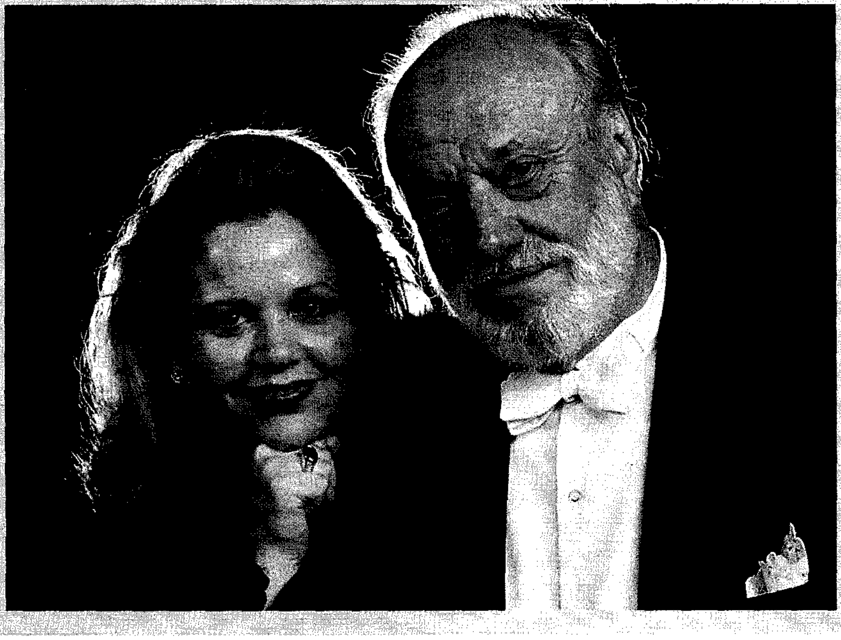
In-Young Sohn—Performs traditional Korean dances and songs, 9/20 at 8. *Symphony Space, 95th St. and Broadway (864-5400); $20.*

New York Dance and Performance Awards—Also known as the Bessies, this awards ceremony features performances by Ancient Vibrations and Doug Elkins. *La Guardia Concert Hall, 65th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (691-6500), at 6; $5.*

Previews

Keeps Going, and Going . . .

Yet again, the New York Philharmonic celebrates the 70th birthday of maestro Kurt Masur—recently decreed by our mayor the "New York City Cultural Ambassador"—with a performance of Brahms's Symphony No. 1, as well as a Mozart motet and Richard Strauss songs. Opera star Renée Fleming (and the lead in Massenet's *Manon* this month at the Met; pictured below left) is the soloist. Masur conducts, of course. Avery Fisher Hall, September 17.



Photograph by Christian Steiner

nightlife

Fleetwood Mac...Izzard...Hernandez

Concerts

Blues Traveller—Great, big post-blues music in the the great, big urban outdoors. 9/21 at 7 P.M. *Central Park SummerStage, near 72nd St. (360-CPSS). $25–$30.*

Burning Spear—Throughout his twenty-year career, Winston Rodney—the solo reggae artist known as Burning Spear—has demonstrated the increasingly rare gift of addressing weighty political and social issues poetically, without coming across as heavy-handed or preachy. His newest album, *Appointment With His Majesty,* is no exception, even when he's offering a musical eulogy to Jerry Garcia. 9/18 at 8 P.M. *The Roxy, 548 W. 18th St. (307-7171). $22.50.*

Shawn Colvin—At least there's an upside to this year's proliferation of undeservingly hyped, acoustic guitar-wielding "singer-songwriters": the breakout success of Colvin's recent disc, *A Few Small Repairs.* The album's deceptively jangling folk-pop sonics (particularly on the single "Sunny Came Home") notwithstanding, *Repairs* addresses the very heavy matters at the heart of everyday occurrences with more subtlety than Jewel seems to be capable of mustering. Of course, it helps that Colvin is a good dozen years older than the aforementioned Alaskan yodeler—and thus not as prone to cringe-inducing forays into "politics" and "spirituality." 9/20 at 8 P.M. *The Theatre at Madison Square Garden, 4 Pennsylvania Plaza, near Eighth Ave. and 32nd St. (307-7171). $25–$35.*

Faith No More—The band that made Rush-style prog-rock palatable to the tattooed MTV generation explores funk, metal, and beyond. 9/17 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $17.50.*

Fleetwood Mac—When the classic, *Rumours*-era (not to be confused with original) Mac reformed to play "Don't Stop (Thinking About Tomorrow)" for Bill Clinton's 1993 inaugural, the reunion looked sure to be a one-off. Having split up amid bitter allegations of physical violence and general ill-will, the band seemed destined not to patch things up. Yet here they are, in 1993, with a new album, *The Dance,* that features four new songs, one *Rumours* outtake, and a dozen live renditions of seventies Mac classics. And with all kinds of television time (on MTV *and* VH1) in the works, a No. 1 debut on the charts, and a tour that looks to revitalize the sleepy live-music industry, it looks like the Mac might just inherit the earth. 9/23 at 7:30 P.M. *Nassau Coliseum, Mitchel Field Complex, Uniondale, Long Island.* 9/30 at 7:30 P.M. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $45–$75.*

John Fogerty—When the ex–Creedence Clearwater Revival leader returned to New York this summer for his first show in a decade, expectations were less than sky-high: His recent album, *Blue Moon Swamp,* was rife with the kind of blues-rock clichés and tired twanging that CCR had so beautifully avoided in its heyday. But when Fogerty hit the stage, all was forgiven, as he tore through powerful renditions of sorely missed classics like "Proud Mary," "Fortunate Son," and "Born on the Bayou." In the context, even Fogerty's lackluster new material shone unexpectedly. With Missouri's young, whisky-soaked roots-rock quartet the Bottle Rockets. 9/18 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 313 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $35.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Dick Hyman and Max Roach—Is there such a thing as "American Music"? Certainly, in one strict sense there obviously is: music that originated here. But what does the designation actually mean? Two veterans who certainly know a thing or two about how music gets made in this country aim to answer that question, in the second year of the Y's "Project America." Played by a lineup that includes Chico O'Farrill's Afro-Cuban orchestra, the Chestnut Brass Company, and flutist Christopher Layer, the new "Made in America" program comprises Sousa ("Stars and Stripes Forever"), W. C. Handy ("St. Louis Blues"), Joplin ("Maple

Talent

The Art Formerly Known As Swing

Don't call Julian Fleisher a revivalist. "When people hear the phrase *big band,* or the name *Ellington,* or even the word *jazz,*" says the 30-year-old singer, "it usually connotes a certain ambience—martini glasses, cigarette holders, and so forth. I'm not interested in any of that." True, Fleisher's Rather Big (that would be eleven-piece) Band has often featured players who cut their teeth on the bandstands of Ellington, Basie, and Sinatra. And his repertoire does, in fact, include yesteryear hits by the likes of Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, and Johnny Mercer. But, he says, "I don't need to dress up in a suit that says 'We're going back to the 1940s now.' And I don't need to treat those songs like museum pieces." Nor does Fleisher limit his repertoire to swing-era staples: "I love that stuff," he says of such material. "But when I was in high school, I listened to two people: Joni Mitchell and Prince." At Fleisher's upcoming dates at Fez, September 19 and 26, look for big-band treatments of nonstandards like Smokey Robinson & the Miracles' "Shop Around" ("in a Miles Davis, circa *Bitches Brew,* via Captain & Tennille, arrangement") and Mitchell's "Dry Cleaner From Des Moines" and "Both Sides Now" ("as close to a masterpiece of modern songwriting as you're going to get—right up there with 'Little Red Corvette' "). Even his atypical, rock-friendly set, though, draws inspiration from an old-school master: "Once you've heard Mel Tormé swing 'Send In the Clowns,' " insists Fleisher, "there are no limits. He blew the lid off."

ETHAN SMITH

Photograph by Brooke Williams.

Leaf Rag"), Strayhorn ("Take the A Train"), and James P. Johnson ("Charleston"). *92nd St. Y, 1365 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $25.*

INXS—9/16 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $30.*

Eddie Izzard—On first blush, the drag queen-ish British comic's material would seem to be fairly universal—no references to national politics, television programs, or other peculiar habits of Britons. But Izzard's frequent riffs on the lighter side of fruits and vegetables (why we don't eat apple seeds; why the produce section is always the first area you encounter in a supermarket) are, in fact, a uniquely British sort of humor: Who but a greens-deprived Englishman would ever think vegetables were funny? Fortunately for us, Izzard does. 9/22–10/11. Call for times. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288). $20.*

Kol Simcha—The rollicking Swiss klezmer band. 9/21 at 2 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $17.50–$35.*

Johnny Mathis—Sure, you've got your Tony Bennett, your Tom Jones, your Yma Sumac. But for real; smoother-than-smooth pre-rock makeout music, we'll take Mathis any day. 9/17–9/18 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $25–$60.*

Morrissey—The ex-Smiths frontman's new album, *Maladjusted,* is a fairly predictable collection of meditations on self-loathing, confusion, and unfulfilled fantasy. No surprises there, then. But now that Elton John's rewrite of "Candle in the Wind" has set a precedent for rock and roll as royalty mourning, and the Spice Girls have dedicated a televised performance to the late Princess Diana, can the notoriously nationalistic Morrissey be far behind, with a reworking his somber classic "Queen Is Dead"? ("English Rose Is Dead"? "Princess Is Dead"?) 9/17 at 7 P.M. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, near 72nd St. (360-CPSS). $25–$30.*

Marcus Roberts—Backed by Milt Jackson, Teddy Edwards, and others, the brilliant young pianist explores the legacy of one of his forebears in "Thelonious Monk: High Priest of Modern Jazz." 9/18 and 9/20 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $37.50.*

Roni Size/Reprazent—Drum-and-bass impresario Size turned the British music establishment on its ear last week when his band, Reprazent, beat out commercial heavyweights like the Spice Girls, Radiohead, Prodigy, and the Chemical Brothers for the critically bestowed Mercury Music Prize. Size's new double-CD, *Newforms,* is an impressive display of fluttering dance beats, thundering bass riffs, and abstract rhymes and rhythms. Catch the whole crew in their first-ever U.S. appearance, 9/18 at midnight. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (307-7171). $15.*

Ravi Shankar—The Indian-music ambassador returns for another concert with his promising sitarist daughter, Anoushka, and tabla-ist Bikram Ghosh. 9/16 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $25–$75.*

Margaret Leng Tan—Tan's new CD, the alternately wonderful and hilarious *The Art of the Toy Piano,* takes a John Cage–inspired concept to a whole new level of artistry. Beatles tunes, Phillip Glass compositions, and other eclectic material finds its way out of her chiming, metallic, Lilliputian grand. Experience the tiny magic live, 9/19 at 8 P.M. *Here Club Theater, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202). $10.*

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 9/15: Greg Garing; the Churchills. 9/16: Joy Askew. 9/20: The Schramms. 9/21: Brenda Kahn. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 9/17: Strunz & Farah. 9/18: Trilok Gurtu & the Glimpse. 9/19: Jimmie Dale Gilmore; the Hackberry Ramblers. 9/20: "An Evening of A Capella." Doo Wa Zoo; Five O'Clock Shadow; Minimum Wage. 9/23: Mary Coughlan; Buddy & Julie Miller. 9/24: Suzzy Roche; John Gorka. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 9/16: Lauren Hoffman; Perry Serpa. 9/19: Candy Machine. 9/19: Skeleton Key. 9/22: Kevin Salem. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 9/16: Nada Surf; Joey Ramone; Bush Tetras. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 9/17: Push, a northern-English one-man dance-music factory also known as Luke Vibert. 9/19–9/20: Roy Ayers; Wunmi; A Guy Called Gerald. 9/22: Tower Recordings; Shadowring. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. 9/19 and 9/26: The Julian Fleisher Orchestra mixes big-band classics with the Captain & Tennille. Swing on, brother. (See box, page 119.) *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 9/19: Reel Big Fish. 9/20: Japanese lounge lizards Pizzicato Five. 9/22: Helmet; the Melvins. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 9/16: Enja Records' twenty-fifth anniversary celebration. James Emery Quartet; Bobby Previte's Latin for Travelers. 9/19: Phillip Glass; John Zorn. 9/20: Royal Trux. 9/21: Brooklyn Funk Essentials. 9/22: Peter Brotzmann, Borah Bergmann, and Masahiko Kono. 9/23: "John Coltrane's Birthday Celebration." Pherroan Aklaff, with Rashied Ali; Joe McPhee; Myra Melford. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 9/15–9/16: Lucinda Williams; Chip Taylor. 9/17–9/18: Squeeze singer-guitarist Glenn Tilbrook goes solo. 9/19–9/20: Mono Puff. 9/21: Mommyheads. 9/22–9/24: Dog's Eye View. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 9/16: Michael Rose. 9/17: Eek-a-Mouse. 9/18: "Batucada: The Drum & Bass Experience" explores the common ground between Brazilian percussion and the techno subgenre formerly known as jungle. 9/22: Tito Puente; Randy Brecker. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band pays tribute to various big-band heroes of yesteryear, after which the next generation of swingers takes over, from midnight till 4 A.M. 9/15: 10,000 Maniacs. 9/18: L7. 9/19: Nick Palumbo & the Flipped Fedoras. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presenta-

Photograph by Janene Otten

On Record
Home Schooling

Students of sixties soul who sleep too late to catch D.J. Felix Hernandez's Saturday-morning radio program, "The Rhythm Revue" (on Newark's WBGO), or can't seem to make it to his monthly dance party at Roseland, can now get funky on their own schedule. The three-CD *Felix Hernandez Presents The Rhythm Revue* balances name-brand faves (Aretha Franklin's "Think," the Isley Brothers' "Twist and Shout") against low-profile shoulda-been-hits (United Four's "Go On") and less-familiar versions of chart-toppers (Irma Thomas's "Time Is on My Side," later covered by the Rolling Stones), making it the ideal primer for all your back-to-school R&B needs.

tion. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 9/17: The Grifters; New York's excellent, solemnly poppy Saturnine. 9/18: Trisha Yearwood; Dean Miller (Roger Miller's son, and thus the Prince of the Road). 9/20: Merle Haggard; Dale Watson. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. 9/20: Nova Scotian indie-rock sensations Sloan. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 9/16–9/17: Lee Konitz Trio. 9/18: Melissa Walker; the Jonny King Quartet. 9/19–9/21: Bobby Watson's Tailor-Made Big Band. 9/22: The wildly talented British vocalist Stacey Kent celebrates the recent release of her Candid Records debut, *Close Your Eyes,* with some high-profile players, including Eric Lewis (piano), Horace Silver sideman Jeff Brillinger (drums), Bob Parsons (alto sax), and bassist Chris Lightcap. 9/23: Dominique Eade, whose musicianly approach to singing places her a cut above the average nightclub belter, performs tunes from her excellent new album, *When the Wind Was Cool.* 9/24: Chris Potter Quartet, featuring Al Foster and Mulgrew Miller. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 9/16–9/21: James Moody Quartet; John Scofield Quintet. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

The Home Front—Don't be fooled by its renovated-theater home: The city's newest serious jazz venue (is an opening-night show by Wynton Marsalis impressive enough?) holds just 150 people, so make sure you get there good and early. Every Thursday in September, the Makanda Ken McIntyre Trio swings. 9/19: Rick Stone Quartet. 9/20: Natalie Carter. *236 W. 54th St. (800-540-0236).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 9/16–9/21: Pharoah Sanders Quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. 9/19–9/20: Funkily swinging Irish guitarist David O'Rourke. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 9/18: Omer Avital Group. 9/19–9/20: Dan Converse Quintet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sunday Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 9/23–9/28: Sam Rivers Trio. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Talent

Rude Boy

British alterna-comic Eddie Izzard—frequently seen wearing lipstick, patent-leather pants, and a well-spiked coif—brings his wry, drawling musings to P.S. 122, September 22–October 11. The question on everyone's mind: Will he take the plunge into truly edgy humor and crack wise about the late Princess Diana, or will good taste prevail?

hotograph by David Bailey.

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 9/16–9/21: Paul Motian, Joe Lovano, and Bill Frisell play a brains-over-brawn neo-bop summit. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 9/15–9/20: Mulgrew Miller and Richie Good. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Caroline's hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 9/17: Dr. Dre and Ed Lover's "Phat Comedy." 9/18–9/19: Janeane Garofalo. 9/18: Mike Robles's "Comedy Rhumba." 9/20–9/21: Jim David. 9/24: "Comedy Fiesta." *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 9/15–9/21: Wanda Sykes-Hall; Greer Barnes; Ian Bagg. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 9/15–9/21: Joe Mulligan; Nancy Redman; Rick Scotti. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 9/16: Musical satirist John Forster. 9/19–9/20: Louis C. K.; Steve Shaffer; Jim Mendrinos; Susie Essman. 9/24: "Stand Up and Queer." Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 9/26–9/27: Louis Black; Dave Attell; Susie Essman; Joe Matarese. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Thalia Theater Just for Laffs—Once the Upper West Side's finest revival house, now restored as a smoke- and alcohol-free stand-up theater. But really, which is scarier? Cracking jokes in front of a roomful of drunks, or in front of a roomful of sober folks? 9/19–9/20: Bernadette Pauley; Stupendous Twins; Patrick Lacho; Brian Gregory. Shows are at 9 and 11 P.M. $20 cover. *256 W. 95th St. (864-7700).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 9/27: Julie Budd. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $35; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, ext. 154).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Peter Mintun plays Tues.–Sat. 9:30 P.M.–1:30 A.M., through 10/15. P.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—9/16–10/11: Barbara Cook pays homage to songwriter and Broadway staple Hal Prince, singing "Send In the Clowns," "All I Ask of You," and others. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, 35 E. 76th St. (744-1600).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. 9/16–10/11: Singer, actress, and "The Rose" composer Amanda McBroom blends jazz crooning and country-pop twanging, as she tackles Kern, Carmichael, King (that's Carole), among others. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Bars

C3 Lounge—Tucked behind the Washington Square Hotel's CIII Restaurant, the neighborhood's finest (perhaps only) hotel bar is so discreetly located that it doesn't actually have street access. The resulting insular vibe is definitely not the rollicking cell-phone-jockey scene you've come to expect from midtown competitors like the Paramount's Whiskey Bar. *103 Waverly Pl. (254-1200).*

Drinkland—The East Village lounge eschews thrift-store scruffiness in favor of a clean-lined retro-futurism reminiscent of Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress's great 1965 sci-fi flick *The Tenth Victim.* Look for more young professionals than the place's stone's-throw-from-Avenue B location would lead you to expect. *339 E. 10th St. (673-5350). $.*

The Room—This candlelit SoHo joint suffers from a perpetual, if mild, identity crisis—it can't decide whether it's a lounge, an indie-rock hang, a reclaimed industrial space, or just a regular neighborhood bar. But the unintimidating crowd, generally good music, and truly eclectic beer selection make the Room an oasis of normalcy. *144 Sullivan St., bet. Prince and Houston Sts. (477-2102).*

the mix

New York Is Book Country...The *Playboy* Tour

John Leonard's Television Notes

Full Circle With Michael Palin (Mondays, 9/15 through 11/24; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) follows the former Python as with dauntless insouciance he traipses the Pacific Rim, from Nome, Alaska, to Vladivostok, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hanoi, Jakarta, Sydney, Valparaiso, Machu Picchu, Cartagena, and all the way round to Prince George, with unscheduled pit stops for the odd and/or the edible. Travel without tears: Light on the politics and history (in China, for instance, no mention of drugs or AIDS, though he travels through territories ravaged by them); heavy on the serendipitous and the life-affirming (Shanghai sidewalk massage, Manila jeepneys, Sarawak ex-headhunters, whale-watching, bungee-jumping, Amazon-canoeing, enigmatic Eskimos).

George & Leo (Mondays; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; CBS) asks us to put up with Bob Newhart as a bookstore-owning widower and sourpuss on Martha's Vineyard who must watch his son get married to the daughter of Judd Hirsch, a bagman on the run from the mob in Las Vegas, after which Bob and Judd are Felix and Oscar, with sand. Jason Bateman was a late addition to the cast, as the bridegroom who also cooks.

413 Hope St. (Thursdays; 9 to 10 P.M.; Fox) hasn't yet decided whether it wants to be gritty about the inner-city problems, like crack, prostitution, and HIV, that wander through the doors of a community center, and offer hot meals, art therapy, basketball, and legal advice, or play for laughs, with a dance performance that celebrates Africa in loony clichés and M&Ms in the meat loaf. Richard Roundtree and a strong supporting cast suggest this could get better.

Meego (Fridays; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; CBS) stars Bronson Pinchot as a 9,000-year-old alien whose saucer crashes in Ed Begley Jr.'s backyard just in time for Pinchot to pinch-hit as a magical nanny, amateur therapist, and surrogate mom for widower Begley's three children, plus a dog. Bronson will never be a Robin Williams Mork, but the series is so far not as insulting to the intelligence as it so easily could have been.

The Gregory Hines Show (Fridays; 9 to 9:30; CBS) looks immediately like a winner, with Hines as an immensely likable Chicago book publisher—also, like Newhart and Begley, a widower—and Brandon Hammond as his equally appealing 12-year-old son, both of them facing up to romance in the nineties, as well as fending off family dysfunctionals Bill Cobbs and Wendell Pierce, not to mention unpublishable manuscripts and unbeatable Bulls. Nicely written and wonderfully performed. Yes, the old Bill Cosby, when he was younger, comes to mind.

The Execution Machine: Texas Death Row (9/20; 10:30 to 11:30 P.M.; HBO) spends a year in Ellis Unit 1 in Huntsville, Texas, where they specialize in capital punishment, as often as four times a week, moving up the ultimate penalty from the middle of the night to the family hour of 6 P.M. Since Texas state law now limits the number of appeals a prisoner can make, business is brisk, and we get to know and watch three men run out of time, one of them in spite of the fact that witnesses against him recanted their testimony. We talk to correctional officers as well as inmates. And we can almost smell the fear. Isn't this what God was supposed to be for?

Crowned and Dangerous (9/21; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) is a moderately funny, moderately suspenseful, and moderately entertaining murder mystery set behind the scenes at a beauty pageant, with Cassidy Rae (*Models, Inc.*) as the victim and Yasmine Bleeth (*Baywatch*), Gates McFadden (*Star Trek: The Next Generation*), George Eads (*Savannah*), and Jill Clayburgh as the suspects. I'll say this for Yasmine. Unlike, say, Valerie Bertinelli, at least she doesn't pretend to want to play Antigone.

All the Winters That Have Been (9/21; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) asks Richard Chamberlain to suffer, once again, impossible love. In *The Thorn Birds,* he was, of course, a priest. Here, he is a federal agent. After a moonlit night of island love with the half-Indian Karen Allen, Richard nevertheless arrested her brother. So he went away alone, for twenty years. And now he returns, to bother his dying uncle (Hal Holbrook), and this time it's Karen harboring a guilty secret. It's no secret at all that she's wasted in this TV weepie.

The Tom Show (Sundays; 9 to 9:30 P.M.; WB) is redeemed from the vagaries of its putative star, Tom Arnold, by the surprising comic talents of, gasp, Ed McMahon, who plays the aging host of a St. Paul morning television show to which producer Tom is reduced upon his divorce from a network bitch-week (did somebody mention Roseanne?) who badmouths him while neglecting their two young girls, who on the whole would rather be back in Hollywood. McMahon already deserves an Emmy, just for confessing that being stuck in an elevator with Rosemary Clooney was "the best hour and 26 minutes of my life."

Alright Already (Sundays; 9:30 to 10; WB) depends on Carol Leifer's quick wit and amazingly mobile facial features to keep us interested in a Florida optometrist stuck with a slacker brother, a younger sister who's part robot, parents who should have retired instead to the Catskills, and a best buddy who calls her own breasts "Judy and Trudy" and addicts her boyfriend to morphine so he'll be more romantic. It seems to me that if we mixed up these two Sunday-night WB sitcoms, matching Leifer and McMahon, we'd have one crackerjack half-hour.

The Written Word

James Salter—9/15 at 7:30 P.M.: The PEN/Faulkner Award–winning author reads from his memoir, *Burning the Days: Recollection.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

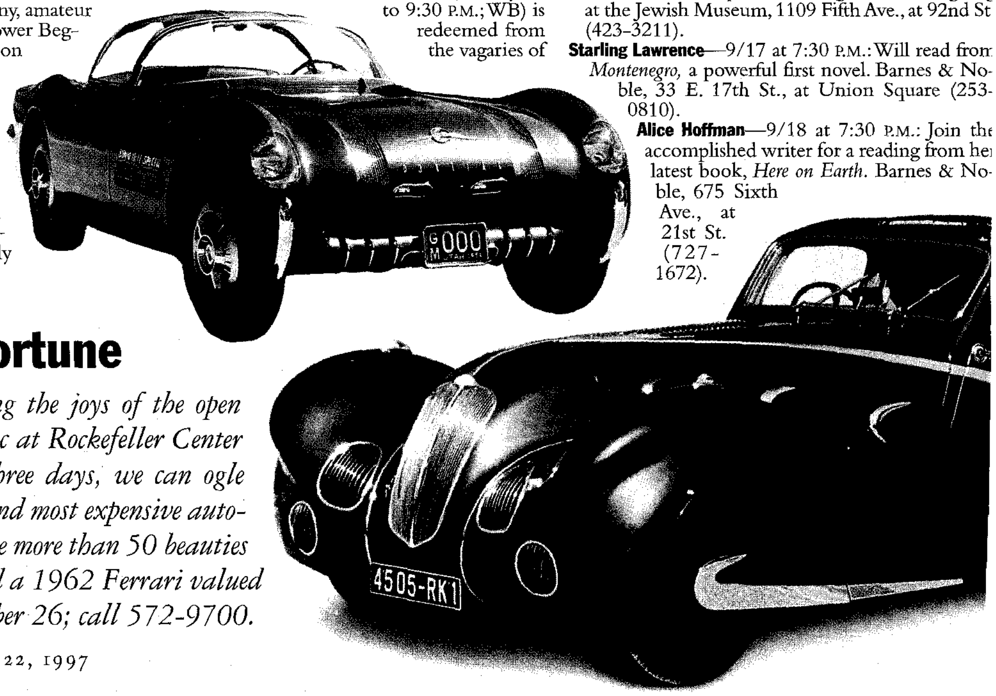
Frank McCourt Interviews Spalding Gray—9/15 at 6:30 P.M.: The memoirist meets the monologuist. Dinner and book-signing at the Algonquin hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800); $20 cover plus $15 min.

Joyce Carol Oates—9/16 at 7 P.M.: The renowned author will read from and sign copies of her new novel *Man Crazy,* as well as sign her highly acclaimed 1996 work *We Were the Mulvaneys.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859).

Gini Alhadeff—9/16 at 6:30 P.M.: Join the author of *The Sun at Midday* for a reading and book-signing at the Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St (423-3211).

Starling Lawrence—9/17 at 7:30 P.M.: Will read from *Montenegro,* a powerful first novel. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

Alice Hoffman—9/18 at 7:30 P.M.: Join the accomplished writer for a reading from her latest book, *Here on Earth.* Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (727-1672).



On View
Wheels of Fortune

For those New Yorkers missing the joys of the open road, the Louis Vuitton Classic at Rockefeller Center offers some consolation. For three days, we can ogle classic cars (read: the "rarest and most expensive automobiles ever made"). Among the more than 50 beauties are a 1970 Porsche 917K and a 1962 Ferrari valued in the millions. Begins September 26; call 572-9700.

Happening
Naked City

With its upcoming "History of the Sexual Revolution Tour of New York," *Playboy* highlights the censored, the emancipated, the repressed, the debauched. Along the way, Paresis Hall (the first gay bar in the city) is transformed into a subject for sober inquiry, and Edmund Wilson (taskmaster to Mary McCarthy, lover to Edna St. Vincent Millay) is remembered as the assiduously frisky fellow he portrayed in his diaries. September 27 and 28. Advance tickets are recommended: Call 691-1555 or order them in person at the SoHo Playhouse (15 Vandam Street); $25. Proceeds go to the National Campaign for Freedom of Expression.

Jason Robards, Blair Brown & Others—9/18 at 6:30 P.M.: *Noir With a Twist.* Actors will read classic crime fiction of the thirties, forties, and fifties. Racquet & Tennis Club, 370 Park Ave., at 52nd St. (308-3360); $25; checks payable to the Library of America.

Carmen Valle—9/18 at 6:30 P.M.: The poet will read from her own work and the works of such celebrated poets as García Lorca, Neruda, Borinsky, Ochart, and others in both Spanish and English, to benefit Housing Works. Housing Works Used Book Cafe, 126 Crosby St. (334-3324); $3 contrib.

The Works Of Lorca—9/19 at 7 P.M.: A reading with Evie Ivy, Ricardo Bogaert, Robert Scott, Debra Zerden, Rachel Solomon, and Frank Craven. Alterknit Theatre at the Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (219-3006); $7.

Anthony Tommasini—9/19 at 7 P.M.: A reading from *Virgil Thomson: Composer on the Aisle.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Sonia Sanchez—9/19 at 8 P.M.: A reading by the poet and others. Housing Works Used Book Cafe, 126 Crosby St. (334-3324).

Laurie Stone—9/20 at 7 P.M.: A reading from *Close to the Bone: Memoirs of Hurt, Rage, and Desire.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Gary Indiana, M.G. Lord & Greg Tate—9/20 at 5 P.M.: Writers will read from "the works that changed their lives." Housing Works Used Book Cafe, 126 Crosby St. (334-3324).

Andrew Delbanco—9/21 at 3 P.M.: Author of *Required Reading: Why Our American Classics Matter Now* shows how ten great American writers enlarged the range of our language and our sense of possibility. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

Dinah Berland, Richard Garcia, Jill Bialosky, & Thomas Lusk—9/21 at 3 P.M.: A poetry reading at the Civic Center Synagogue. 49 White St., bet. Church and Broadway (966-7141); $7.

Richard Peabody, Jeanne Beaumont & Others—9/21 at 3:15 P.M. Poet to Poet at the Backfence, 155 Bleeker St. (475-9221); $2 contrib. plus $3 min.

Kurt Vonnegut—9/22 at 7:30 P.M.: This master of contemporary American literature will read from his new novel, *Timequake.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

William Faulkner Centennial Celebration—9/22 at 6:30 P.M.: E. G. Marshall, Dana Ivey, Austin Pendleton, Myriam Cyr, and Faulkner scholars read selections from Faulkner's work and discuss his impact. The Algonquin, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800); $20 cover plus $15 min.

Walter Keady, Katherine Hester, Mick Cochrane & Tricia Bauer—9/23 at 7:30 P.M.: These writers read at Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-0816).

Stephen Jay Gould—9/23 at 7:30 P.M.: Author will discuss and sign copies of his latest collection of essays, *Questioning the Millennium.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

Alix Kates Shulman & Elisabeth Stevens—9/24 at 6 P.M.: A reading at the Mid-Manhattan Library, 455 Fifth Ave., sixth floor (340-0833).

Richard House—9/24 at 7 P.M.: Author will read from his new novel, *Bruiser.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Ruth Rendell—9/24 at 7:30 P.M.: The award-winning writer will discuss and sign her latest thriller, *Road Rage.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

Richard Howard—9/24 at 7:30 P.M. Poets Out Loud at Fordham University at Lincoln Center (636-6793); $5.

Mary Burnett Smith—9/24 at 7:30 P.M.: A reading from her debut novel, *Miss Ophelia.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-0816).

Alix Kate Shulman—9/25 at 7:30 P.M.: Celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of her classic *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

Lectures and Panels

Memoirs—9/16 at 8:30 A.M.: A Random House Literary Breakfast with Rosemary Bray, Susan Cheever, Pete Hamill, Nathan McCall, Isabella Rossellini, and James Salter at Barneys New York. 10 E. 61st St. (940-7480); $35. Call for reservations.

Kohdo: Appreciation Workshops and Games—9/16: Masataka Hata and Kiyoshi Ota will conduct three interactive workshops on this treasured Japanese tradition and Buddhist ritual. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (715-1210); $20 for nonmembers, $15 for members.

Poetry: Why Now?—9/19 at 7 P.M.: Panel discussion that will explore poetry's (arguable) newfound popularity with Mary Karr, William Matthews, Pearl London, Billy Collins, Grace Shulman, and others. Posman Books at Deutsche Haus, NYU. 42 Washington Mews (533-2665).

Is Serious Criticism Possible in a Mass Culture?—9/19 at 6:30 P.M.: Find out when Jabari Asim, David Mahegan, and Steve Wasserman lead this discussion at the New School, 66 W. 12th St., room 510, (463-6778).

Tours

The Flower Market—9/17 from 6 to 7 A.M.: Experience the hustle and bustle of New York's Flower Market by walking along fragrant 28th St., bright and *early* (996-1100); $18; call for reservations and meeting place.

Walks in Old Chelsea—9/20 at 2 P.M.: Tour stately Chelsea and uncover all the fascinating secrets of this quaint old neighborhood. Meet at the Flatiron Building at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Ave., and W. 23rd St. (969-8262); $10.

Central Park—9/20 at 1 P.M.: Stroll through New York's collective backyard. Stops includes the site of Seneca Village, the Rocking Chair Riot, Strawberry Fields, and the Ramble. Meet at NW corner of 66th St. and Central Park West (439-1090); $9.

Immigrant New York—9/21 at 1 P.M.: A multicultural walk through the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and what were Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa. Meet on the front steps of City Hall (439-1090); $9.

Historic TriBeCa—9/21 at 1 P.M.: Explore the historical and architectural wonders of New York's western frontier. Meet at Bogardus Triangle at the intersection of Chambers, Hudson, and W. Broadway (439-1090); $9.

Planned New York: Sunset Park—9/21 at 1 P.M.: Understand the fascinating development of Brooklyn's classic Victorian neighborhood overlooking New York Harbor (996-1100); $18; call for reservations and meeting place.

Events

Brainstorming Forum and Reception—9/15: Brainstorm and drink wine with the Municipal Art Society Fellows, a volunteer group of professionals dedicated to making New York a more livable city. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (Call 935-3960 for more info); $5.

New York Armory Antiques Show—9/17–9/21: This first major antiques show of the season opens with a wide spectrum of pieces dating as far back as 5,000 years and ranging from Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Chinese, and pre-Columbian to seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and nineteenth-century American, English, French, Oriental, and Continental furniture. Also on sale is an extensive collection of Oriental rugs, paintings, prints, maps, rare books, brass, glass, as well as textiles, needlepoint, and tapestries. At the Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. Call for times (472-1180 or 0590); $10.

Literary Auction and Reception—9/19 from 6 to 9 P.M.: A book-themed silent and live auction benefiting the Children's Services Division of the New York Public Library and New York Is Book Country with Frank McCourt as emcee. The Sculpture Garden, 590 Madison Ave., at 57th St. (755-2400, ext. 242); $75; reservations required.

hotographs by Bruce Cohen.

Open House at the Museum of the City of New York—9/20 from 1 to 4 P.M.: Activities will include special gallery tours of "New York Gets Married" and "Broadway!," a New York City story hour, an educator's workshop, and a concert saluting our city's musical richness. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); museum admission is free all day.

Small Press Book Fair—9/20 from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. & 9/21 from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: Honor thy Papa. More than 250 independent publishers will exhibit. George Plimpton and other writers will read from Ernest Hemingway at 1 P.M. on Saturday. Small Press Center, 20 W. 44th St. (764-7021).

New York Is Book Country Street Fair—9/21 from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.: 165 booths, stage entertainment, games, costumed characters, and demonstrations. Fifth Ave. bet. 48th and 57th Sts.

Third World Press Thirtieth Anniversary Celebration—9/21 at 4 P.M.: A panel discussion, reception, and book signing with Amiri Baraka, Derrick Bell, John Henrick Clarke, Haki R. Madhubuti, and Sonia Sanchez. At the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Malcolm X Blvd. (491-2040).

Exhibitions

A Community Oasis—Through 11/16: "Sixty Years in the Conservatory Garden." Through photographs and Garden memorabilia, this exhibition celebrates the beauty of this botanical treasure and its importance to the surrounding communities. It is on view at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, in Central Park at 110th St. near Fifth Ave. (860-1370); free.

Online

Girls on Film—Four, ahem, women, weigh in on various pressing questions in current cinema, such as "Sean Penn: bad boy (or is he?)" and "What handsome young megastar wouldn't quit smoking doob and drinking cheap beer on the couch to please his look-alike fiancée?" Contrarian reviews with the same sort of sass are filed weekly by the foursome—Lise, Clare, Dre and Sibyl. *www.girlsonfilm.com*

Piping Hot—Sometimes you don't want to be just a customer number. Or discuss the exact ingredients in brown sauce at length with someone whose knowledge of English doesn't yet include the notion that brown is a color. There is something lovely about food simply appearing at your door, as though you never had to ask for it but it was just offered up, like Mom's used to be. At NY Delivery, hundreds of restaurants let you order and pay online. But be nice and tip in cash. *www.nydelivery.com*

Now, Who Has a Wee Bit Too Much Free Time?—Some say the Web could tear apart the very fabric of our nation, dilute our work ethic, and turn our youth into noncommunicative, prematurely blind dorks. And the proliferation of sites devoted to that least productive but terribly giggly addiction—writing palindromes, for chrissakes—perhaps ends the argument. But if this is your poison, check out We Came, We Saw, We Spelled Everything Backwards. Are we not drawn onward, we few? Drawn onward to a new era? Ha! Evil olive. *www.palindrome.com*

A-Peel-ing News—The completeness of this online version of the weekly print publication *The Onion* makes you wonder why anyone would shell out the 50 bucks for a subscription. These bogus news stories are so well written that if it weren't for their tear-inducing hilarity you'd swear you spotted the very same headlines at the newsstand. Take a break from the weight of current events and tackle the real hard-hitting issues like "Local Teen Hates Life, Mom, Hair" for a more entertaining look at news. *www.theonion.com*

Sports

Baseball—**METS:** In case you haven't noticed, there's a strange new version of an old sport being played in the National League. Bobby-bashing started, of course, in the American League back when Valentine was managing the Texas Rangers, and it was invented because Bobby V had a big mouth and a big head. But the skipper has toned down his act since then, and in response Bobby-bashing has adopted bizarre new rules of play. For instance, former players may still harshly criticize Bobby and claim nobody likes him, as Lance Johnson did recently, but then they have to hug him and say it was all a mistake the next time they see him, as Johnson also did. And opposing teams are now free to make ludicrous accusations such as the one the Phillies made last week: that tomato plants growing in the Mets' bullpen are a Bobby-ploy to block the visitors' view of whom the home team has warming up. Never mind that the plants have been there since the sixties. But not even towering tomato plants can obscure the fact that the Mets' whole season comes down to the six straight games they play against the Braves and the Marlins this week. 9/16: at Philadelphia, 7:05 P.M. (Sportschannel); 9/17–18: at Atlanta, 7:40 P.M. both nights (Sportschannel); 9/19–22: at Florida, 7:05 P.M. (WWOR); 7:05 P.M. (WWOR); 4:35 P.M. (Sportschannel); at 7:05 P.M. (Sportschannel). **YANKEES:** You've got to admire Joe Torre's strategy going into the playoffs. By cannily instructing his team to lose three out of four to the slumping Orioles in their penultimate match-up with the division leaders, Torre created the impression the Bombers are bums ripe for the postseason picking. Besides, why dirty your uniforms going for a silly old division title when you can cakewalk into October as a cool-sounding "wild card"? Once there, the Yanks can surprise some crown-wearing patsy with all the tricks they've been saving up, like quality starts, clutch hitting, and solid relief pitching. With Cone hurting and Tino's bat MIA, look for the losing to continue from those crafty pinstripers. 9/15–16: vs. Boston, 7:35 P.M. (MSG) both nights; 9/17–18: vs. Detroit at 7:35 P.M. (MSG) all three nights; 9/19–22: vs. Toronto at 7:35 P.M. (MSG); at 4:05 P.M. (MSG); at 1:35 P.M. (MSG); at 7:35 P.M. (MSG).

Football—**GIANTS:** I like Dave Brown. I think he' s a good guy and a decent quarterback. Unfortunately, *decent* means he only plays as well as the team around him. A great quarterback, on the other hand, will often raise the level of his play when his team is out of sync. The Giants are a young team that will be out of sync often, so when things go bad, as they did in Jacksonville, Brown will go bad with them. Stick him on the Packers or the Cowboys and you might have a top-rated passer, but on the Giants, whose offense is only going to be more inconsistent now that both Ike Hilliard and Tiki Barber are hurt, the Jersey Kid is less the captain of the ship than its figurehead. And although the figurehead rides high when a ship is on an upswing, it' s the first to get soaked when it comes back down. 9/21: at St. Louis, 4:00 P.M. (FOX). **JETS:** Two things I didn't expect to see much of this year were Marv Albert on *Hard Copy* and the Jets winning. So far, so good, with the Jets. After near-perfection in Week One, the Jets reverted to their old '96 selves by losing a game they should have won against the Bills. The defense was decent (c.f. Dave Brown), but, because the offensive line was doing turnstile impressions, quarterback Neil O' Donnell had his arms too full of linebackers to throw the ball effectively. 9/21: vs. Oakland, 1:00 P.M. (NBC).

Soccer—The Revolution will be televised, but the Burn will not. Because it was rescheduled from its original August 20 date, the MetroStars home game versus Dallas this Tuesday couldn't get air time, which is fine since the M-Stars are usually unwatchable. However, believe it or not, the home team could still grab the last playoff spot. Beating the Revolution on Saturday would help, and might even be realistic—as of print deadline, New England was in the midst of a record nine-game losing streak. 9/16: vs. Dallas, 7:30 P.M. (No TV); 9/20: at New England, 7:30 P.M. (MSG).

Harvest Moon Hawk Hill Hike—9/16; 7:30 P.M.: The autumnal equinox is upon us. To celebrate, park rangers will lead an evening hike to the top of Hawk Hill in Staten Island for a good gander at the harvest moon. Meet at the High Rock Visitor's Center. Free; call 800-201-PARK for information and directions.

17th Annual Wall Street Run/Walk—9/18; 6 P.M.: New York State leads the country in deaths from coronary heart disease, so it's fitting that this 5K race to benefit the American Heart Association takes place in the financial district, the capital of high blood pressure. Call 878-5921 for information and applications.

***72nd Annual Mid-Atlantic Figure Skating* Championships**—9/18-21: Seems early for winter sports, but this weekend Sky Rink hosts over 500 skaters competing in the oldest continuously running ice-skating event in the U.S. Pier 61, 23rd St. and the Hudson River; $5 adults, $3 kids; call 336-6100 for information. BRIAN FARNHAM

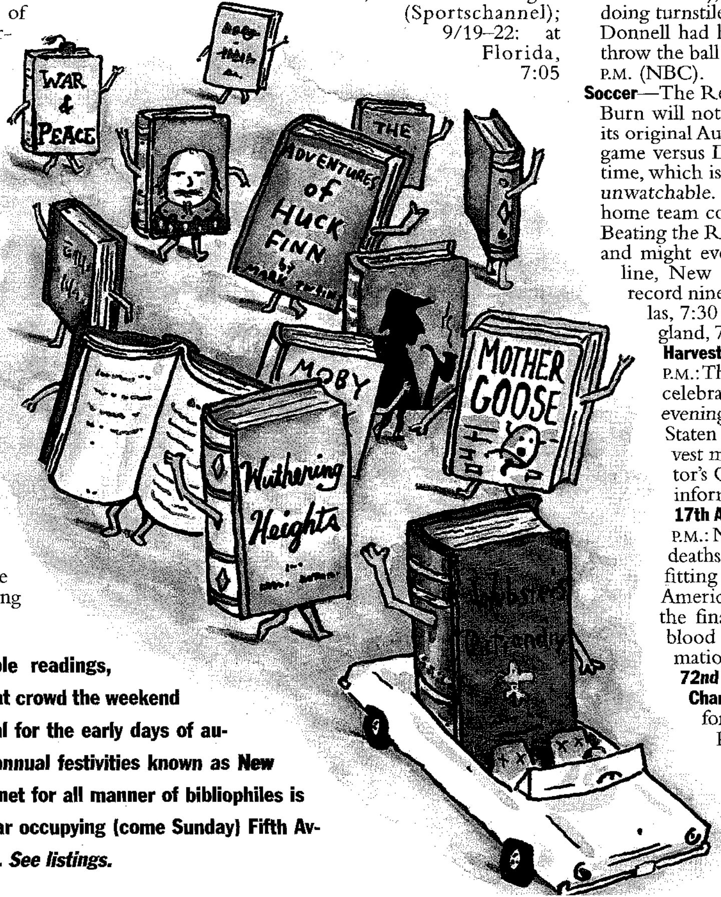


Illustration by Bob Eckstein

Happening **The innumerable readings, panels, lectures, and literary teas that crowd the weekend of September 19–21 are not atypical for the early days of autumn in the city; what makes the annual festivities known as New York Is Book Country a reliable magnet for all manner of bibliophiles is the paperback-and-clothbound bazaar occupying (come Sunday) Fifth Avenue between 48th and 57th Streets. *See listings.***

kids

Bronx Caribbean...Old Bones

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Caribbean Festival—Much of the **NEW YORK BOTANIC GARDEN**'s spirited celebration of island music and culture will be presented in both Spanish and English. Stories passed down by a Puerto Rican grandmother are told along the daylily walk at 2; Canelos Tribe women demonstrate balsa-wood carving and traditional pottery-making from 1 to 4; *Amazonia,* a puppet tale of the Ecuadoran rain forest, is in English at 1 and in Spanish at 3. All afternoon, listen to steel bands and chow down on traditional Caribbean food. 9/21 from noon to 5. 200th St. and Southern Blvd. in the Bronx (718-817-8700). $8 for adults, $1 for seniors, students, and children 6 to 16; under 6, free.●

Holiday Ticket Alert—The weather is still warm and Thanksgiving not yet on the horizon, but it might be wise nevertheless to consider reserving tickets for those holiday performances at **LINCOLN CENTER**—the ones that always sell out so fast. Perennial family favorites are New York City Ballet's *The Nutcracker* (November 28 to January 4; $20 to $74; call 875-5570), the Big Apple Circus's *20 Years* (October 23 to January 11; $10 to $55; call 268-2500), and *Hansel und Gretel*—with sets and costumes by Maurice Sendak (December 11, 13, and 17; $20; call 769-7406); Little Orchestra Society's *Amahl and the Night Visitors* (three performances December 13; $15 to $35; call 704-2100). *Holidays With the Boys Choir of Harlem* (December 20; $15 to $50; call 875-5656).

Young at Art—Explore Robert Rauschenberg's work, with storytelling and simple art-making activities at this week's parent and preschooler program at the **GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO.** 9/19 from 11 to noon; $10 per child. Docent-led interactive tours for children with adults in tow called "Lines Shapes, Colors and More!" are Saturdays at 11 and are scheduled for the duration of the exhibit "Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective," which runs through January 4. Free with museum admission. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500); $8, $5 students and seniors.

Film for Thought—What would the work of an 8-year-old filmmaker look like? Michael Graber, who teaches the history and craft of film at St. Ann's School in Brooklyn, presents some of his students' best movies over the past several years, 9/20 at 2. *Atlantis,* filmed in 1991 by director Luc Besson, is the result of two years spent traveling watery regions of the globe, keeping company with dolphins, sharks, octopi, penguins, and giant manta rays. 9/21 at 2. **WALTER READE THEATER,** 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $2.●

Silly Billy Unplugged—The legendary clown to the younger set appears without his usual big glasses and funny clothes to open the season of Saturday children's entertainment at **WEST END CHILDREN'S THEATER.** 9/20 at 1:30. 2911 Broadway, at 113th St.; $8.50.●

Keep the Doctor Away—Droves of orchards are secreted in the historic Hudson Valley, with fruit—several varieties of apples and raspberries—ready now for picking. Through 10/31. **MONTGOMERY PLACE ORCHARD** (call 914-758-6338 for details).

Dem Bones—Jeff Moss—the guy behind lovable *Sesame Street* songs like "Rubber Duckie" and "I Love Trash"—reads from his recently published collection of whimsical *Bone Poems* at **THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** in the presence of the very ancient objects that inspired the verses, in the picturesque fourth-floor Astor Turret. While you're pondering dinosaurs, check out "The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs," a show that incorporates (made-up) dinosaurs from the movie of the same name and astounding new (real) fossil finds. **THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100). Free with admission: suggested donation, $8 adults, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children 2 to 12.●

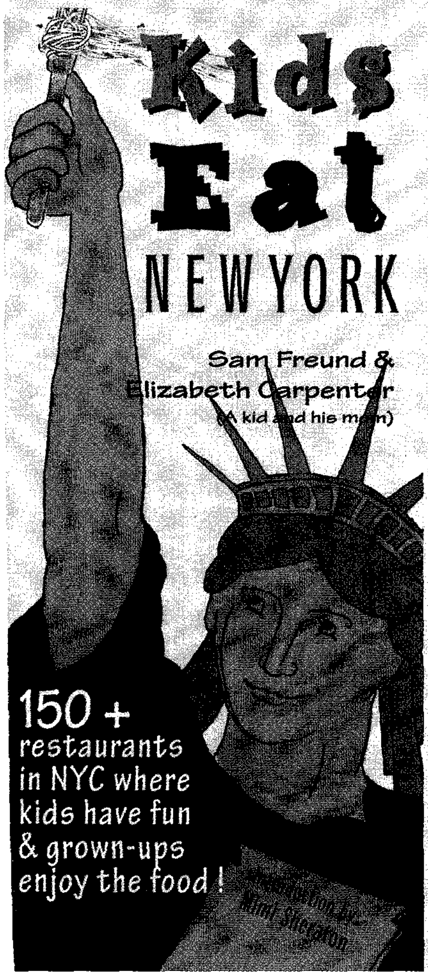
Ship Shape—The Canadian-based Caravan Stage Company performs onboard the Amara Zee, an 83-foot-tall ship, while the audience watches the drama—a one-hour high-jinks comic operetta about the St. Lawrence River—from the pier. *The River Show* is suitable for ages 6 and up. 9/21 at 1 and 3, with tours available prior to and after performances for a nominal charge—part of the Hoboken Arts and Music Festival. **ERIE LACKAWANNA PLAZA,** Hoboken, New Jersey—a block east of the Hoboken PATH station; $8 adults, $6 seniors and students, $4 children under 12.●

In Print

Children's Menu

It reads more like a guidebook than like a manifesto for change. But fashion designer Elizabeth Carpenter concedes that as recently as a decade ago, *Kids Eat New York* (The Little Bookroom; $11.95), the book she wrote with her 11-year-old son, would not likely have been published. Back then, going to restaurants like the Odeon, Layla, and Tavern on the Green seemed to be more about getting *away* from the children than bonding with them. Now two out of those three offer children's menus, and Layla in TriBeCa makes up for the lack thereof with a willingness to make appropriate adjustments (the G-rated belly dancer is another plus). Combine the shrinking amount of leisure time with the rise of double-income families, and you get an erosion of the social stigma of bringing kids to restaurants—particularly during the unchic early dinner hour. "Families today are so eager to sit and relax together that parents are open to the idea of eating out," observes Carpenter. For herself, newly single in her early forties, dining out with her son, Sam Freund, and researching the book became a favorite way to enjoy the city in his company—eating, entertaining friends, and engaging in harmless espionage as they whispered into a tiny tape recorder or took surreptitious notes. Of the more than 300 establishments they visited, Carpenter and her son whittled the list down to the best 175 places for adult-kid enjoyment. Sam—an unabashedly "hold-the-vegetables" kind of eater—admits that atmospherics often held more sway for him than culinary considerations. At John's Pizzeria, for example, it wasn't the legendary thin crust that captured his heart. "If you ask them, they'll let you carve your name on one of the booths," the fifth-grader confides happily. His own name, there for all to see, is etched into nearly every one.

BARBARA ENSOR



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A Diamond In The Rough—This handsome, athletic, down to earth, single Jewish male, health professional, 40, loves the movies, travel and sports. Looking for a lovely, very together, warm, petite and slender, single Jewish female, 28-36, who loves kids, dogs, outdoors, romantic adventures, and likes to cook. Answer this ad and you will discover a true gem. Note/phone/photo, please. 8352 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Charming, Successful Art Dealer—Well-educated, trim, 5'4", financially and emotionally secure, great sense of humor, fun, 52, seeks warm relationship with man: attractive, bright, emotionally generous, straightforward, financially comfortable, 48-62 - likes travel, theater, movies, tennis, dinner for two or twenty. Please send photo with note. 8282 ✉

He Is The Best—I should know - I dated him!!! He's 41, tall, good-looking, smart, athletic, funny, warm, Jewish (I'm not, and you don't have to be), communicative (really!!), available and amazingly successful to boot. Need I say more??? I'd marry him in a heartbeat, except he wants his own kids and I am already blessed. So, if you're under 35, unencumbered, and think that you deserve the best there is, write me with a photo (looks are very important to him!!) and your phone, and I'll get him to call you. Believe me, this guy is incredible!! 8356 ✉

Juilliard Gone Wall Street—35, Ivy, attractive, well-traveled and forthright Asian-American woman seeks well-educated, compassionate, accomplished, witty, fit man, 30-45, towards marriage and children. Note/photo/phone. 8418 ✉

Soft And Sensuous—Beautiful and black female, 34, educated, professional, adventurous, outgoing, seeks handsome male, 30s, with similar qualities. 8302 ✉ ☎

Warm, Sensuous, Zaftig Scorpio—Seeks passionate playmate for fun/laughs/good times. This fetching 40ish female desires handsome, very fit, romantic rascal to romp with - and maybe more. Indulge me with photo/phone/note, and let's see what arises. 8336 ✉

Passionate, Attractive Female—With inner and outer beauty, seeks relationship with caring, nonsmoking man, 45-58, with unlimited warmth, humor and understanding. If you are looking for a woman who loves to laugh and enjoys travel, movies, walking, tennis and quality conversations, please send note/phone. 8358 ✉ ☎

Do You Dare?—Attractive and successful male, 40, seeks a very sensuous and adventurous woman to explore our wild sides together. You will not be bored! 8410 ✉ ☎

Eye'm Looking For You—36, handsome Jewish eye doc - searching for beautiful, slim, intelligent woman for friendship, love and romance. Must be commitment-minded, family-oriented and very eclectic in interests, like me. Note/photo. 8225 ✉

Terrific Catch!—Handsome, wealthy, romantic man, 38, 5'10" - loves sports, the arts and travel. Looking for a 27-36, beautiful, smart, sexy woman for a fabulous romance. Note/photo. 8330 ✉

Tall, Attractive, Athletic—Looking for striking, sophisticated, romantic, accomplished woman, 38-48, with a wide range of interests including gourmet dining, baseball, archeology, classic rock, good conversation and travel. I have two Ivy League degrees and own an interesting and financially rewarding business consulting practice. I'm 53, warm, sensitive, romantic, have a good sense of humor and look good in blue jeans or a tuxedo. I'm looking for someone with similar traits (tuxedo optional). Photo, please. 8396 ✉

Former Southern Beauty Queen—Ivy graduate, now successful NY film producer, mid 40s, 5'8", still slim, fit and lovely. Looking for a successful, confident man, 50 plus. Note/photo. 8312 ✉ ☎

Gentle, Creative, Surgeon/Inventor—A passionate, dynamic, old-fashioned romantic, cultured, handsome, with pizzazz, diverse interests, warm, 5'10", muscular, funny. Dreams of a sincere lady under 36. Phone/photo a must. 8413 ✉ ☎

Very Romantic—Jewish male, 37, attractive and successful, seeks romance and passion with caring female. I'm bright, warm, affectionate and not afraid of commitment. 8408 ✉ ☎

Wife Wanted—By intelligent, funny, handsome, sexy man who is creatively self-employed and moderately successful. Must be 35-45, slender, smart, warm and pretty. Children welcome. I'm Jewish; you don't have to be. If you hate pina coladas and walking in the rain, I could be the guy. Photo/note. 8406 ✉

Attractive, Athletic MD—33, 6'3", 205 lbs, Italian-American, seeks younger, pretty, intelligent woman for romance, fun and friendship. Note/photo. 8409 ✉

Tall, Dark, Handsome Professional—6'2", 200 lbs, Caucasian - with the soul of a poet, the touch of an artist, the mind of a businessman-philosopher. Financially comfortable. Seeks tall, slim, curvaceous soulmate as life companion. Bright, pretty, good values, supportive. My passions: art, dancing (will teach), physical fitness. A cornucopia of pleasures and satisfactions awaits a very attractive, tall woman, 30-44, who understands that we came alone, leave alone, and our role is to bring greater happiness to each other together than we would have alone. Photo/phone. 8374 ✉ ☎

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Where Should I Go—Who should I call to get back into the singles mainstream? I want to meet a legitimate man, 50-60, who has strong family values and has achieved a degree of success consistent with mine. Please reply if you are a selective, upscale person. Thanks for listening. 8346 ✉ ☎

Manhattan Mind, Montana Soul—If you agree that limits are self-imposed, that a leaf of grass is no less than the journey of the stars, and that life is very short and there's no time for fussing and fighting, then read on. Handsome and fit, 37, wealthy, well-balanced Knick's fan, seeks beautiful, smart woman of wit and spirit to make my soul swoon slowly and my heart pound. I'm adventurous, open-minded and fun. You are truly lovely, happy, eclectic, and know that Fellini is not a pasta dish. Please furnish photo and letter. 8316 ✉

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Manhattan MD—46, 5'10", 185. Likes travel, the arts, fine dining. Seeks very attractive lady, nonsmoker. Great shape a plus. Note/photo/phone. 8391 ✉

Enchanting Baby Boomer—Cultured, literate Manhattanite, successful professional woman - slender, Jewish, with a lively mind and kind heart - seeks a soul mate. Kids welcome. 8347 ✉

Tall, Handsome, Athletic Man—Secure financial professional, traditional values, 5'1", slender, divorced, 50s, Fairfield County, CT resident. Enjoys the arts as well as the great outdoors. Seeking (203), (914) or (212) woman, 37-47, loving, very attractive, slender, intelligent, sophisticated nonsmoker with similar interests, for fun and a serious relationship. Note and photo, please. 8354 ✉

For Rent With Option To Buy—Sincere, fun-loving male, 36, 5'8", into skiing, beach, NYC, Seinfeld... Seeks "nice" female. Available immediately! 8326 ✉☎

Loving Life—Successful and secure, cute and fit, divorced, 41, looks and acts 30s, no kids. We are nonsmokers, spontaneous, love to laugh and have a zest for life. We love to travel, outdoor activities, animals and live a healthy lifestyle. We enjoy the better things in life but love the simple things. You are under 40, cute/pretty and slim. Photo/note. 8411 ✉

Boy Next Door—31, seeks similar fun, fit, adventurous man under 45. Photo. 8337✉

Beautiful Pregnant Physician—Seeks big-hearted man to love us and to have us love him. 8377 ✉

Bolderdash!—Successful TV producer/journalist guy, Jewish, very athletic, handsome, fit, 41, all the other NYC crap, ready to fall madly in love with under-40 Jewish woman, athletic, fit, very smart, interesting and motivated, and likes cats. Write only and in depth/no photo. 8307✉

Attractive Blond Female—Slim, athletic, early 50s - seeking professional, widowed or divorced Jewish male, 52-62, with sense of humor and love of Manhattan's cultural joys as well as traveling abroad. Photo/note appreciated. 8350 ✉

Reservoir Toes - Got Those—Also have stacks of books, read and unread, extra pages in my passport, a successful legal career, a backhand that needs work, a gentle nature, an artistic side and a love of animals. Tall, handsome, youthful lady, 40s - what I don't have is you. Photo/note essential. 8340 ✉

Shall We Dance?—Elegant, upbeat lady seeks refined gentleman (white, 55 plus) for occasional social ballroom dancing. Don't have to be Arthur Murray. Put a little fun in your life! NY/CT. 8361 ✉

Petite And Pretty—Lively, professional and financially secure - wants to meet "a nice guy", 45-55, who is financially secure and fun. Prefer phone. 8218 ✉

Very Beautiful NYC Woman—37, 5'7", 120 lbs, great legs, educated, professional, elegant, with class - enjoys travel, cooking, reading, restaurants. Seeks NYC, very successful, educated, handsome man with class, 40-50, for serious relationship. If this is you, send note/photo (important). You won't be disappointed. 8394 ✉

Financial Consultant—32, 5'11", Jewish male. I am caring, affectionate and loyal. I am very busy with work, but want to share time with you. Seeking a funny, affectionate Jewish woman, 25-35, who loves NYC. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 8320 ✉

Gay, NYC Professional Male—A true romantic, with home in Bucks County, PA, 38, 5'8", eyes of blue...seeks relationship-oriented partner to share a love of travel, B&B's, entertaining and life's adventures, willing to smile and laugh upon request. Note/photo. 8293 ✉☎

Calling All Jewish Cowboys—Age 35-45, 6' plus. This 5'10", blond, blue-eyed, adventurous teacher who loves the outdoors and cares about the environment, will ride side-by-side with you. Our destination: a ranch and happy family. Bio/phone/photo. 8297 ✉

Shulamite Seeks Solomon—Okay, a king you don't have to be - a shepherd is also good. Besides chemistry, this short, slim, Sephardic-looking lady wishes to meet a Jewish gentleman (40-50) who is interested in the Torah, is kind, honest, witty, patient, and has a sense of humor on which to base a friendship and marriage. Note and photo, please. 8324 ✉

Happy To Be 40—Loving professional woman seeks a sincere, playful and gentle man to share old movies, lazy Sundays in bed and European adventures. 8420 ✉

Alpha Female Seeks Mate—Very pretty specimen of professionalis newyorkus, healthy, 5'6", with long shapely legs, hypnotic eyes. Warm, twice as alive as other animals, a youthful 41, I love the outdoors, travel well, enjoy all NYC offers. Seek male of nonsmoking Christian variety to hunt life's bigger game. 8349 ✉☎

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Funny, Good-Looking, Fit, Shy—Wasp male, 26, seeks similar older woman (30 plus) to share in laughter, late dinners and slow walks in the park. Photo helpful. 8366 ✉

Beautiful, Exotic Model—5'8", 130 lbs, great figure, fun, advanced degree. Seeking accomplished, fit, adventurous fellow, 35-55. 8344 ✉

Successful Surgeon, 37, Millionaire—Tall, dark, handsome, regular guy seeks accomplished lady counterpart under 30/size 6, blue eyes a plus. Photo/note/phone a must. 8335 ✉

Female—39, 5'7", size 8, smart, attractive, sexy, sensitive, perceptive, good sense of humor, a good friend. 8380 ✉

Cultured, Fun-Loving—Financially secure lady, 60, gourmet cook, seeks fit, youthful and aware male to share Manhattan pleasures and beaches surrounding my Caribbean villa. 8322 ✉☎

Playdate Needed For My Mom—Wanted: a young 45-60, financially and psychologically secure gentleman to woo my redheaded, lively, fun, upbeat and successful mom who's tired of meeting inappropriate dates through overconfident ads. Love of dancing, culture and travel as important as a sense of family, love...and an optimistic view of life. If you qualify, send note/photo/phone. 8407 ✉☎

Aspiring Millionaire—Young, handsome doctor, early 30s... Seeks dynamic, upbeat Christian female who is beautiful inside and out, and is looking for a fun-filled relationship that can lead to something more. Photo. 8386 ✉

Handsome Physician—33 years old, 5'10", sparkling hazel eyes, tan complexion, slim, fit, outgoing, open-minded, way kind and way cool - seeks stunning, slim, sophisticated, genuine, intelligent, professional, single white female, 24-32, who is ready for a serious, long-term, monogamous relationship leading to... Photo and thoughtful note a must. 8376 ✉

Single Jewish Female—Attractive, mature, classy, honest, fun-loving redhead who enjoys dining, theater, music and laughter, is looking for similar qualities in an independent, self-assured single gentleman, 58 plus. If you're special too, let's meet. Note/recent photo gets mine. 8405✉

Blossoming At Mid Life—Lovely, lively, literate, lighthearted lover of life seeks man for all seasons with soul of a poet. 8289 ✉

Ralph Lauren Look-Alike—East Side, highly successful entrepreneur, 48, 5'11", physically fit, well-educated, world-traveled, seeks a spirited and very beautiful soul mate, 35-45, for committed relationship. Note/photo. 8310 ✉

Millionaire—Seeks young model/actress. Handsome, athletic, Christian writer/investor seeks stunning model type under 30, for great restaurants, theater, sports, all that NY has to offer. Photo a must. 8401 ✉

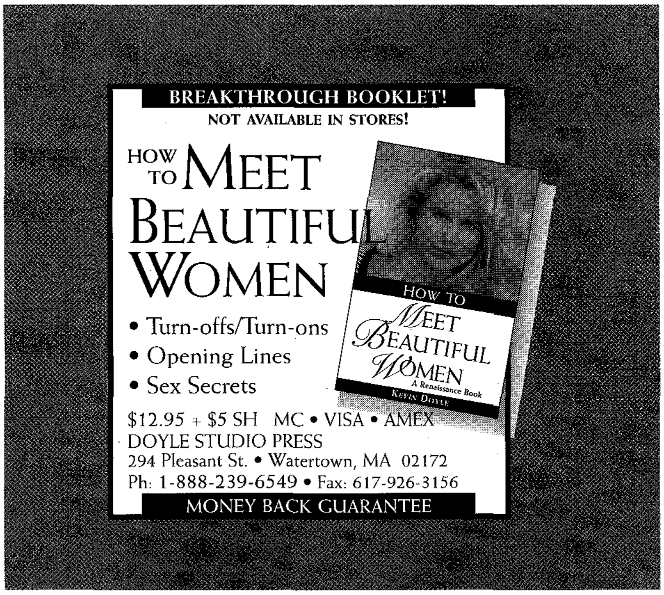
Appealing, Loving, Witty—Jewish lady seeks upbeat, soulful man, 47-58. 8416✉☎

Seeking—Secure, fit young man, 40-52, to meet upbeat, classy 50-plus lady. 8292✉

Woman Of Substance Sought—By sensitive, humorous, caring, romantic, divorced professional Jewish male, young 50s, 5'8", fit, trim, with strong family values. Seeks bright, sensual, attractive, slender mom, 40s, 5'3" plus. Photo. 8364 ✉

Upbeat, Energetic—34, Jewish male, physically fit, enjoys what NYC has to offer, summer beaches, scuba diving and spectator sports. Seeks fun-loving woman who's good-looking, intelligent, with outgoing personality. Photo/note. 8369 ✉☎

Grace Kelly Looks—Sensuous Jewish soul. Ivy finance professional, 40s. Cultured, caring. Likes music, theater, arts, animals, good conversation. Seeking smart, successful gentleman. Photo please. 8383 ✉



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Woman Of Style And Substance—Seeks man of same. Beautiful, creative, smart, 35, Catholic, slim, long-legged, Ivy-educated fashion entrepreneur with grace and wit, desires an attractive, fit, sincere, imaginative (212) man under 45, who is ready for the relationship of his life. Note/photo/phone. 8323 ✉

Very Female, Intellectual Beauty—30s, slender, shapely, elegant, athletic, loyal, successful, seeks male equivalent, 38-53. Note/photo/phone. 8414 ✉ ☎

Do We Match?—I'm a Manhattan man, 62, divorced, successful, fit, vibrant, Jewish (nonreligious). Many interests. You're a lovely woman, age open. 8315✉

Serious About A Relationship?—Consider this bright, pretty, slim, Jewish professional female, 33, who seeks attractive, loyal, intelligent professional man (28-40). Photo. 8389 ✉

Successful Greek American—Businessman, 50s, 5'5", 155, seeks attractive, sensual female under 40, for fun, romance and more. Note/photo. 8309 ✉ ☎

Bullish On Life—Adventurous, slender, pretty lady seeks her dynamic, romantic counterpart, 48-58. You: successful professional man with traditional values, eclectic interests, keen wit and warmth. What a couple we'll make! Note/phone/photo. 8341 ✉

Rare Bird—Suffolk widower, Jewish, 5'11", healthy, handsome, 60ish, slim, unpretentious, humorous - likes classical music, movies, CNN. Financially secure. For long-term relationship with cultured female, nonsmoker, 54-64. Photo. 8390 ✉

Ready To Be Caught—Attractive, energetic widow who loves a comfortable pair of jeans and a good hamburger as much as an evening at the theater and dinner at Lutece...seeks warm, athletic Jewish male, 50-65, to share new places and old, laughter and romance. If you enjoy life and believe the best is yet to come, please contact me. Note/photo/phone. 8317 ✉

Want To Grow Close Relationship—With 50ish man: accomplished, urbane, fun, psychologically developed and rich. I'm the same kind of woman. Please write about yourself and your dreams. 8375 ✉

WELCOME BACK!!!

Summer's over (almost), but the fun is just beginning. New York Magazine's Strictly Personals celebrates your return with an amazing September special. Place your personal ad in New York Magazine between **Sept 1-30** and receive the following: **10%** off any ad, any size! Try our very popular and very successful (and we mean it!) phone service and get an additional **5%** discount, for a total savings of **15%** off your ad.

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so hot we can't print it here!!!

Not The Stereotypical Blond—With blue eyes!! Warm, smart, slim, very pretty, financially independent, LI Jewish female seeks male, 48-58, who enjoys traveling and embarking on new adventures. 8381 ✉ ☎

Multifaceted Man Wanted—(55-68) by smart, pretty Jewish woman, 5'2", 56. *Please be communicative, interesting,* honest, caring, dynamic, as am I. POB 234453, Great Neck, NY 11023

Gentlemen, Start Your Engines!—My engine is sparkling white, early 30s model, extremely attractive, petite, slender, sophisticated and sexy, with a strawberry blond mane, brown eyes - and one who is gifted with what many have said are a great pair of legs that have been known to clear a dance floor. Your engine is a 30s-40s model, well-built, with turbo energy, who has a great sense of humor, is financially successful, intelligent and enjoys life to the fullest...and who is now ready for a good challenge. If your Viper is ready to meet my Rolls Royce, start your engine now. Note/photo optional/phone. 8331 ✉ ☎

I'll Tell You What I Want— What I really really want. I want a man/boy older/younger serious/funny financially secure/financially/secure between the ages of 35 and 48 single no young children. Well, maybe I am not sure what I want. But I know what I have to offer. I am 35, pretty, never done phen-fen I smoke but you don't have to. *Note.* 8291 ✉

A Sensual Me—Sexy, bright, affectionate, pretty and successful, shapely, mid 40s, formerly married. Eclectic interests include the arts and country hikes. Seeks take-charge, adventurous, warm and successful male to wow me and woo me. Photo/note. 8348 ✉

What Am I Doing Here?—*Smart, witty,* pretty mom, writer, classical pianist, 42, 5'3", slim, creative, Westchester/NYC. Lulu needs her equal. Pix/note. Will exchange. 8305 ✉

Gay White Male—38, seeks best friend and partner in life. I enjoy working out, traveling, tennis, walks. Looking for that special man who makes me laugh, excites *my mind and touches my heart.* 8368 ✉

Are You Male...—Mid 60s, early 70s? I'm pretty, slim, 5'6", teach art. Idealistic, open to life. I desire someone with energy, warmth, interests in the arts. 8298 ✉ ☎

Nice Jewish Doctor—29, handsome, successful, seeks nice Jewish girl (20-30) with whom to share my time and good fortune. Photo please. 8319 ✉

Classic Beauty, Long Legs—Kind-hearted, bright, slim, playful, Jewish, desires brainy, embraceable man, 39 plus, for a lasting relationship. 8385 ✉

Handsome, Tall Professional—Humanistic, witty and warm Jewish male, 40something, seeks female for forever relationship. Photo/note, please. 8373 ✉☎

Handsome, Caring, Very Romantic—58-year male, MSW - therapist, now enjoying life as artist. I want forever love affair with warm, caring and interesting woman. Bare essentials: 5'11", 195 lbs, auburn, two left feet on dance floor but two good hands for cuddling in movies. Love animals, sports, travel, theater, *intimate conversation with good food,* flowers and romance. 8290 ✉

Politically Libertarian Gal—Warm, wise business professor, PhD, 51, slim, (212). Seeks sophisticated, cerebral sweetheart. 8365 ✉ ☎

Authentically Beautiful—Divorced, white, Jewish mom, 5'7", slim, beaming smile. Seeks 40s, successful professional, fit, nonsmoker, with spiritual connection *and passion for life. Note/photo.* 8388 ✉☎

ER-Style Doc—32, attractive, athletic Ivy grad with a passion for adventure. I love swimming, surfing, skiing and romantic scenes. Looking for a slim, leggy, intellectual woman with a sensuous smile. Note/photo/phone, please. 8294 ✉ ☎

Can You Carry A Tune?—Come sing *and dance with me - an intellectual,* sophisticated, professional, Manhattan Jewish woman. Ballet, Berkshire home, tennis, snorkeling, travel. Looking for nonsmoking male in his 50s. Handwritten note or call. 8395 ✉ ☎

Very Attractive, Smart—38-year-old, part-time law student seeks attractive, smart, communicative, understanding, responsible, marriage-minded man with good values, 34-45 years old, interested in having children and some fun along the way. Note/photo. 8400 ✉

An Available Man?—This tall, slim, firm-bodied, easy-on-the-eyes guy values spirituality, carnality and monogamy. An ex-journalist, he's now corporate, with '60s roots, no debts, a bike and a car, who likes kids, old movies and beaches. Be kind... Send a photo? 8398 ✉

Attractive Professional Woman—Compassionate, intelligent, cultured, liberal, good humor - seeks compatible, mid 50s-mid 60s. 8295 ✉

I'm Not From Mars—Seeking sensitive, honest woman with a good heart, for serious relationship...who likes conversation. I'm a slim, nonreligious Jewish professional, 39. 8387 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking, Successful Man—Business owner, adventurous, artistic, creative, well-traveled, very witty, warm, happy, stylish, in a great place. 57 years young, 5'10", divorced 12 years, full head of original non-gray hair, unencumbered. You're very pretty, slim, bright, under 50. Photo/phone. 8343 ✉

Shaken, Not Stirred—Rock-solid man desires beautiful woman. Be 36-46, in-shape and ready to meet the best man ever in your life. This is not a test this is for real. 8402 ✉ ☎

Want It All? Go West—Financially secure Jewish entrepreneur would like permanent relationship with compatible woman. If you're cute/thin, in your 40s and interested in living a fine Scottsdale lifestyle and world travel, show me your picture! 8313 ✉

Good-Looking, Successful Male—Down-to-earth, honest, sincere, great sense of humor, looking for Jewish female, 27-36. Note/photo. 8382 ✉

Love Is Being Able To Say I'm Sorry—Good communication makes it often not needed. Seeking gentleman, 34-47, who like me, is fit, attractive, kind, affectionate nonsmoker - likes outdoors, swimming skiing, dancing, reading, cuddling, movies plays, travel - for sharing fun, romance *laughing, good conversation, friendshi*p leading to marriage. Note/photo. 8360 ✉

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Contact—Down-to-earth, secure, adventurous, attractive, professional, 50ish Jewish female to share joint ventures, if you have the right stuff. 8363 ✉

British Professional—60, widower, unencumbered, financially secure, seeks pretty, slim, curvaceous female, 40-55, nonsmoker. Must be interested in classical music, cultural arts, physical fitness... and educated. LI helpful, not required. Note/recent photo/phone. 8419 ✉

Pretty, Petite, Educated—Smart, wealthy Jewish woman seeks 57-67, *professional,* caring man. 8342 ✉ ☎

Are We Right For Each Other?—I'm a mellow, successful, divorced, very attractive Jewish exec with lovely homes in NYC and the Hamptons. I enjoy all sports, boat-ng, opera, movies, home cooking, cuddling, family, etc. If you are a slim, sensuous, happy, "up" woman, nonsmok-ng, youthful, athletic, 55-mid 60s, ready for a truly loving partnership, you will send a recent photo/short bio. 8345 ✉☎

Global Adventurer—Affluent, youthful man, 65, slim, 5'6", athletic, compassionate, affectionate, sensuous, with humor - enjoys music, outdoors. Seeks attractive, petite, adventurous female o explore the world with. Photo/note/phone. 8333 ✉

Attractive Professional - Baby Boomer—Enjoys laughter, concerts, theater and dancing. Seeks professional male (45-57), nonsmoker, sincere, romantic, with sense of humor. Photo/note, please. 8339 ✉

Wannabe Dad—Gay, 37-year-old, intro-pective Jewish professional, enjoys the good life - seeking same. Interests are Broadway, restaurants, travel, reading and healthy life style. Note/photo. 8393 ✉

Beauty And Brains—Warm heart, adven-urous spirit, 49, with a passion for life, wit-y, pretty, bright professional, eager to connect with fun-loving, good man. 8370 ✉ ☎

Naturally Pretty—Mature, refined, fun, ind, good cook seeks gentleman. Photo. 033 ✉

Attention: Manly Men—If you...own at least two pair of athletic shoes; don't wear ocks with sandals; don't wear bikini nderwear; don't have a hair system; on't take Prozac; do like movies; can fford weekends away; like to be ampered by a woman; don't mind a reat figure with long legs; prefer jeans to tuxedos; are a white Jewish male, 35-5...then let's give it a try. 8412 ✉ ☎

Westchesterite—Pretty, 45, educated pro-essional, varied interests, seeks employed, educated, successful male, 45-58, to share uality time. (203)/(914) only. 8306 ✉ ☎

ig, Tall, Husky Man—Strong in mind/body, sought by this young-looking 35, 7", 130 lbs, shapely, long highlighted ond, tan, brown-eyed, marriage-minded oman. Show me what love is. 8378 ✉ ☎

Heart Of Gold—Inside a successful Jewish media sales exec, 39, 6'2", JFK Jr. type (lighter features), bright, kind, caring, affectionate, witty, loyal. Seeks soul mate *for a lifetime of hugs and kisses.* Note/photo, please. 8062 ✉

Herpes Is Beside The Point—Tall, fit, (truly) handsome, established professional, 45, seeks appealing, shapely woman with fertile mind and body, plus compassionate heart, to share life's essentials... plus cappuccino. 8372 ✉ ☎

Avid Knick Fan—But, at 38 and 5'8", I'm not what they are looking for. Perhaps I am what you are looking for. I'm a NYC lawyer, divorced, but warm, sincere, handsome, fit and a loving dad. I'd like to meet that special someone - a slender, attractive, intelligent nonsmoker in her 30s, probably Christian, to share life, love and family. Note/photo, please... Will exchange. 8379 ✉

Creative Philosopher—PhD/Who's Who ...seeks marriage-minded career woman, slim, 30s, NYC. POB 539, NYC 10101

Raging Bull—Considerate, fun-loving, outgoing, big-hearted Jewish male, 26, loves sports, Clancy, Grishman and gangsta flicks. Seeks honest, goal-oriented, fun, fit, nonsmoking female, 20s. Note/photo. 8384 ✉

Warm, Independent Woman—Seeks nonsmoking, urbane man to share interests: books, performing arts, biking, mountain hikes, gardening, kids. I'm a successful freelance writer: fetching, fit, forty. You are a great mensch. Do write and let me know about yourself and what you are looking for in a companion. 8332 ✉

Moderately Famous—Harvard-educated Jewish professor with good sense of humor, seeks intelligent, attractive woman of any religion, child-bearing age (25-35), who currently has no children but wishes to raise a family. (I currently also have no children.) 8404 ✉

Sincere, Bright—Single Jewish male, MD, 42, from New Jersey, handsome and romantic, enjoys dining, dancing and sports. Seeks very intelligent, attractive Jewish or Oriental female for happily ever after. I know how to treat a woman like a lady. Note/photo/phone. 8325 ✉

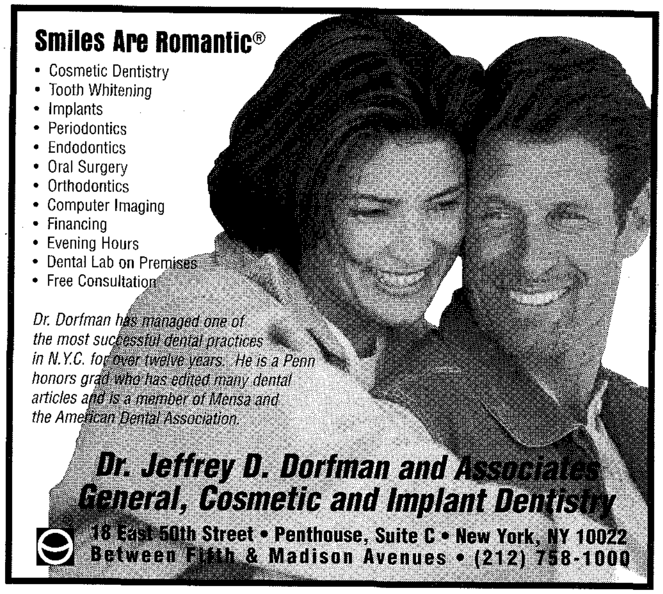
Educated Woman—40s, slim, pretty, soft-spoken, with diverse interests. Seeking an honest, reliable, thoughtful, kind man with a sense of humor and a dash of poetry, for serious relationship. 8327 ✉ ☎

Let's Be Real!—Walks on the beach and candlelight dinners don't always appeal. Be easygoing, honest and ready for love ...and we'll have a deal. I'm good-looking and successful. You're pretty and 30 plus. Note/phone/photo, please! 8299 ✉

Looking For Adventure—And potential for serious relationship. I'm an attractive female lawyer, 40, 5'3", with curly dark hair. I love ballet, camping, history, scuba and maybe you - if you're a man with compatible interests, warmth, intelligence and wit. 8399 ✉

I'll Share Everything—With a good-looking, atypical woman who's 35-50, smart, humorous, adventurous, creative. Interest in jazz, film, books, animals, art a plus. I'm mid 50s, sensual, funny, fit and attractive, with heart, successful in the visual arts. I have a lot to share. 8318 ✉

Wanted: Lovely European Lady—27-37, who is interested in love, marriage and a family. Photo/note/phone. 8357 ✉ ☎



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Physician, 45—5'9", with strong interests in music, art, foreign languages and travel, seeks like-minded female. European a plus. 8296 ✉

Attractive, Offbeat, Intelligent—5'7", fit female, 36, wants fun and passion with successful, cultured male sports enthusiast who loves dogs. 8355 ✉

Former Beauty Queen—Dedicated educator (prestigious school), 47, looks 35, 5'10", fit, warm, compassionate, genuine, classy mother of two college students... high energy, outdoors, tennis, arts, dining and dancing, gourmet cook, loves family and friends. Desires 45-53, nonsmoking male counterpart, for committed relationship. Note/photo/phone. 8371 ✉ ☎

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VLADIMIR AND SHAWNILLA—A Russian defector (Yakov Smirnoff) finds a home with a Harlem family (Lisa Bonet, John Amos). Based upon *Moscow on the Hudson.*
STEP THIS WAY—A hostess (Marcia Wallace) at a Broadway restaurant doubles as a theatrical agent. Celebrities drop in. Premiere: Chita Rivera, B. D. Wong.
BABY CAKES—Dawn and Eddie (Bea Arthur, Corey Haim) run a bakery specializing in children's parties.

Above, sitcoms overlooked in the fall TV schedule. *Competitors are invited to submit* one sample of same.

Results of Competition 888, in which you were asked for a random line from a spy/adventure novel.

Report: Not detective. Not, y'know, murder. No. Ad*ven*ture. Spies. Spy cells. Cell phones. Koslov. Safe houses. Safe phones. Double agents. Double jeopardy. Single agents. Single bullets. Disguises. Disguised phones. Secrets. Top secrets. Top agents. Top guns. Top phones. Uh, wait, no, not top phones. Well you get the idea. Intrigue common as coffeecups, danger usual as daybreak. And not a moment too soon. Many thanks for your good ear. Not to mention the hollow leg.

First prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

They thought I couldn't understand their language, and since they were discussing how they would later get rid of my body, I regretted that I could.
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

It was a three-bedroom ranch with no basement, trapdoors, or secret panels, and yet Koslov had disappeared.
Jan Streilein, Lansdale, Pa.

Rome's airport was a mixture of men with weapons searching, dogs sniffing, and people hugging; the customs officer sensed my apprehension but didn't understand that what I was hiding couldn't be found in my luggage.
Claudia Sacino, San Francisco, Calif.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Koslov would rather die than jump out of a window, any window, and guess who knew that?
Warren Randall, South Setauket, N.Y.

He thought about the six agents compromised and eliminated in as many months, and their residue: six newly minted widows, sworn at the altar to isolate themselves from cause or consequence, now grieving privately, weeping silently, knowing they would never know.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

It was a one-way mirror, all right, except that the reflection showed me in my grey striped suit, and I hadn't worn that since I joined the Company six years ago.
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

And Honorable Mention to:

"Of course, when you're trying to understand the Smirnitsky-Ramachandran Equations, it pays to be a little mad to begin with."
John Koch, Madison, Wisc.

Still reeling from the blow to the back of my head, I crawled to the window just as she pulled away in the car of the agent I'd flown halfway around the world to finger and realized I now had two double-dealers to do away with.
William L. Bennett, Muskegon, Mich.

On a twist in a part of Vermont where the maples outnumber the locals, they refer to it as "the red house on the left," but who would have believed that behind its neatly painted clapboard exterior did indeed reside a sophisticated information-gathering unit of a resurgent KGB?
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

Accidentally hitting the redial after her husband's last call, Ariane froze at the polite response on the other end: "Good morning, Soviet Embassy."
S. Winkler, N.Y.C.

Gunilla punched the coded number in Saloika, waited exactly nine seconds, hung up, punched it again, and got the desired busy signal.
John Faxon, San Antonio, Tex.

The phone rang at my restaurant table, the voice unmistakable: "May I suggest the bombe for dessert?"
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wisc.

The general had been suspicious, but a call to the head office in Zurich would have confirmed David's story, for the telephone number on the stationery connected to a line manned by the CIA.
Jean B. Shepard, Hackettstown, N.J.

It looked, for all the world, just like an ordinary watch.
Jill Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

Melville's *Moby-Dick* was on its usual shelf at the back of the used-book store, but when I opened it to page 76, I didn't find the expected list of names and numbers but rather a small photograph of a very young woman.
Alvin Easter, Minneapolis, Minn.

He came to just as they were attaching the electrodes; he looked up to see Simon smiling at him, but when Simon spoke he realized it was actually Daphne, and then it all started to become clear.
Phil Meilinger, Newport, R.I.

There on the dead man's bureau, his collection of antique glass eyes had been neatly arranged to spell the word EGO.
Carl Edge, Clarksburg, W. Va.

It occured to agent Pete Moss that he had once seen Koslov put orange marmalade on his toast, and instantly Pete knew what Lomax's password would be.
T. Nash, Winston-Salem, N.C.

The words on my screen saver were disturbing, followed by voice-mail hangups and missing pens (just Bic throwaways yet eerie all the same), but the most ominous came anonymously in a yellow interoffice-mail envelope.
Paul J. Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.

I opened the large manila envelope, felt for the passport, closed my eyes and thought: "Who am I this time?"
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

Jake ripped the mask from the terrorist's face and was stunned to find himself confronted with his own ruggedly handsome features.
Michael Mahoney, Mahopac, N.Y.

Langley was tiresome and the thought of returning home appealing, but Koslov had despised those Moscow winters almost as much as he loathed vodka, and besides, he had a wife who liked to shop in Barneys.
Alice K. Juda, Kingston, R.I.

Later, when he was asleep, she crept to the kitchen to snoop (and perhaps to nab a Fresca), but when she opened the refrigerator, the foul odor overwhelmed her: "Whew—why would Koslov keep such rotten food in here this long . . . Oh . . . My . . . God. . . . "
Michelle Bega, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Be suspicious of everyone—man, woman, young, old, any race—remember, Koslov is a master of disguise."
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

"I would suggest, sir, that we stage the fake assassination during the *winter* portion of Die Jahreszeiten—somewhat more appropriate, don't you think?"
Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

As he slowly tightened the band pressing the marbles into my eyeballs, I felt the unmistakable vibration of my silent pager.
Hank Volker, Boca Raton, Fla.

Carefully removing the cover of the Sony Trinitron, I knew at once the reason for young Charles's descent into teenage espionage: a .001-mm. crack in the V-chip.
Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.C.

As Monsieur Wu's hand shifted to the abnormally long briefcase, Koslov suddenly noticed the randomly punched holes, and the beating of her heart grew even louder than the hissing from inside.

Bob Barrie, Minneapolis, Minn.

Had someone from his past in Dusseldorf found him—someone who knew him when he was married to the elderly Helga Slaab, widow of the heir to the Hebrides-Slaab Motorwerke, that hotbed of neo-Nazis—was that it?

Ellen Key Mason, McMurray, Pa.

Her last thought before her brain exploded was that shadows do not breathe . . .

Irene Korman Unger, Centereach, N.Y.

As I turned the corner into Lindenstrasse and saw the medics sliding Koslov's body into the rear of the ambulance, I realized that Tanya was still one step ahead of me.

C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

Major Koslov wondered how stunned the American capitalist swine would be if they knew the country's entire gold reserve was not safely stored in vaults at Fort Knox but instead circled New York City on a subway-maintenance car.

Allyn Freeman, N.Y.C.

The dirt under my nails and the sweat on my brow couldn't make me a farmer, couldn't obscure the fetid lure of the Agency and its secrets and torments, because once the man with no name (damn him to a lifetime in hell!) showed me the picture of my beloved Katrina chained to a bed in Lubyanka, I was in it—up to my eyeballs—once more.

Fran Manne, Mahwah, N.J.

Installing the bug in Koslov's chandelier was easy, but the subsequent week—during which I was obliged to listen to him pad about, talk on the phone only to order pizza, and whistle endless stanzas of the ditty about the girls in France who eschew nether-trousers—was tedium with a capital *T.*

Bob Walser, Minneapolis, Minn.

Koslov signed the name Fred Johnson on the register, reckoning that it was bland enough to be unmemorable.

Selma Ellis, Glenview, Ill.

I lost more time memorizing what I was supposed to forget than reporting what I was ordered to remember.

Ken McCann, Somerset, N.J.

I knew the magazine of Koslov's Glock 20 10-mm. pistol held only five cartridges—but had I heard five shots, or four?

John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

"Her twisted body lay like the final defeat of indifference . . . "—he wondered, idly, how Graham Greene would have said that.

Steve Nugent, Toronto, Ont.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 891, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by September 26. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the November 10 issue.

Wadler *continued from page 49*

months for examinations and blood tests; my last blood test, eleven months after chemotherapy, was a 6. With any number under 35 considered normal, it doesn't get much better than a 6.

"Does this mean anything, that eleven months out I'm clean?" I ask Barakat hopefully. "Is there, like, a curve? Does it maybe take me out of that 50 percent four-year-survival thing?"

I have for some reason become fond of his inability to sugarcoat.

"No," he says. "What is important is if you get to two years, as I'm sure you will, then we take a deep breath. When we hit five years, we pop a huge bottle of Dom Pérignon."

I am ahead of him: I switched from wine to champagne with my first cancer. And when it comes to the Living-in-the-Moment Number, I am a champ. I put the top down on the little red car when it's 50 degrees. I drag people to tango lessons at Lincoln Center. When I hear of a party, I go.

Which is not to say I never get the terrors.

A week before my blood tests, I am so scared I need a pill every night. Going to the Jefferson library in the Village, looking up a New York *Times* piece about a woman dying of ovarian cancer, the Middle-Aged Mutant read the entire piece for the first time and got very scared.

The doctors, in that story, said a woman had a one-in-seven chance of surviving ovarian cancer.

The Mutant crunched the numbers, as she tends to do: Diagnosed in 1993; too early for Taxol. And these days, five-year survival for a woman with distant metastases, according to the American Cancer Society, is 25 percent.

Even so, it is not a happy statistic. The Mutant walks out onto Sixth Avenue with her stomach as tight as a fist. She feels like she is going to cry.

On the other hand, it is summer. I have red curly hair. I have Herb. I have a car that whirls with me down the mountains, trailing music. The doctors are right: If I worry, the cancer wins.

I focus: Not on how I will improve my life or find a boyfriend or write the novel that is beginning to form in my head, but on the moment.

It is 5:30 Friday afternoon in Greenwich Village in August. In the world as it is—not the world of the movies, or sixties girl songs—what can I do to extract the most pleasure from the rest of the day?

I think about it: What I want to do, I decide, is to go to a movie with the person I love most and eat ice cream for dinner. And I call up Herb and we do. And I am happy. ■

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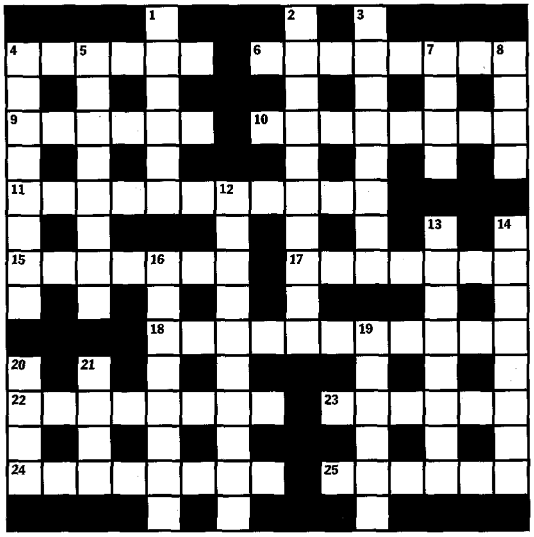
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
4 Fly-fish on returning to river. (6)
6 Second mate at the wheel? (2-6)
9 Exercise preliminary to heat. (4-2)
10 Sign name to authorize imports. (8)
11 Double gin returned to the bar. (11)
15 Carpets woven in various color ranges. (7)
17 Using this grip, soundly sank every putt. (7)
18 One primate's a variety of ape. (11)
22 Draught prescribed by family doctor. (8)
23 Said to raise a smile. (6)
24 Sub finds place in new-look English side. (8)
25 Foreign girl's work permit returned separately. (6)

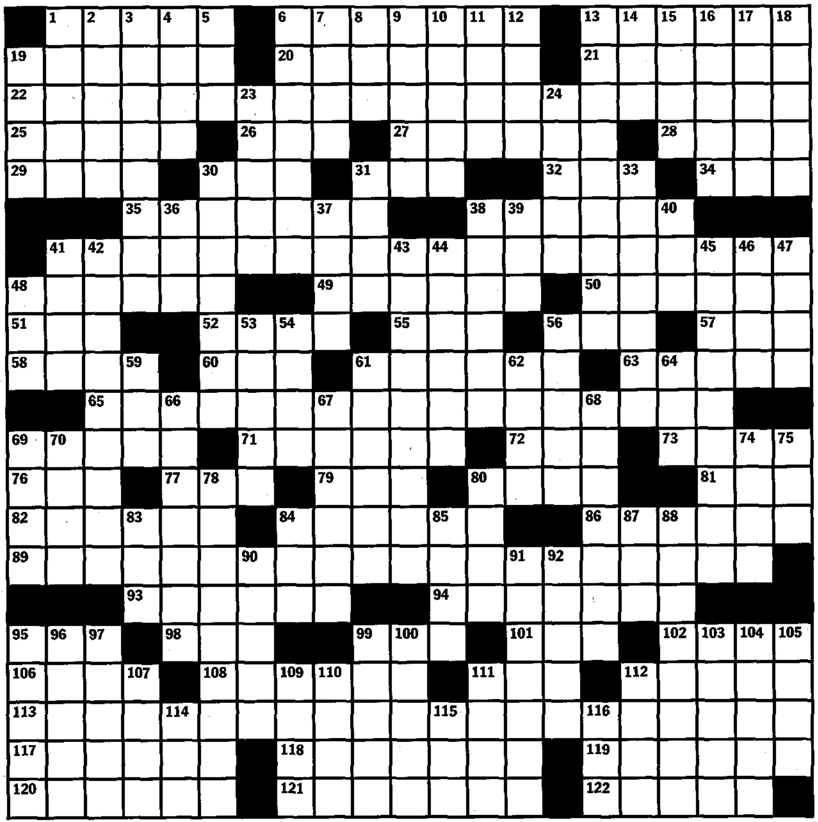


DOWN
1 Stripper and officer engaging in sin. (6)
2 Switch off heater right by the generator. (10)
3 Parental training given during the pregnancy. (8)
4 County players in blue. (8)
5 Drinker, when a driver, took nothing. (8)
7 Opening race has no starter. (4)
8 Plant producing fine sprays. (4)
12 Judge again to receive due commendation. (10)
13 Cheeky monkey to be rejected for male part. (8)
14 A Tory clanger? Certainly a bloomer! (8)
16 From River's banks, fish with spears. (8)
19 Rest in peace, dear (She shot herself). (6)
20 Fish acceptable to Daniel's companion, barring char perhaps. (4)
21 Have a swig, if you can turn the stopper. (4)

'It Wasn't My Fault': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Skier's terrain
6 Choreographer of 3-Down
13 Give up occupancy
19 Creator of Dracula
20 Joyfulness
21 Chewed the scenery
22 Excuse to the boss
25 Forearm bones
26 "Blessed —— the meek"
27 Listened to
28 Ultimatum word
29 Kin of golly
30 —— Lanka
31 "Fountainhead" author Rand
32 Where Beirut is cap.
34 Kennedy nickname
35 Posh
38 Greek letters
41 Excuse on the court
48 Prevents from proceeding
49 Gorme or Tormé, e.g.
50 Vascular channel
51 Fed. collection agcy.
52 Steinbeck migrant
55 Partner of dried
56 "This —— recording"
57 Martini ingredient
58 Goliath's home town
60 Descartes' conclusion
61 —— out (withdrawn by stages)
63 —— fell swoop
65 Excuse at Weight Watchers
69 Tropical fruit used in chutney
71 Egyptian sun god
72 Take in calories
73 World's longest river
76 Pitcher's stat.
77 Tongue-clicking sound
79 Saigon's land, to a G.I.
80 Laughing matter
81 Feel out of sorts
82 Opposite of virtual
84 Congenital
86 Semiprecious stones
89 Excuse to the traffic cop
93 French porcelain city
94 Substance burned for fragrance
95 Battering device
98 "Agnus ——" ("Lamb of God")
99 Bog
101 M.D.'s associates
102 Thigh muscle, informally
106 Droughty
108 As —— a pin
111 Boathouse item
112 Java's island group
113 Excuse to the dentist
117 Airline to Madrid
118 Attar source
119 Eightsomes
120 Douse the lights
121 Ability to learn
122 Cubic meter

DOWN
1 Tracing pen, for short
2 Bank transactions
3 Landmark musical of 1943
4 Split and chick
5 Guess wrong
6 Disparaged openly
7 Model Macpherson
8 Colleague of Chou
9 Needing scratching
10 Compare
11 Ore deposit
12 Wife of Geraint
13 Blood feuds
14 Quantity: abbr.
15 Apple discard
16 Leaning to one side
17 Uptight
18 Trimmed the border
19 Complacent
23 Phil Donahue's wife
24 X-ed out
30 Stratum of earth below the surface
31 Longfellow's bell town
33 Persian Gulf country
36 Part of r.p.m.
37 AMEX rival
38 Virulent African fly
39 One of L.B.J.'s beagles
40 Matching pieces
41 Antitoxins
42 Stubborn
43 Rather, for one
44 Lizard of a Williams title
45 Try to come to terms
46 Poet's Ireland
47 Daly who played Lacey
48 Excavate
53 Eskimo canoe
54 Mosque official
56 Brainstorms
59 Monopolize
61 Malaysian port
62 Fencing sword
64 Clergywoman
66 Wrote musical symbols
67 Graf's game
68 Reaches one's goal
69 Another man's poison
70 Triumphal structure
74 Property claim
75 Golf's U.S. Open winner, 1997
78 Croatian's neighbor
80 Valjean of fiction
83 Battleship letters
84 Suffix for expert or treat
85 Same-age sibling
87 Merchandise: abbr.
88 Equal to the need
90 Snooped
91 Has poor penmanship
92 Artist Matisse
95 Like a mad dog
96 Island off Venezuela
97 Carpentry joint
99 Gounod opera
100 Ruhr city
103 Fully anesthetized
104 "—— With Judy" ('50s sitcom)
105 "A Hard —— Night"
107 Bogarde of films
109 Start of a magician's chant
110 Too much: Fr.
111 Big name in elevators
112 Cult
114 Do's alternative
115 Landscaper's tool
116 Romaine lettuce



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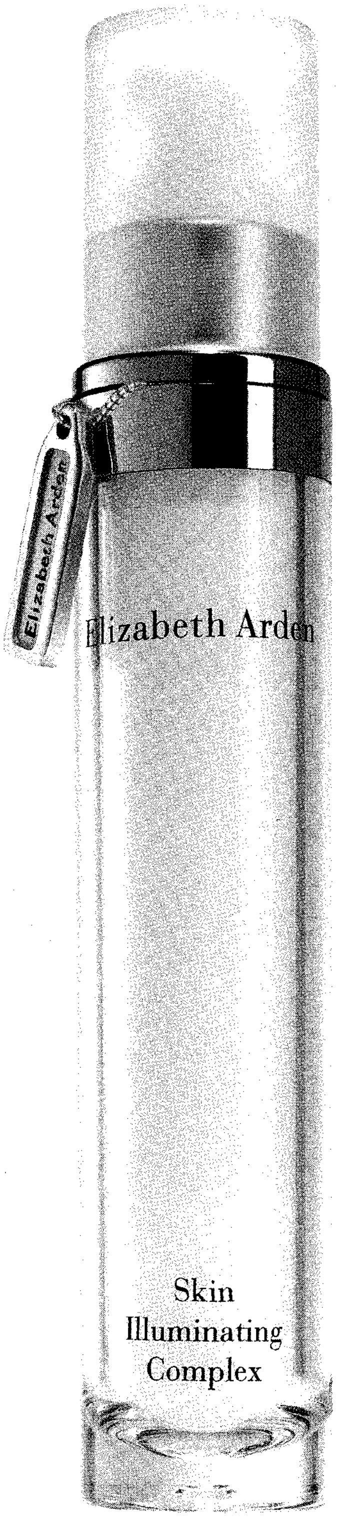

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